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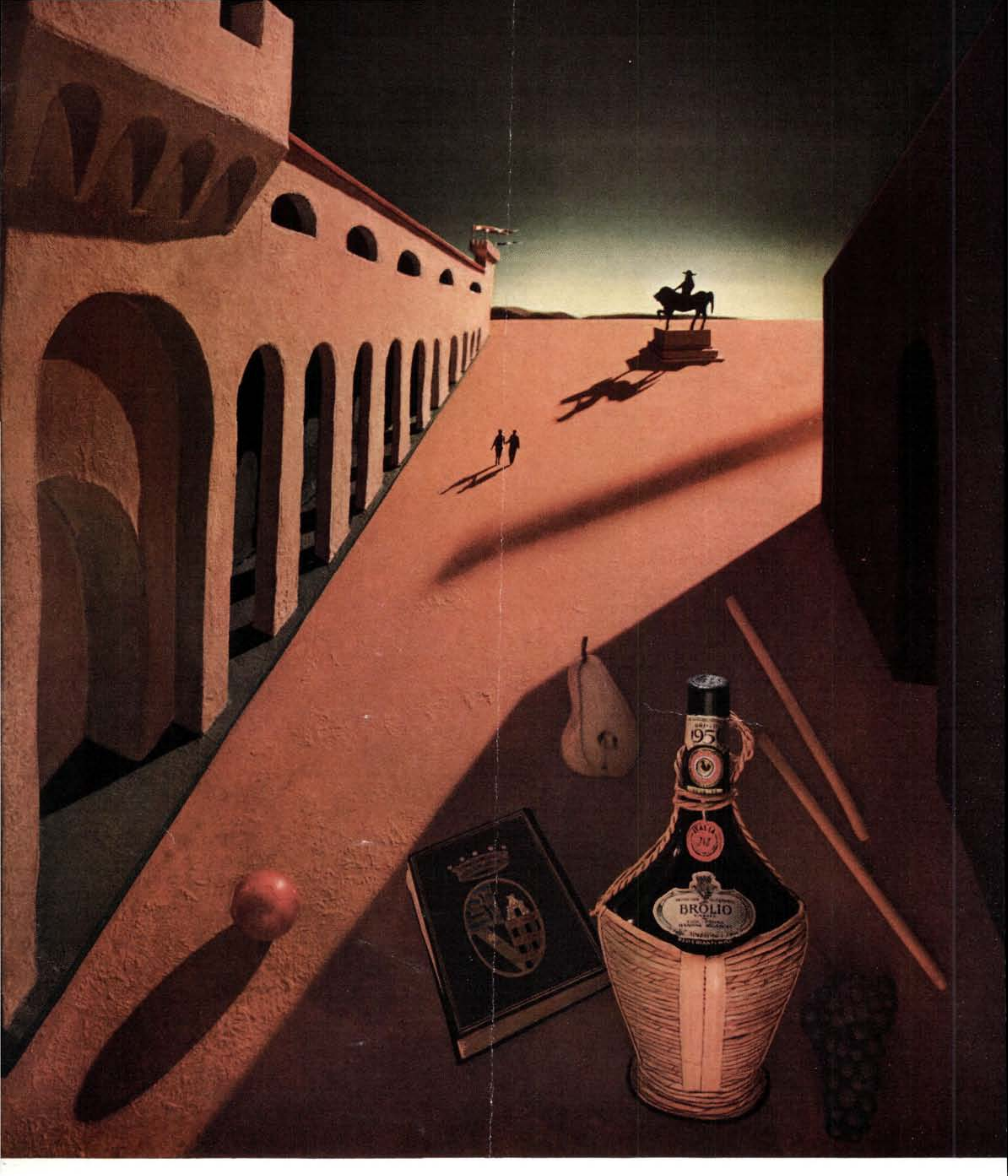

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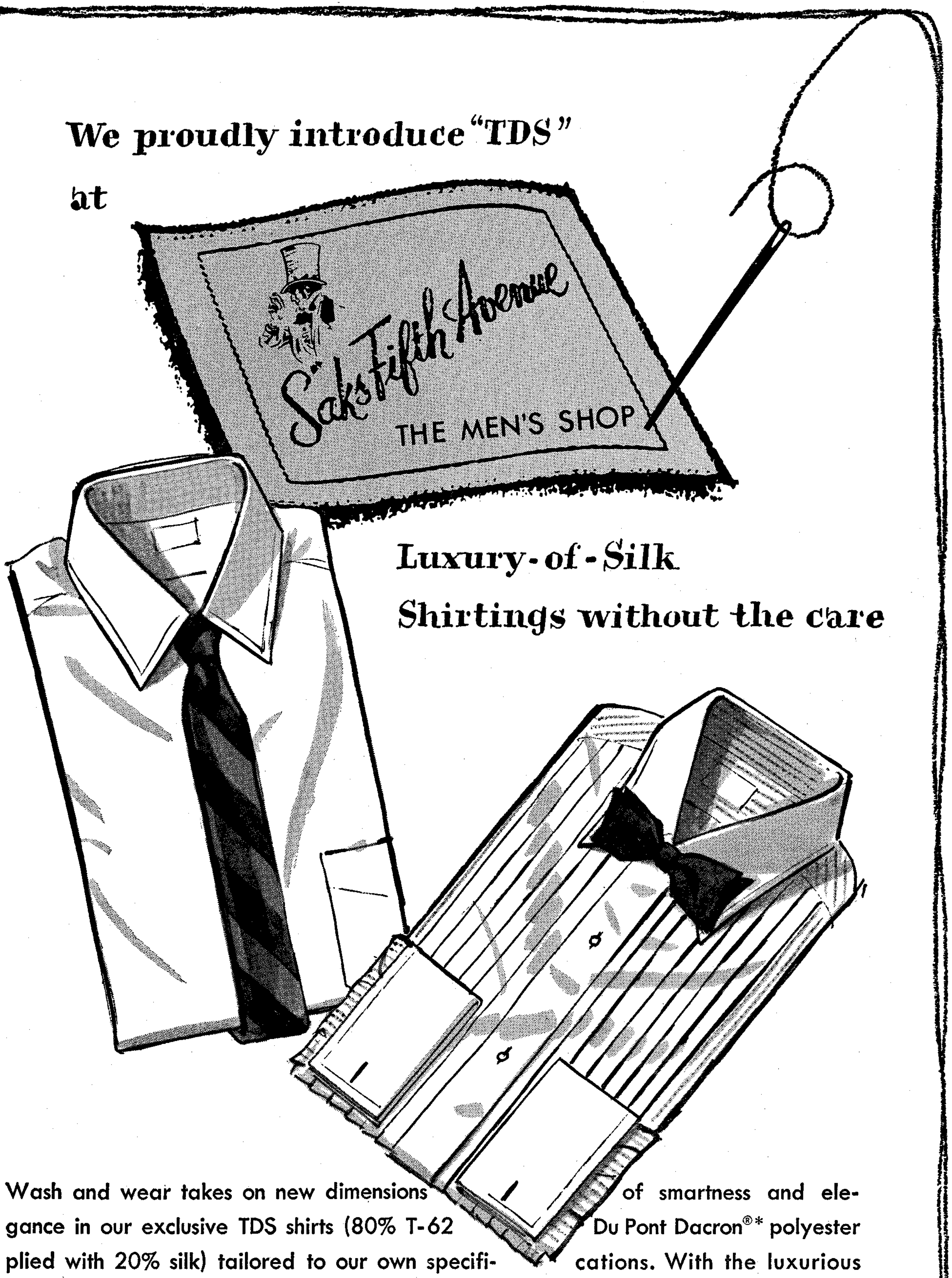

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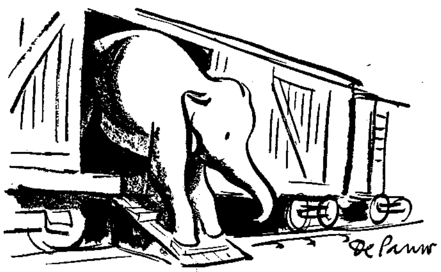
GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN



A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR
OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

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THE THEATRE

(E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

Advise and Consent—All manner of conspiratorial doings in Washington. The point at issue is whether the President should appoint as Secretary of State a professor who, in his past, has leaned a trifle to the left. The melodrama, by Loring Mandel, who based his play on the novel by Allen Drury, is ideologically limp, but it does have some superficially exciting scenes. Ed Begley, Richard Kiley, Chester Morris, Henry Jones, and Kevin McCarthy portray some of the agitated legislators. (Cort, 48th St., E. CI 5-4289. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

All the Way Home—Tad Mosel's moving adaptation of James Agee's novel "A Death in the Family." Colleen Dewhurst, Arthur Hill, Aline MacMahon, Lillian Gish, John Megna, and Tom Wheatley all figure in it to good advantage. (Belasco, 44th St., E. JU 6-7950. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, Saturdays at 2:40, and Sundays at 3.)

Becket—Jean Anouilh's lengthy and loosely woven dramatization of the twelfth-century struggle between the Primate of England and his Plantagenet king. Sir Laurence Olivier and Anthony Quinn represent Church and State, respectively, in the drama, but their styles of acting don't blend very well. Peter Glenville is responsible for the direction. (Royale, 45th St., W. CI 5-5760. Nightly at 8:30. Matinée Saturday at 2:30. Closes Saturday, March 25.)

Big Fish, Little Fish—Several peculiar types, none of them very interesting, are assembled in this comedy by Hugh Wheeler, which tells of a melancholy man hog-tied by his devotion to his seedy and demanding friends. There are, however, excellent performances by Jason Robards, Jr., Hume Cronyn, George Grizzard, Martin Gabel, Elizabeth Wilson, and George Voskovec. (ANTA Theatre, 52nd St., W. CI 6-6270. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Come Blow Your Horn—An inconsequential comedy about a man who is dedicated to manufacturing artificial fruit, and his difficulty in compelling his two sons to share his interest in the family artifacts. Hal March and Warren Berlinger depict the sons, and Lou Jacobi is the father. (Brooks Atkinson, 47th St., W. CI 5-1310. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Critic's Choice—A desultory comedy about a drama reviewer who finds himself emotionally hamstrung because his wife has written a lame-brained play that he must review if he is to preserve his integrity. Henry Fonda is the distraught critic, and Mildred Natwick, Virginia Gilmore, and Murray Hamilton assist him in trying to put a little ginger into the affair. (Ethel Barrymore, 47th St., W. CI 6-0390. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

The Devil's Advocate—A kind of religious mystery drama, adapted by Dore Schary from a novel by Morris L. West, which describes the investigation of a potential saint in southern Italy by a Vatican representative. The play, in which Leo Genn and Sam Levene are conspicuous, sprawls all over the place, and neither its dramatic nor its philosophic content is particularly noteworthy. (Billy Rose, 41st St., W. WI 7-5510. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

An Evening with Mike Nichols and Elaine May—A pair of hilarious mimes in a sequence of satiric skits that takes pot shots at everything from the Tennessee Williams school of playwriting to the Parent-Teacher Association. (Golden, 45th St., W. CI 6-6740. Nightly, except Sundays, at 9. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 3.)

Mary, Mary—The dialogue of this comedy by Jean Kerr is funny, and the characters are vivacious, so the fact that the plot—which has to do with a young couple trying to get together after an estrangement—isn't overly original is not terribly important. Barbara Bel Geddes, Barry Nelson, Michael Rennie, Betsy von Furstenberg, and John Cromwell are all entertaining in it. (Helen Hayes, 46th St., W. CI 6-6380. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Rhinoceros—Translated from the French of Eugene Ionesco by Derek Prouse, and directed by Joseph Anthony, this satire about people who would rather sink to the level of swamp animals than risk nonconformity in the modern world is savage and funny, and Zero Mostel, Eli Wallach, and all the others in the cast are to be highly commended. (Longacre, 48th St., W. CI 6-5639. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40. Special performance for the Actors' Fund Sunday evening, March 26.)

A Taste of Honey—Shelagh Delaney, a North Country English girl who wrote this play when she was nineteen, has assembled an odd and frowzy lot of characters for her work—a prostitute and her paramour (Angela Lansbury and Nigel Davenport), her lovelorn daughter and *her* paramour (Joan Plowright and Billy Dee Williams), and a homosexual pal of the girl (Andrew Ray)—but they're intensely alive, and their dilemmas compel our attention. All the actors are excellent, but the highest honors must be reserved for Miss Plowright. (Booth, 45th St., W. CI 6-5969. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

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Under the Yum-Yum Tree—A comedy by Lawrence Roman that would have us believe there is something funny about a young virgin who wants to live with her fiancé on a Platonic basis just to see if she'd like to have him around for keeps. Sandra Church plays the girl, Dean Jones the boy, and Gig Young a lecher with designs on the addled maiden. Mr. Young is pretty entertaining. (Henry Miller, 43rd St., E. BR 9-3970. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40. Closes Saturday, April 15.)

Long Runs—**the best man:** Gore Vidal's view of what might take place during the jockeying for position prior to a Presidential nominating convention. With Frank Lovejoy and Lee Tracy. (Morosco, 45th St., W. CI 6-6230. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **the miracle worker:** Patty Duke plays Helen Keller as a child, learning to break out of the prison of deaf, sightless muteness, and Suzanne Pleshette is now the teacher who rescues her. The author is William Gibson. (Playhouse, 48th St., E. CI 5-6060. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, Saturdays at 2:30, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **the tenth man:** A play by Paddy Chayefsky dealing with a Jewish girl presumably possessed by an evil spirit. With Alan Manson, Jacob Ben-Ami, and Martin Wolfson. (Ambassador, 49th St., W. CO 5-1855. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30, and Sundays at 8. Matinées Saturdays at 2:30 and Sundays at 3.) . . . **toys in the attic:** A spinster sister is sensually attracted to her brother, and that isn't all that's wrong with the New Orleans family created by Lillian Hellman. With Maureen Stapleton, Robert Loggia, and Patricia Jessel. (Hudson, 44th St., E. JU 6-2237. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

MUSICALS

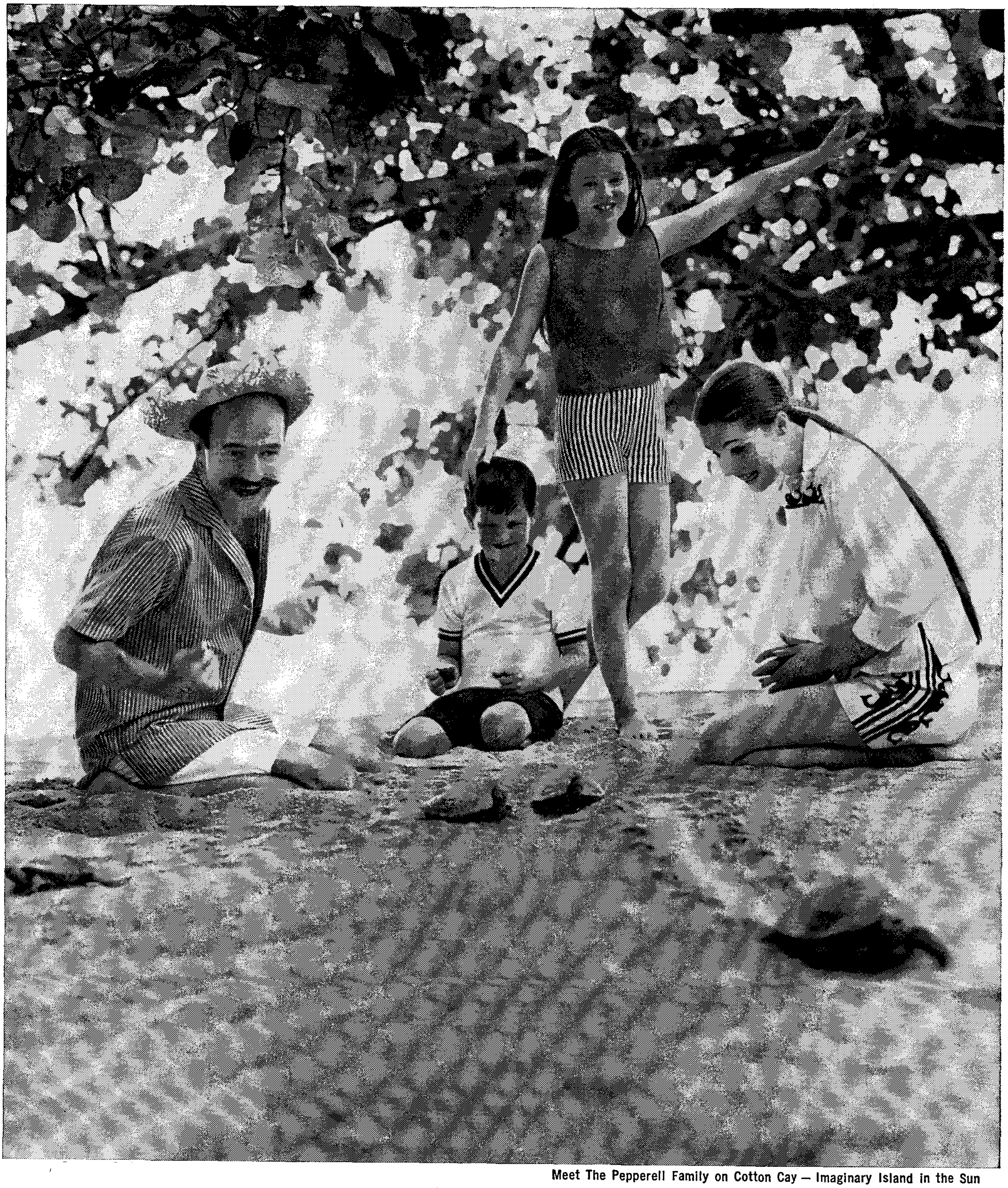
Camelot—Very large, very lovely, but not very stimulating, even though Alan Jay Lerner, Frederick Loewe, and Moss Hart, the "My Fair Lady" triumvirate, all had a hand in it. Richard Burton, Julie Andrews, Roddy McDowall, and Robert Goulet are prominent in King Arthur's court, which, as designed by Oliver Smith, is truly spectacular. (Majestic, 44th St., W. CI 6-0730. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:25. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:25.)

Do Re Mi—Several underworldly types of the sort that provided Damon Runyon with his stock in trade try to horn in on the jukebox business in this rather lethargic comedy, which has a book by Garson Kanin, music by Jule Styne, and lyrics by Betty Comden and Adolph Green. Phil Silvers and Nancy Walker do their best to keep things lively. (St. James, 44th St., W. LA 4-4664. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Irma la Douce—A musical farce originally created for French consumption by Alexandre Breffort and later put into English by Julian More, David Heneker, and Monty Norman. The book and lyrics leer along about a trollop and the company that keeps her, and the choreography displays more enthusiasm than ingenuity. Elizabeth Seal plays the prostitute, and Keith Michell is cast as her particular boy friend. (Plymouth, 45th St., W. CI 6-9156. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Show Girl—Carol Channing is often beguiling in this revue, and Jules Munshin and a male French quartet called Les Quat' Jeudis are helpful to the leading lady. However, the material is of a night-club variety and gets

THE NEW YORKER, published weekly by The New Yorker Magazine, Inc., 25 W. 43rd St., New York 36, N. Y.; R. H. Fleischmann, chairman of the board; S. B. Botsford, president; E. R. Spaulding and R. H. Truax, vice-presidents; P. F. Fleischmann, treasurer; M. L. Fries, secretary; A. J. Russell, Jr., advertising director. Out of town offices: Chicago, 6 North Michigan Ave.; San Francisco, 155 Montgomery St.; Los Angeles, 2975 Wilshire Blvd.; Atlanta, 1375 Peachtree St., N.E.; London, 21 Grosvenor St. Vol. XXXVII, No. 6, March 25, 1961. Second-class postage paid at New York, N. Y. and at Greenwich, Conn. ©, 1961, by The New Yorker Magazine, Inc., in the United States and Canada. All rights reserved. No part of this periodical may be reproduced without the consent of The New Yorker. Printed in U. S. A. Subscription rates: U. S. and possessions, 1 year $7.00; Canada, Latin America, and Spain, $8.00. Other foreign, $10.00.



Meet The Pepperell Family on Cotton Cay – Imaginary Island in the Sun

Smashing new sport—turtle racing on Cotton Cay

From the above photograph, it looks like Father's turtle is winning two to one. Still one can never be sure about turtles . . .

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

a little thin as time goes by. (Eugene O'Neill, 49th St. W. CI 6-8870. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Tenderloin—Under the direction of George Abbott, this musical about the adventures of a minister investigating vice in the low haunts of Manhattan at the turn of the century is loud and active but, alas, not very funny. Mr. Abbott collaborated with Jerome Weidman on the book, Sheldon Harnick and Jerry Bock provided words and music, and Cecil Beaton created the sets and costumes. Maurice Evans has the role of the Gotham Dante, and Ron Husmann, Wynne Miller, Eileen Rodgers, and Lee Becker are among the others frisking about. (46th Street Theatre, 46th St., W. CI 6-4271. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

13 Daughters—There are many pretty and bouncy girls in this comedy about a Chinese (Don Ameche) in nineteenth-century Hawaii, who is having a hard time marrying off his many daughters, but while the young ladies are lively, the show, for the most part, isn't, since the music, book, and lyrics (all by Eaton Magoon, Jr.) are rather limp. (54th Street Theatre, 54th St., E. JU 6-3787. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

The Unsinkable Molly Brown—There may be an occasional lag in this rhythmical description of the ascent of a poor girl from the backwoods of Colorado to the glittering social heights of France, but all in all it is most satisfactory entertainment. Tammy Grimes is lively and unpredictable as the lass, and the score, by Meredith Willson, is as chirky as a summer band concert. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. CI 5-4878. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Wildcat—A host of primitives are let loose in the Southwestern oil fields to no particular purpose in this account of a rambunctious dame's attempt to come up with a bonanza as a petroleum promoter. The music and lyrics, by Cy Coleman and Carolyn Leigh, respectively, and the book, by N. Richard Nash, are pretty weak, and the direction and choreography, by Michael Kidd, are for the most part lethargic. Lucille Ball is the dame. (Alvin, 52nd St., W. CI 5-5226. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30. After Saturday, March 25, no performances until Monday, April 3.)

Long Runs—**bye bye birdie:** Chita Rivera and Dick Van Dyke in a musical that has to do with rock 'n' roll, adolescence, and springtime. Music by Charles Strouse, lyrics by Lee Adams, and book by Michael Stewart. (Shubert, 44th St., W. CI 6-5990. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)... **fiorello!:** The Little Flower transplanted to the stage and set to words and music by Sheldon Harnick and Jerry Bock. Tom Bosley is Fiorello, and Howard Da Silva is one of the Mayor's intimates. (Broadhurst, 44th St., W. CI 6-6699. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)... **gypsy:** The story of how Gypsy Rose Lee got around to undressing in public, put to music by Jule Styne. Ethel Merman is the stripper's mother. (Imperial, 45th St., W. CO 5-2412. Nightly at 8:30. Matinée Saturday at 2:30. Closes Saturday, March 25.)... **the music man:** Meredith Willson wrote the book, the music, and the lyrics for this piece about an Iowa con man (Bert Parks) who falls in love with a librarian. (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. CI 7-7992. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, Saturdays at 2:30, and Sundays at 3.)... **my fair lady:** Shaw's "Pygmalion," turned into a musical by Lerner and Loewe. Michael Allinson and Margot Moser now head the cast. (Mark Hellinger, 51st St., W. PL 7-7064. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)... **the sound of music:** A sentimental confection, by Rodgers and Hammerstein, in which Mary Martin becomes the stepmother of seven wide-eyed children of the Trapp family. Theodore Bikel is their papa. (Lunt-Fontanne, 46th St., W. JU 6-5555. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

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OPENINGS

(There are often last-minute changes in dates and curtain times, so it is a good idea to verify them before starting out.)

A Far Country—A play by Henry Denker, with Kim Stanley, Steven Hill, and Sam Wanamaker. Directed by Alfred Ryder and produced by Roger L. Stevens and Joel Schenker. Opens Tuesday, March 28. (Music Box, 45th St., W. CI 6-4636. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40; opening-night curtain at 8. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Impulse—A revue with Brendan Behan acting as *conférencier*. In the cast are such performers as dancer Carmen de Lavallade, pianist and singer Nina Simone, drummer Olatunji, and Gerry Mulligan's band. Presented by Alexander H. Cohen, in association with André Goulston. Opens Saturday, April 1. (Royale, 45th St., W. CI 5-5760. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:40; extra performances Fridays and Saturdays, including opening night, at midnight. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

OFF BROADWAY

(Confirmation of dates, curtain times, and casts is generally advisable.)

The American Dream and **The Death of Bessie Smith**—The target of the first and newest of these one-act plays by Edward Albee is that vast, placid sediment known as the American middle class (middle-aged division), which he demolishes with a comic agility that is not in the least hobbled by the startling bitterness underlying it. The production, directed by Alan Schneider, sustains Albee's quicker-than-the-eye mockery right up to the last word. Unfortunately, the same cannot be said of the second play, a bundle of maledictions about Southern racism, which tends to drown out the majesty of Bessie Smith (who never appears), and is more tract than drama. (York Playhouse, First Ave. at 64th St. TR 9-4130. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 3 and 7:30.)

The Balcony—Life inside a fancy bordello during a revolution, as imagined by Jean Genêt. The perverse fantasies of the customers are presented as sardonic commentaries on a rotten society and whatnot, but the play is more gaudy than persuasive. Directed by José Quintero. (Circle in the Square, 159 Bleecker St. GR 3-4590. Fridays at 9:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10:30; and Sundays at 8:40.)

Call Me by My Rightful Name—A weedy play about the difficulties that two young symbols—one Negro and one white—have over a white girl, played with great lissomeness by Joan Hackett, who had to get her start somewhere. The author is Michael Shurtleff, who once read "The Waste Land" attentively. (One Sheridan Square, W. 4th St. and Washington Pl. YU 9-1334. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 8 and 10:45; and Sundays at 3 and 8:30.)

The Connection—Jack Gelber's curious and compelling play about dope addiction and a number of other things. (Living Theatre, 530 Sixth Ave., at 14th St. CH 3-4569. Thursdays and Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 10:30; and Sundays at 2:40.)

Double Entry—A pair of one-act light operas—"The Bible Salesman" and "The Oldest Trick in the World"—by Jay Thompson. The evening benefits chiefly from the great comic gifts of Jane Connell, who appears much too briefly in the second offering as a giddy secretary making her first visit to a fortune-teller. (Martinique Theatre, Broadway at 32nd St. PE 6-3056. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 3 and 8:30.)

Elsa Lanchester, Herself—Miss Lanchester in a rigorous, monotonous rundown of a dozen or so ballads, songs, and patter numbers. (41st Street Theatre, 125 W. 41st St. BR 9-3631. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:40. Matinées Saturdays at 2:40 and Sundays at 3.)

The Fantasticks—This musical comedy about a lovesick boy and the lovesick girl next door will be chiefly of interest to those with a large tolerance for whimsey. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. OR 4-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30; and Sundays at 3 and 8:40.)

Feast of Panthers—Claire Luce in a play about Oscar Wilde by Thomas Del Vecchio. (East 74th Street Theatre, 334 E. 74th St. LE 5-5557. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 3 and 8:40.)

Hamlet—A practically uncut version that diddles and blurts along for more than three hours, and is notable only for the rare moments when twenty-seven-year-old Donald Madden, as Hamlet, discards his dewiness and gives as good as he takes. The direction, by Stuart Vaughan, puts one in mind of a track meet. (Phoenix Theatre, Second Ave. at 12th St. AL 4-0525. Wednesdays at 7:30; other nights, except Sundays and Mondays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30.)

Hedda Gabler—Anne Meacham concocts a Hedda Gabler who is at once cruel, knifelike, and hypnotically beautiful. Frederick Rolf, as Judge Brack, and Mark Lenard, as Eilert Lövborg, are equally effective. The hand of David Ross, who produced and directed, is everywhere evident. Highly recommended. (Fourth Street Theatre, 83 E. 4th St. AL 4-7954. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 3 and 8:40.)

In the Jungle of Cities—The American première of this 1922 Brecht play, which deals with a mysterious struggle that takes place in Chicago between a prairie boy and an Oriental lumber dealer just before the First World War, is given a superior production—one that is possibly better than its materials deserve. (Living Theatre, 530 Sixth Ave., at 14th St. CH 3-4569. Wednesdays and Sundays at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7.)

King of the Dark Chamber—An Indian play that incorporates stylized acting with singing, chanting, dancing, and pantomime, all of which is supposed to tell how a king and queen, symbols both, get around their philosophical and spiritual differences and achieve union. Some of the play's brain food gets lost in transit, but there is always something handsome to see and/or hear. The author is Rabindranath Tagore. (Jan Hus Auditorium, 351 E. 74th St. LE 5-6310. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:15; and Sundays at 3 and 8:30.)

Krapp's Last Tape and **The Zoo Story**—Two stimulating one-act plays, excellently performed. The first was written by Samuel Beckett and the second by Edward Albee. The entire enterprise employs only three actors—Herbert Berghof, Mark Richman, and William Daniels. (Cricket Theatre, Second Ave. at 10th St. OR 4-3960. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30; and Sundays at 3 and 7:30.)

Leave It to Jane—This musical antique, by Jerome Kern, P. G. Wodehouse, and Guy

Feliks Topolski

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Bolton, first saw light in 1917, and the intervening years have only added lustre to its appealing idiocy. Dorothy Greener and Kathleen Murray are in the talented cast. (Sheridan Square Playhouse, 99 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. CH 2-9609. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30; and Sundays at 3 and 8:40.)

Little Mary Sunshine—A satire on old operettas that is much too amiable to achieve a great deal in the way of parody but is good fun all the same. (Orpheum Theatre, Second Ave. at 8th St. OR 4-8140. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 3 and 8:30.)

The Moon in the Yellow River—A seriocomic play by Denis Johnston, written in 1930, that deals with the symbolic conflict between a German engineer (progress) and an Irish revolutionary (individualism). War is also present, in the person of a police officer, and the setting is the mouth of a large Irish river. The production is commendable. (East End Theatre, 85 E. 4th St. AL 4-9520. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 3 and 7:30.)

The Mousetrap—Agatha Christie in a retread of some very old material found in her files. There are a lonely English country mansion, uneasy guests, and a homicidal maniac who unwittingly reveals his identity about halfway through, thus casting all suspense to the winds. The play, for some very esoteric reason, has been going for eight years in London. (Greenwich Mews Theatre, 141 W. 13th St. CH 3-6800. Mondays through Thursdays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 3 and 8:40.)

The Old Tune and **The Square**—A brace of one-act, two-character French plays, the first by Robert Pinget (translated and adapted by Samuel Beckett), the second by Marguerite Duras (translated by Ann Borchardt). Opens Thursday, March 23. (Royal Playhouse, 62 E. 4th St. GR 5-9647. Opening-night curtain at 7:30; thereafter Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7 and 10.)

Roots—An attempt by the twenty-eight-year-old English playwright Arnold Wesker to record each and every banality in the life of a poor and uneducated Norfolk family, which likes its vowels shut tight, its meals heaping, and its moments of silence deep and meaningful. The results are fine eavesdropping—just that and no more. (Mayfair Theatre, 235 W. 46th St. CI 7-6180. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, Saturdays at 2:30, and Sundays at 3.)

The Theatre of Chance—A double bill consisting of Sophocles' "Women of Trachis," translated by Ezra Pound, and "The Marrying Maiden," by Jackson MacLow. (Living Theatre, 530 Sixth Ave., at 14th St. CH 3-4569. Tuesdays at 8:30.)

The Threepenny Opera—Age cannot wither. In the cast are Charles Rydell and Marion Brash. (Theatre de Lys, 121 Christopher St. WA 4-8782. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7 and 10:30; and Sundays at 2:40 and 8:40.)

Under Milk Wood—A revival of Dylan Thomas's dramatic poem, directed by William Ball. Previews Thursday and Friday, March 23-24; Sunday, March 26; and Monday and Tuesday, March 27-28. Opens officially on Wednesday, March 29, at 8. (Circle in the Square, 159 Bleecker St. GR 3-4590. Mondays through Thursdays at 8:40; Fridays at 7; and Sundays at 2:40.)

A Worm in Horseradish—Another visit, done in bold stereotype, with a poor lower East Side Jewish family circa 1900. Eli Mintz, as the patriarch, comes very close to making his materials, which were baked at home by Esther Kaufman, seem far fresher than they are. The rest of the cast straggles far to the rear. (Maidman Playhouse, 416 W. 42nd St. BR 9-2084. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 3 and 7:30.)

Note—Four characters in search of an author are meanwhile writing their own skits, often as they go along, throughout the casually entertaining potpourri at the Premise, an orderly little coffee-and-pastry shop at 154 Bleecker St. (LF 3-5020). The schedule: Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8:30; Fridays at 8 and 10:30; Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30; and Sundays at 3 and 8:30. . . . ¶ A lightly staffed revue, "Oh, Oysters!," most of whose pearls of wisdom are sicklied o'er with a pale cast of words, words, words, spouts on the stage of the Village Gate, 185 Thompson St., at Bleecker St. (GR 5-5120). An afterpiece is provided by the Ramsey Lewis trio. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:30.

BALLET

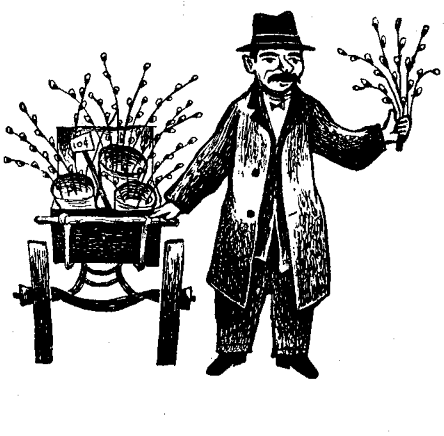
New York City Ballet—Tentative schedule—Thursday evening, March 23: "Variations from Don Sebastian," "Prodigal Son," "Pas de Dix," and "Firebird.". . . ¶ Friday evening, March 24: "Firebird," "Prodigal Son," "Pas de Deux," and "Stars and Stripes.". . . ¶ Saturday matinée, March 25: "Swan Lake," "Interplay," "Con Amore," and "Fanfare.". . . ¶ Saturday evening, March 25: "Serenade," "Medea," "Creation of the World," and "Western Symphony.". . . ¶ Sunday matinée, March 26: "Variations from Don Sebastian," "Electronics," "Con Amore," and "Firebird.". . . . ¶ Sunday evening, March 26: "Variations from Don Sebastian," "Modern Jazz," and "Liebeslieder Walzer.". . . ¶ Tuesday evening, March 28: "Divertimento, No. 15," "Medea," and "The Figure in the Carpet.". . . . ¶ Wednesday evening, March 29: "Ivesiana," "Agon," "Episodes, Part II," and "Modern Jazz." . . . ¶ Thursday evening, March 30: "Serenade," "Electronics," and "Liebeslieder Walzer.". . . ¶ Friday matinée, March 31: "Swan Lake," "Firebird," "Afternoon of a Faun," and "Western Symphony.". . . ¶ Saturday matinée, April 1: "Swan Lake," "Creation of the World," "Pas de Deux," and "Firebird.". . . ¶ Saturday evening, April 1: "Divertimento, No. 15," "La Sonnambula," "Ebony Concerto," and "Symphony in C." (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. CI 6-8989. Evenings at 8:30. Matinées at 2:30. Through Sunday, April 9.)

Ballet Russe de Monte Carlo—"Swan Lake, Act II," "Ballet Imperial," and "Le Beau Danube." (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-6700. Sunday, March 26, at 3.)

MISCELLANY

The Importance of Being Oscar—Micheál MacLiammóir in a one-man show that he adapted from the plays, letters, and poems of Oscar Wilde. Presented by S. Hurok and Roger Stevens for a four-week engagement. (Lyceum, 45th St., E. of Broadway. JU 2-3897. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30. Final performance Sunday matinée, April 9.)

The Circus—The surest sign of spring on Eighth Avenue. Opens Wednesday evening, March 29, and will be around through Sunday, May 14. (Madison Square Garden. CO 5-6811. Mondays through Thursdays at 7:30; Fridays and Saturdays at 8:30; and Sundays at 6:30. Matinées daily at 2. . . . ¶ The doors open an hour before show time for those who like to roam about among the sideshows and the menagerie in the basement.)



NIGHT LIFE

(Some places where you will find music or other entertainment. They are open every evening, except as indicated.)

DINNER, SUPPER, AND DANCING

El Morocco, 307 E. 54th St. (PL 2-5079)—Our feathered friends, mostly birds of paradise and night owls, at play. Freddy Alonso's Latin band and Joe D'Orsi's orchestra are the dance musicians.

Pierre, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (TE 8-8000)—"No, No, Nanette," the aged musical in which Vincent Youmans really spread himself, has been cut to size (Cotillion Room) and equipped with a set of voices led by Jimmy Carroll, the local bandsmaster. It's turned loose at the dinner hour during the week and additionally after the theatre on Fridays and Saturdays. There's also a plentiful supply of dance music. Closed Mondays. . . . ¶ Stanley Worth's quartet, or a reasonable facsimile, hums music at cocktails, dinner, and supper every evening in the Café Pierre, whose population runs to founding fathers and their dancing daughters.

Plaza, Fifth Ave. at 58th St. (PL 9-3000)—The chargé d'affaires in the amiable Persian Room is Ted Straeter, bandsman and fashion plate. His musicians (part champagne, part gin-and-tonic) and Mark Monte's crew of Latin lovers do dance music the whole evening. At dinner and supper, there's a generous musicale by Marguerite Piazza, who (once she sheds the Isolde fixation that nips at all practitioners of opera) trills like a lark and does a trick with "Pagliacci" that might well be called brilliant. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ Leo LeFleur's orchestra (only for listeners) flows gently in the Palm Court from four to seven and in the Edwardian Room at dinnertime. . . . ¶ The Rendez-Vous, pale and cool and beautiful and dignified, is where Irving Conn's and Nicholas D'Amico's orchestras dispense both prancing and listening music after eight-thirty. Closed Mondays.

Roosevelt, Madison Ave. at 45th St. (MU 6-9200)—There's dancing most of the evening in the vasty Grill to Jimmy Palmer's band, which may or may not mean something to you. Closed Sundays.

St. Regis, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500)—The Maisonette, an affair of state, has dancing with every course to Milt Shaw's baby band and Walter Kay's trio. Twice during the evening there are sessions with Felicia Sanders, a girl given to cracking a real whiplash of a voice over songs that are rarely given their deserts around town. She leaves on Wednesday, March 29; the next evening, the Parisienne known as Patachou resumes her recital of homespun French songs about crimes of passion and mere misdemeanors of the same. Closed Sundays and Mondays.

Savoy Hilton, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2600)—Life is but a dream as the dance band of Gunnar Hansen and the Latin trio of Marco Rizo roll quietly but merrily through the Roman moonlight that bathes the handsome Columns. From seven-thirty to eight-fifteen, the music is solely for musing; thereafter it's for exercise. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ The only murmuring in the stately rosewood forest known as the Savoy Room comes from the piano of Ray Hartley, who begins at cocktails and ends at supper. No music Sundays.

Sheraton-East, Park Ave. at 51st St. (PL 5-1000)—*Comme il faut*, never come as you are, is a primary consideration in the Embassy Club (Chauncey Gray's orchestra and Quintero's rumba band for dancing, from eight-thirty or nine to one-thirty or two) and in the Knight Box (Jani Sarkozi and his violin, from eight or so on). Closed Sundays.

Waldorf-Astoria, Park Ave. at 49th St. (EL 5-3000)—At dinner and supper in the massive Empire Room, Denise Darcel, clad like the Queen of Sheba, marches bravely through a sheaf of arias that make a considerable demand on her hostess-with-the-mostest vocal accoutrements. There are frequent injections of gaiety by Emil Coleman's mighty band and Theo Fanidi's smaller collection of crickets,

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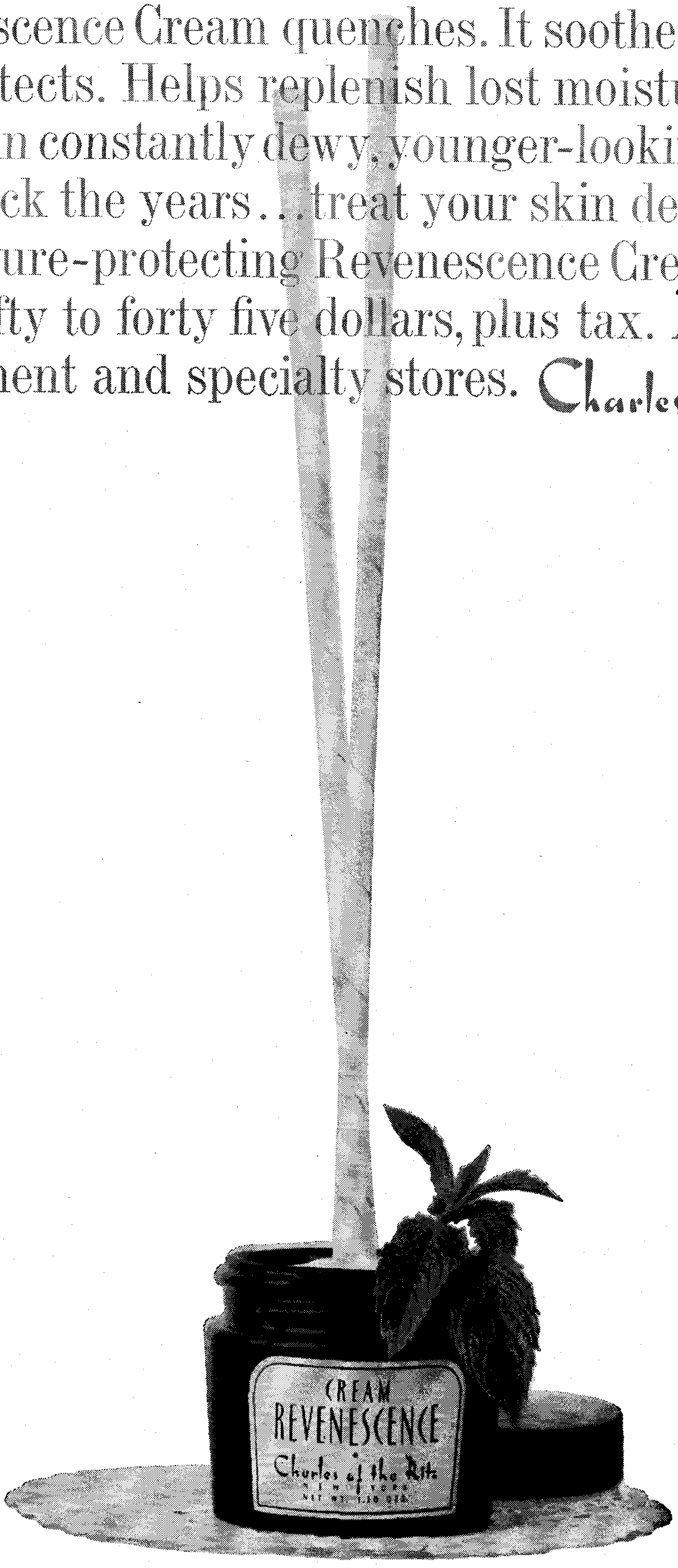
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both of which groups play for dancing throughout the night. The music begins at seven-thirty. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ The bosky dell called Peacock Alley has music for contemplation from seven-thirty to eight-fifteen, music for footwork from eight-thirty until one, or even (on Saturdays) two. The small army of Michael Zarin does the instrumentation. The Sunday pattern is dance music, and *nothing but, from eight to one.*

Note—The Rainbow Room, a spaceship moored high over midtown Manhattan, is serving the drifting-and-dreaming music of Michael Forman's trio from cocktails through dinner, except Sundays. The address: 30 Rockefeller Plaza; the phone: CI 6-5800.

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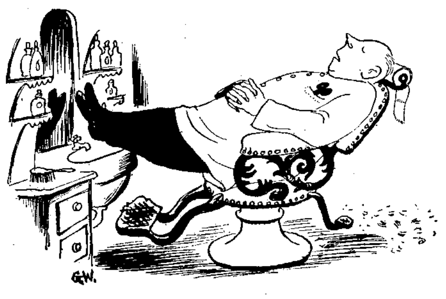
SMALL AND CHEERFUL

(No dancing, unless noted.)

LITTLE CLUB, 70 E. 55th St. (PL 3-1800): Play hour for people who don't mind visiting the rest of the United States but wouldn't want to live there if, etc. Their reasons for this attitude are accompanied during dinner by the room-temperature piano of Murray Grand, who'd never even visit the rest of the United States. After the theatre, he also glides in and out of the small and handsome Plush Room, where he is the accompaniment for Jane Harvey, a persuasive singer who knows as many good songs as he does. Closed Mondays. . . . **GOLDIE'S NEW YORK**, 232 E. 53rd St. (PL 9-7245): One big happy family, encompassing approximately three generations, all of whom get along vivaciously with one another. Bob Printz, romance in his fingers, runs a piano by himself from five-thirty to eight; he and Wayne Sanders alternate thereafter until curfew. Closed Sundays. . . . **DRAKE ROOM**, 71 E. 56th St. (PL 5-0600): Forrest Perrin is now doing the pianoforte recitations, which occur with considerable frequency between cocktails and one in the morning. Cy Walter will take over from him on Monday, March 27. . . . **MONSIGNORE**, 61 E. 55th St. (EL 5-2070): Old-school Romans who have been rendering unto Caesar these many years. Some of them stand and wait upon table, and some of them—Herman Honigsberg's plangent choir of violins and a brace of guitarists—circulate about the place with music that's more than a match for the tableside talk. Closed Sundays. . . . **IN BOBOLI**, 1591 Second Ave., at 82nd St. (TR 9-3777): A hitherto unknown Florentine opera house, cheerfully family-circle. A large part of the sound track (from Thursday through Sunday) is Aldo Bruschi's piano, oboe, concertina, voice, and trio, to which (after ten) there's skirmishing on the dance floor. Tuesday through Saturday evenings, Mr. Bruschi is also impresario and basso profundo of a toy but eager opera company eclectic enough to range all the way from Verdi to Menotti. Closed Mondays. . . . **CHÂTEAU HENRI IV**, 37 E. 64th St. (RE 7-8818): The château country in a slightly prankish state of mind. Wandering from pillar to post of the dining hall, Norbert Faconi addresses his soulful violin from dinner through supper every night but Sunday. . . . **MALMAISON**, 10 E. 52nd St. (PL 1-0845): In the bar of this really eminent domain, Jules Kuti has a go at his piano, off and on, from five to eleven. Closed Sundays. . . . **EL CHICO**, 80 Grove St., at Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-4646): Spanish punctilio that involves any amount of clicking of the heels. Along with this brand of ballet goes plenty of Andalusian tenor, baritone, and soprano. There is dancing for the customers as well. Closed Sundays. . . . **WAVERLY LOUNGE**, 103 Waverly Pl. (AL 4-0776): Laurie Brewis, whose file case bulges with musical-comedy tunes, is at the piano after nine in the bar of the Hotel Earle. No music Mondays. . . . **CAFÉ CARLYLE**, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (RH 4-1600): A bar in which people love to put their crowned heads together. Lest state secrets leak out, Ira Brant conducts one-man extravaganzas on his piano. He begins at eight-thirty and goes through the supper hour. His last night is Saturday, March 25; on Monday, March 27, the piano will be taken over once more by George Feyer. Closed Sundays. . . . **ROMA DI NOTTE**, 1528 Second Ave., at 79th St. (RE 4-3443): The Appian way of life in an expansive, leisurely condition. No Vespas or Lambrettas to clutter the pavement—only a group of dulcet strolling musicians who are on their inexhaustible feet from six to two. Closed Sundays. . . . **CHARDAS**, 307 E. 79th St. (RH 4-9382): Operetta Hungary, direct from the long ago and far away. The zimbalon is king of instruments here, and the voices of Tibor Rakossy (who must have been an operetta hero himself) and some soprano or other are added to the orchestration now and again. Dancing. Closed Mondays. . . . **LUAU 400**, 400 E. 57th St. (EL 5-6555): A Captain Cook's tour of Polynesia, with a plausibly indigenous bill of fare, and musicians whanging away at what is certainly Polynesian music. George Taylor, an American tourist, is on hand every night but Sunday to make the piano in the bar sound Manhattan. Everybody else works every night of the year. . . . **BARBERRY**, 17 E. 52nd St. (PL 3-5800): The *mise en scène* may persuade visitors that they've veered off course into the Alhambra. The kitchen, though, is still of the West. Conrad Monjoy cajoles the diners with pillow-talk piano during the evening. The concert ends at twelve on weekdays, at one on Saturdays; no music on Sundays. . . . **LA ZAMBRA**, 14 E. 60th St. (EL 5-4774): Nighttime in the gardens of Granada, where piano and guitar speak softly but with burning desire. Closed Sundays. . . . **ESSEX HOUSE**, 160 Central Park S. (CI 7-0300): In the Casino-on-the-Park, an establishment in which everything is done on tiptoe, Steven Weltner composes calm, collected strophes at his piano between cocktail time and suppertime. His night off is Sunday. . . . **VIENNESE LANTERN**, 242 E. 79th St. (TR 9-7760): A considerable portion of the amusement is Alt Wien on the Susquehanna, but it's happy in its childish way, and the voices and music are at least distinguished by quantity. Vicky Autier, for whom the phrase "saucy soubrette" must have been coined, does by far the best of the voluminous trilling. Closed Mondays. . . . **STANHOPE GATE**, Fifth Ave. at 81st St. (BU 8-5800): The wee bar of the Hotel Stanhope is a perfect sounding board for guitarists. Gustavo Lopez, the musician currently proving the fact, takes his leave on Friday, March 31, and Renato Rossini, a prince of this particular realm of music, returns to his post the next evening. Nine-thirty to one is the playing time. No music Mondays. . . . **LEFT BANK**, 309 W. 50th St. (CI 7-3470): Cal Bostic, a new jump-tune singer and pianist, stirs up quite a ground swell in this small and comfortable art gallery. The other amusement is something to talk through. Closed Sundays.

BIG AND BRASSY

LATIN QUARTER, Broadway at 48th St. (CI 6-1735): The girls, the sassiest of whom is a witch named Gloria Le Roy, are busy all evening climbing into or out of their new Easter birthday suits. Interludes of spoken merriment, such as the comedy of a duet called the Gaylords, are tossed in to see whether anyone notices. Dancing. . . . **COPACABANA**, 10 E. 60th St. (PL 8-0900): The magnet is Nat King Cole, and the King can do no wrong, even with those occasional songs that are not worth the back of the envelope they're written on; Gary Morton is a hasty-pudding monologuist so full of local reference that outsiders may suffer twinges of local anesthetic. There's also a set of delectable ballerinas whose proud boast is that no experience is necessary. Dancing for the guests, too.



SUPPER CLUBS

(No dancing, unless noted.)

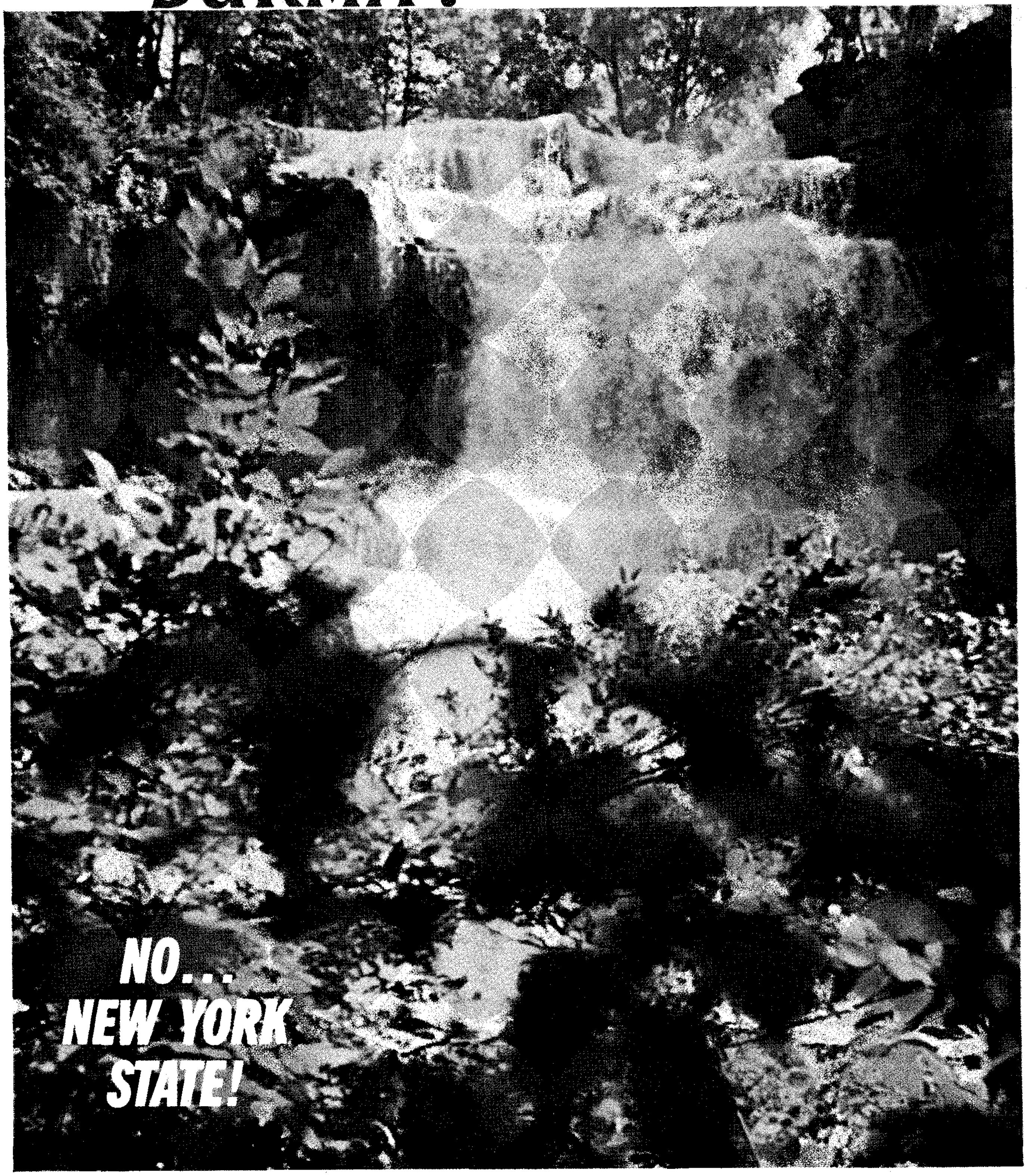
BLUE ANGEL, 152 E. 55th St. (PL 3-5998): Dick Gregory, the most recent messiah from Chicago, is also a social scientist whose special interest is how to keep America's melting pot from boiling over. He goes into temporary retirement on Sunday, March 26; his successor will be Orson Bean, dealer in eyewitness reports on life on Mars, life on the I.R.T., and life with himself. The Cumberland Three, an undergraduate body devoted to a not too reverent treatment of folk music, is aboard, too. Jimmy Lyons' glittery trio (Beverly Peer and Joe Puma are his aides) and Otis Clements's piano calk the minute hiatuses in between. . . . ¶ In the lounge, except Saturdays, Alex Fogarty plays lingering water-color piano from six to eight, and early in the morning there are outpourings of piano and/or trio. . . . **UPSTAIRS AT THE DOWNSTAIRS**, 37 W. 56th St. (CI 5-9465): "Dressed to the Nines," this season's annual revue devised by Julius Monk, is the perfect astringent for the badly swelled head of the world around us. The doctor's report (reading time: ninety minutes) provides some of the lightest bedtime literature on record, and the cast—Ceil Cabot, Gordon Connell, Bill Hinnant, Gerry Matthews, Mary Louise Wilson, and Pat Ruhl—could only with difficulty be improved upon. William Roy and Carl Norman are the up-and-coming two-piano orchestra. The starting times are nine-fifteen and midnight. Closed Sundays. . . . **DOWNSTAIRS AT THE UPSTAIRS**, 37 W. 56th St. (CI 5-9465): One part hey and two parts nonny is the recipe of the joint piano, bass-fiddle, and tomfoolery compote set forth by Rose Murphy and Slam Stewart, who may be expected at around ten. Paul Trueblood and Robert Colston start testing the piano for sound at nine. Closed Sundays. . . . **BON SOIR**, 40 W. 8th St. (OR 4-0531): Phyllis Diller, who would just as soon let the whole human race fall on its face, is succinctly explaining why she wishes it bon voyage and good riddance; Marc London's dissertation is wholly persiflage. Along with all this special pleading, the customers get the time-honored early settlers—Tiger Haynes and his Three Flames, makers of brash music; Jimmie Daniels and his boulevardier songs; and the interlude piano of Loumel Morgan and Peter Daniels. Closed Mondays. . . . **CHÂTEAU MADRID**, 42 W. 58th St. (PL 3-3773): The nursery-song raggle-taggle gypsies are as nothing compared to the gypsy ballads and twirlings of Carmen Amaya, the première danseuse of a troupe of Spanish flamenco artists who really mean business, and not business as usual, either. And in the neighborly alcove off the bar, beginning around ten, the flamenco guitar of Juan de la Mata and the flamenco voice of Domingo Alvarado tell a thousand and one tales of the power and the glory of Spanish love life. Sundays, the sole activity in the whole shop is a matinée tea trot. . . . **KING ARTHUR ROOM**, 151 E. 50th St. (PL 8-0310): Mabel Mercer, a destiny who has shaped not only the ends but the whole lives of many other intoners of ballads, is weaving sunlight and shadow together into a fabric that no one else can quite duplicate. Sam Hamilton and Don Evans take turns at the piano. This eyrie is upstairs inside the Roundtable. Closed Sundays. . . . **SHOWPLACE**, 146 W. 4th St. (AL 4-5648): "Stewed Prunes," a tiny Greenwich Village revue into which more than the customary amount of care and feeding has gone, occupies the second floor of this establishment. Its two boys and one girl—Richard Libertini, MacIntyre Dixon, and Lynda Segal—go through it, largely in poignant and/or pointed pantomime, at nine and twelve nightly (no activity Tuesdays).

MOSTLY FOR MUSIC

(No dancing, unless noted.)

EDDIE CONDON'S, 330 E. 56th St. (PL 5-9550): Two old schoolmates—Mr. Condon and Max Kaminsky—are reunited for the purpose of old-school jazz, the sort that blends with lamb chops and ale. Bob Wilber is among those who vigorously bring up the rear. Closed Sundays. . . . **BASIN STREET EAST**, 137 E. 48th St.

BURMA?



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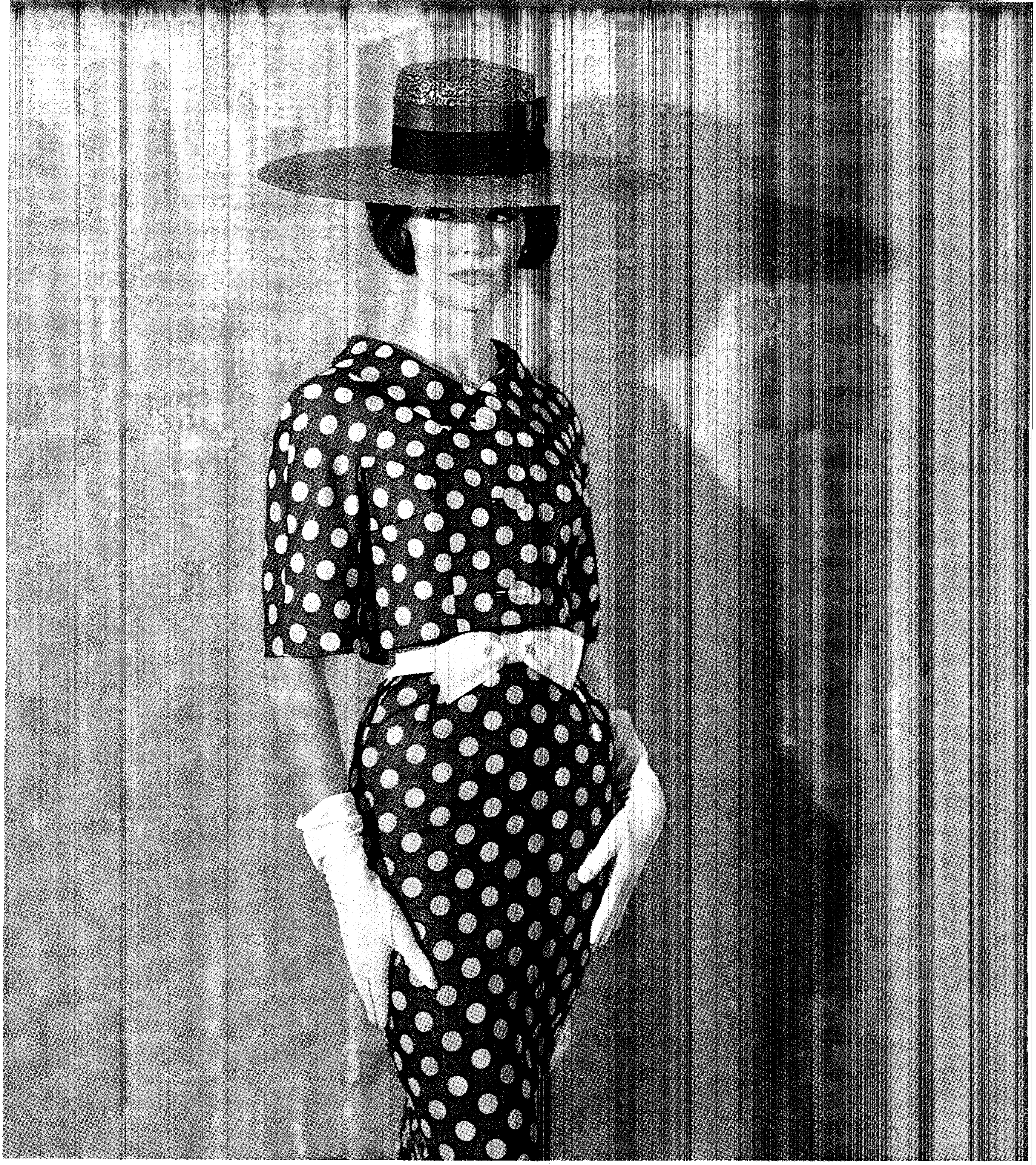

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(PL 2-4444): "*Déjà vu*" is the caption for the music Benny Goodman is playing, but since it comes from a golden age and is being revived by Mr. G.'s clarinet, which is in excellent health, and the instruments of (among others) Red Norvo and Zoot Sims, there can be no complaints. Hot-off-the-griddle lyrics come from Jimmy Rushing and Maria Marshall; picturesqueness is supplied by Dottie Dodgion, a truly fetching tympanist. Mr. Sims leaves on Monday, March 27; the rest leave on Wednesday, March 29. Next evening should bring in Erroll Garner, who for some seasons has bypassed night life to play pretty (at times *too* pretty) piano in our concert halls. He'll have a trio. Chubby Jackson's blunderbuss group will endeavor to fill in the interludes. Closed Sundays. . . . **VILLAGE VANGUARD,** 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (CH 2-9355): The quartet owned by Stan Getz, who's been quite the absentee for some years now, is again visible and audible. Junior Mance, once pianist for Dizzy Gillespie, does what could easily be twelve-hand exercises in the midst of a rollicking trio. Both groups check out on Sunday, March 26; on Tuesday, March 28, the Modern Jazz Quartet, which is not as incommunicado as it once enjoyed being, will begin offering up food for thought. The alternate band will be the threesome of Don Ellis. Afternoon sessions every Sunday from four-thirty to seven. Closed Mondays. . . . **JIMMY RYAN'S,** 53 W. 52nd St. (JU 6-9800): One of the two plantations left on a once flourishing thoroughfare. An old Southern cottage industry, sometimes a trifle too artful-and-crafty, is still being carried on here by Wilbur de Paris, Sidney de Paris, Garvin Bushell, and Wilber Kirk, to say nothing of Don Frye, the intermission pianist. Mondays, Tony Parenti and Zutty Singleton join Mr. Frye in giving the varsity a little competition. Closed Sundays. . . . **HICKORY HOUSE,** 144 W. 52nd St. (CI 7-9524): Billy Taylor, nowadays a searcher for deeper meanings instead of being solely a phosphorescent pianist, is in charge of a well-regulated trio that sets to around ten inside the oval bar. No action Mondays. . . . **NICK'S,** Seventh Ave. S. at 10th St. (CH 2-6683): The Bourbon Street Six is using this bar-and-grill as its levee this season. There are jam sessions on Sunday afternoons at five, in addition to the evening session; the place is closed Mondays. . . . **METROPOLE,** Seventh Ave. at 48th St. (CI 5-0088): There's nothing very secret about the weapons employed hereabouts, as even passersby quickly discover. The matinées are run by the trios of Tony Parenti and Johnny Letman; the soirées are run by the Salt City Six (off Mondays), Cozy Cole's quintet (off Tuesdays) and Sol Yaged's quintet, which performs only on Mondays, Tuesdays, and Saturdays. The row begins at 3 P.M. Mondays through Fridays, and ends at 3 A.M. On Saturdays and Sundays, it begins at 1:30 P.M. Saturday nights, Cozy Cole's quintet moves upstairs, where it chimes in with Mickey Sheen's quintet. . . . **THE EMBERS,** 161 E. 54th St. (PL 9-3228): The leading man is Joe Bushkin, the opening gun of this establishment many years ago, with a piano, his instrument of choice throughout a career that began with jazz and has now gone on to impressionist progression. Jo Jones is his jolly drummer boy. A quartet operated by Buck Clayton, whose horn can really lay down the law, takes turns with the Bushkins. Sundays offer potluck bouts between extra hands. . . . **HALF NOTE,** 289 Hudson St., near Spring St. (AL 5-9752): The missionaries of progress in their farthest-south settlement. Sonny Stitt's quartet leaves on Sunday, March 26; on Tuesday, March 28, Zoot Sims resumes his partnership with Al Cohn and a couple of pals. Closed Mondays. . . . **BIRDLAND,** 1678 Broadway, at 52nd St. (JU 6-7333): Slide Hampton, who used to write the prescriptions played by the Maynard Ferguson band, is now prescribing a mercifully milder but still vivacious cure for an octet of his own. Eddie (Lockjaw) Davis and his quintet share the bandstand. Mondays, when the regulars are sent to the showers, are guest nights. . . . **FIVE SPOT,** 5 Cooper Sq. (GR 7-9650): The sextet of Gigi Gryce, the candy kid, is spreading new-style sweetness and light every evening but Tuesday, which is given over to catch-as-catch-can sessions by stand-ins. The scenery is extremely earthbound. . . . **JAZZ GALLERY,** 80 St. Marks Pl., west of First Ave. (GR 7-9765): This experimental station is now planning to try out the notion of putting Abbey Lincoln's stylized jazz voice, Max Roach's quintet, Mal Waldron's duo, and a dancer or two in one basket. The experiment begins on Tuesday, March 28. Miss Lincoln and the Waldrons are already there. Closed Mondays. . . . **CENTRAL PLAZA,** 111 Second Ave., at 6th St. (AL 4-9800): An ancestral hall for ancestral music. Among the exhibits on Friday and Saturday, March 24-25, should be Red Allen, Buster Bailey, Conrad Janis and his Tailgate Jazz Band, Tony Parenti, Gene Sedric, Dick Wellstood, Johnny Letman, and Panama Francis.

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES

Paul Aschenbach—Semi-abstract figure sculptures in forged iron; through Friday, March 31. (Sculpture Center, 167 E. 69th St.)

William Baziotes—New abstractions in oils, done with his familiar pale, pastel-like skill; through April 8. (Janis, 15 E. 57th St.)

Ben-Zion—Paintings; through April 8. (A.C.A., 63 E. 57th St.) . . . ¶ Drawings; through April 8. (FAR, 746 Madison Ave., at 65th St.)

Harry Bertoia—Abstract sculptures in copper, brass, and stainless-steel wire; through Saturday, April 1. (Staempfli, 47 E. 77th St. Closed Mondays.)

Richard Boyce—Figures and groups of figures, mainly in clay; through Saturday, March 25. (Zabriskie, 36 E. 61st St.)

Victor Brauner—Surrealist paintings; through April 15. (Iolas, 123 E. 55th St.)

Gandy Brodie—Portraits, still-lifes, landscapes, and cityscapes; through Saturday, March 25. (Durlacher, 11 E. 57th St.)

Byron Browne—Paintings and drawings, all variations on the human figure; through April 15. (Grand Central Moderns, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St. Closed Monday mornings.)

Doris Caesar—Bronzes, mostly nudes, in her gaunt, attenuated manner; through April 29. (Weyhe, 794 Lexington Ave., at 61st St.)

Alexander Calder and Joan Miró—Mobiles by the former and paintings by the latter, in an unusually spirited and colorful exhibition; through Saturday, April 1. (Perls, 1016 Madison Ave., at 78th St. Closed Mondays.)

Claudia Carrel—Non-objective paintings and collages; through Friday, March 31. (Contemporary Arts, 19 E. 71st St. Weekdays, 10 to 6; Sundays, 2:30 to 5:30; Monday evenings, 8:30 to 10:30.)

Francis Celentano—Abstract paintings; through Thursday, March 30. (Phoenix, 40 Third Ave., at 10th St. Daily, except Mondays, 1 to 6.)

James Coggin—Abstract Expressionist paintings; through Wednesday, March 29. (Carmel, 82 E. 10th St. Daily, except Mondays, 1 to 6.)

Edward Corbett—Abstract paintings; through Saturday, March 25. (Borgenicht, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

Angelo di Benedetto—Abstract paintings; through April 8. (Bianchini, 16 E. 78th St.)

Richard Diebenkorn—Figures, landscapes, and interiors; through April 8. (Poindexter, 21 W. 56th St.)

Guy Pène du Bois (1884-1958)—Genre paintings and drawings; through April 15. (Graham, second floor, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St. Closed Mondays.)

Alfred M. Duca—Sculptures in bronze, steel, and iron; through April 8. (Downtown, 32 E. 51st St.)

Bernard Dufour—Figure paintings, chiefly, by a School of Paris artist; through April 8. (Loeb, 12 E. 57th St.)

Max Ernst—Paintings, drawings, and sculptures of the twenties and the fifties make up an exhibition that is running simultaneously with his show at the Museum of Modern Art; through Saturday, April 1. (World House, 987 Madison Ave., at 77th St.)

Lyonel Feininger—Oils, water colors, and wood

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

blocks inspired by the architecture of Paris and New York; through Friday, March 31. (Willard, 23 W. 56th St. Closed Mondays.)

Perle Fine—Abstract paintings; through April 8. (Graham, third floor, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St. Closed Mondays.)

David Fredenthal (1914-58)—A memorial exhibition of his water colors and drawings (landscapes, cityscapes, and seascapes); through April 8. (Milch, 21 E. 67th St.)

Elias Friedensohn—Paintings; through Saturday, April 1. (Isaacson, 22 E. 66th St.)

Leon Golub—Paintings, almost all heads and torsos; through Saturday, April 1. (Frumkin, 32 E. 57th St.)

Emilio Greco—Deftly stylized sculptures and drawings by an artist long prominent in Rome. First one-man show in New York; through Saturday, March 25. (The Contemporaries, 992 Madison Ave., at 77th St.)

Timothy Hennessy—Large, heraldic abstract paintings; through Saturday, March 25. (De Nagy, 149 E. 72nd St.)

Hans Hofmann—Paintings by the dean of Abstract Expressionists, in a handsome showing that coincides with his eighty-first birthday; through Saturday, March 25. (Kootz, 655 Madison Ave., at 60th St.)

Arthur Kaufmann—Still-lifes, portraits, and landscapes; through Saturday, April 1. (New Masters, 16 E. 69th St.)

Earl Kerkam—Abstract paintings; through Saturday, April 1. (World House, 987 Madison Ave., at 77th St.)

Benjamin Kopman—Expressionist gouaches; through Saturday, April 1. (World House, 987 Madison Ave., at 77th St.)

Fred Lancome—Figure sculptures in wood and bronze; through Saturday, March 25. (Selected Artists, 903 Madison Ave., at 72nd St.)

Octave Landuyt—Figurative paintings by a Belgian artist; through Saturday, April 1. (Landry, 712 Fifth Ave., at 55th St.)

Leonard Lane—Pictures of coastal areas of Nova Scotia and Florida; through Saturday, March 25. (Grand Central, 40 Vanderbilt Ave., at 44th St.)

Seymour Lipton—Welded-metal sculptures, mainly based on organic motifs; through April 8. (Parsons, 15 E. 57th St.)

Ethel Magafan—Semi-abstract, clearly patterned landscapes; through Saturday, April 1. (Jacques Seligmann, 5 E. 57th St.)

André Masson—A retrospective dating from 1924 to 1960, in the first full-length showing of his paintings here in several years; through Saturday, March 25. (Saidenberg, 10 E. 77th St.)

Kenneth Noland—Abstractions; through Saturday, April 1. (Emmerich, 17 E. 64th St.)

John Opper—Abstractions; through Saturday, April 1. (Stable, 33 E. 74th St.)

Stephen Pace—Abstract Expressionist paintings; through Saturday, April 1. (Wise, 50 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

I. Rice Pereira—Geometrical abstract oils; through April 8. (Nordness, 831 Madison Ave., at 69th St. Weekdays, 10 to 10.)

Antonio Saura—Paintings by a young Spaniard; through Saturday, April 1. (Matisse, 41 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Zoltan Sepeshy—Paintings; through April 15. (Midtown, 17 E. 57th St.)

Kurt Sonderborg—Abstract paintings and drawings; through April 8. (Lefebre, 47 E. 77th St. Closed Mondays; open Tuesday evenings, 8 to 10.)

Antonio Tàpies—Large abstract paintings by one of the younger Spanish artists; through April 8. (Jackson, 32 E. 69th St. Closed Mondays.)

Harvey Weiss—Sculptures in welded bronze and brass; through Saturday, April 1. (Rosenberg, 20 E. 79th St.)

Harold Weston—Abstract paintings; through Saturday, March 25. (Babcock, 805 Madison Ave., at 68th St.)

African Art—Masks and statues (in ivory, wood, and bronze) from thirty African tribes, ranging from the Sudan to Angola; through Friday, March 31. (Segy, 708 Lexington Ave., at 57th St. Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 5:30; Saturdays, 2 to 5:30.)

Americans; Group Shows—At the **ALAN**, 766 Madison Ave., at 66th St.: New work by four new artists—Ay-O, Rodger Lapelle, Claes Oldenburg, and Robert Smithson; through Saturday, March 25.... **CAMINO**, 89 E. 10th St.: A fifth-anniversary exhibition, comprising paintings and sculptures by past and present members, including Kenneth Campbell, Leon Smith, and Sal Sirugo; through Thursday, March 30. (Daily, except Mondays, 1 to 6.)... **CASTELLANE**, 19 E. 76th St., and **HELLER**, 63 E. 57th St.: A joint exhibition of paintings and drawings by, among others, Walt Kuhn, Arthur B. Davies, Everett Shinn, and William Glackens; through April 8. (The Castellane Gallery is closed Mondays.)... **CITY CENTER GALLERY**, 131 W. 55th St.: The March show consists of paintings chosen by Adja Yunkers, Karl Schrag, and Anthony Toney; through Friday, March 31. (Mondays through Fridays, 1 to 5.)... **SALPETER**, 42 E. 57th St.: Selections from recent and forthcoming shows by (to mention a few) Ben Benn, Jacques Hnizdovsky, and Jules Kirschenbaum; through April 8.

Americans and Europeans; Group Show—Paintings, collages, and drawings (by Klee, Picasso, Rothko, and others) lent by writers, artists, and architects, including Gilbert Seldes and Jacques Lipchitz; through Saturday, March 25. (Gerson, 41 E. 57th St.)

Europeans; Group Shows—At the **HAHN**, 611 Madison Ave., at 58th St.: Paintings by such French artists as Courbet, Chagall, and Rouault; through April 15.... **HERBERT**, 14 E. 69th St.: Paintings and other works by Lam, Tàpies, Guerrero, and other Spanish and Latin-American artists; through Friday, March 31. (Open Thursday evenings until 9:30.)... **ST. ETIENNE**, 24 W. 57th St.: Paintings and drawings by four Austrian masters—Schiele, Kokoschka, Klimt, and Kubin; through April 8.... **E. & A. SILBERMAN**, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St.: Paintings and drawings by, among others, Gris, Klee, and Miró; through Saturday, April 1.... **SLATKIN**, 115 E. 92nd St.: "The Many-Sided Artist," an exhibition of paintings, sculptures, drawings, and/or prints by eight French artists, including Bonnard, Gauguin, and Degas; through Saturday, April 1.

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—An exhibition of fourteenth- to eighteenth-century Italian drawings by, among others, Michelangelo, Pollaiuolo, Leonardo da Vinci, and Canaletto, on loan from major Italian collections; through April 9.... ¶ "The Splendid Century," an exhibition of French seventeeth-century paintings, sculptures, drawings, and tapestries (by Poussin, La Tour, Puget, and others) lent by museums and churches throughout France; through April 30. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St.—Paintings, sculptures, collages, and other works by the School of Paris artist Max Ernst; through May 8. A good complement to this exhibition is the Ernst showing at World House, 987 Madison Ave., at 77th St. (Weekdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 10; Sundays, 1 to 7.)

Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—"Masters of Contemporary American Crafts," a display of textiles, ceramics, enamels, silver, and furniture, illustrating the influence on these decorative arts of Lili Blumenau, Kenneth F. Bates, Wharton Esherick, and others; through April 23.... ¶ Paintings and drawings of birds, acrobats, people playing games, and so on, by Manfred Schwartz; through May 14. (Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Solomon R. Guggenheim Museum, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—About eighty paintings from the Arensberg and Gallatin Collections, lent by the Philadelphia Museum of Art. The artists include Braque, Chagall, Duchamp, Gris, Léger, and Picasso. Through April 16. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6, and Wednesday evenings until 9; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Jewish Museum, Fifth Ave., at 92nd St.—Sixteenth-century textiles and Torah ornaments on loan from the Jewish Community of Rome, Italy; through April 17. (Mondays through Thursdays, 1 to 5; Sundays, 11 to 6.)

Morgan Library, 33 E. 36th St.—"Byron, Keats, and Shelley," an exhibition of manuscripts, letters, first editions, and related materials; through April 29. (Weekdays, 9:30 to 5.)

Museum of Primitive Art, 15 W. 54th St.—Masks, sculptures, and other ceremonial carvings from the Papuan Gulf area of New Guinea; through May 7. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, noon to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

National Institute of Arts and Letters, Broadway at 155th St.—An exhibition of the works of thirty-four contemporary American painters and sculptors who are candidates for art awards. Among the artists invited to participate are Joe Lasker, Reginald Pollack, and Leonard Baskin. Through Sunday, March 26. (Daily, except Mondays, 2 to 5.)

Whitney Museum, 22 W. 54th St.—An exhibit of paintings, drawings, and monotypes by Maurice Prendergast, honoring the hundredth anniversary of his birth; through April 2. . . . ¶ A single room-filling sculpture by Herbert Ferber, designed to be walked into; through April 23. (Daily, 1 to 5.)

MUSIC

(The box-office number for Carnegie Hall is CI 7-7460, for Town Hall JU 2-4536, and for the Metropolitan Opera House PE 6-1210. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

OPERA

Metropolitan Opera—Thursday, March 23, at 8: "Don Carlo," with Leonie Rysanek, Irene Dalis, Eugenio Fernandi, Giorgio Tozzi, and Robert Merrill. (A benefit for the Free Milk Fund for Babies; for tickets, call CO 5-7460.) . . . ¶ Friday, March 24, at 8: "Turandot," with Birgit Nilsson, Lucine Amara, Franco Corelli, Frank Guarrera, and William Wildermann. . . . ¶ Saturday, March 25, at 2:30: "Elektra," with Inge Borkh, Leonie Rysanek, Jean Madeira, Hermann Uhde, and Ramon Vinay. . . . ¶ Saturday, March 25, at 8: "Don Giovanni," with Leontyne Price, Mary Curtis-Verna, Laurel Hurley, George London, Charles Anthony, and Ezio Flagello. . . . ¶ Monday, March 27, at 8: "Martha" (in English), with Victoria de los Angeles, Rosalind Elias, Richard Tucker, and Giorgio Tozzi. . . . ¶ Tuesday, March 28, at 8: "Don Carlo," with Leonie Rysanek, Irene Dalis, Eugenio Fernandi, Jerome Hines, and Frank Guarrera. . . . ¶ Wednesday, March 29, at 8: "Turandot," with Birgit Nilsson, Leontyne Price, Franco Corelli, and William Wildermann. . . . ¶ Thursday, March 30, at 8: "Wozzeck" (in English), with Eleanor Steber, Margaret Roggero, Hermann Uhde, and Albert Da Costa. . . . ¶ Friday, March 31, at 1: "Parsifal," with Margaret Harshaw, Ramon Vinay, Hermann Uhde, Jerome Hines, and Ralph Herbert. (A non-subscription performance.) . . . ¶ Saturday, April 1, at 2: "La Gioconda," with Zinka Milanov, Nell Rankin, Kurt Baum, Robert Merrill, and William Wildermann. . . . ¶ Saturday, April 1, at 8: "Nabucco," with Leonie Rysanek, Rosalind Elias, Cornell MacNeil, William Olvis, and Giorgio Tozzi.

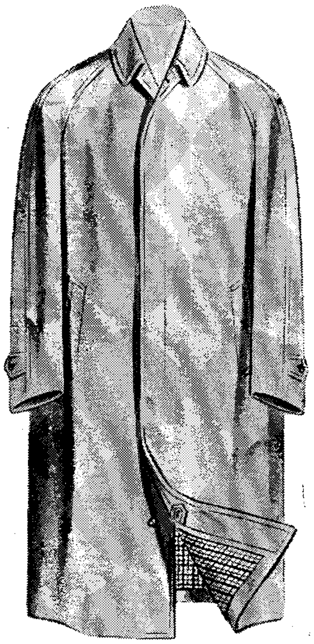
ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

New York Philharmonic—At Carnegie Hall, Leonard Bernstein conducting—Thursday, March 23, at 8:30; Friday, March 24, at 2:15; Saturday, March 25, at 8:30; and Sunday, March 26, at 3 (all with William Masselos, piano). Performances of Mahler's Third Symphony on Thursday, March 30, at 8:30; Friday, March 31, at 2:15; Saturday, April 1, at 8:30; and Sunday, April 2, at 3 (all with Martha Lipton, mezzo-soprano; members of the Schola Cantorum of New York; and a boys' choir).

Philadelphia Orchestra—Eugene Ormandy conducting, with Isaac Stern, violin. (Carnegie Hall. Tuesday, March 28, at 8:30.)

Music Forgotten and Remembered—Frederic Waldman conducting, with Raya Garbousova, cello. The final concert of the season. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. TR 9-5512. Saturday, March 25, at 8:30. All seats have been sold and only standing room is left.)

Contemporary Baroque Ensemble—Daniel Antoun conducting, with Bernard Greenhouse,



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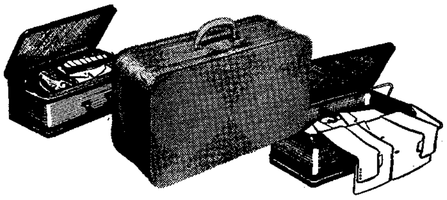

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cello. (McMillin Theatre, Broadway at 116th St. Monday, March 27, at 8:30. For information about tickets, call UN 5-4000, Ext. 2831.)

Composers' Showcase—Walter Piston conducting an orchestra in a program of his own works, with Lillian Fuchs, viola; Luigi Silva, cello; and others. Mr. Piston will also take part in a discussion period following the concert. (Museum of Modern Art Auditorium, 11 W. 53rd St. CI 5-8900. Thursday, March 30, at 8:30.)

A Birthday Tribute to Fritz Kreisler—Laurence Siegel conducting the Symphony of the Air in a program of compositions and arrangements by Mr. Kreisler, with Ruggiero Ricci, violin. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-6700. Saturday, April 1, at 8:30. . . . ¶ Same program; Carnegie Hall. Sunday, April 2, at 8:30.)

Vienna Choir Boys—Hermann Furthmoser directing two different programs. (Town Hall. Friday, March 24, at 8:40, and Saturday, March 25, at 2:30.)

Schola Cantorum of New York—Hugh Ross directing a performance of Bach's "St. Matthew Passion," with the University of Maryland Chapel Choir; members of the New York Philharmonic; Maria Robles, soprano; Mignon Dunn, mezzo-soprano; William Lewis, tenor; and other soloists. (Carnegie Hall. Friday, March 31, at 7:30.)

RECITALS

Yfrah Neaman and Artur Balsam—In a program of Bach sonatas for violin and piano. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. TR 9-5512. Friday, March 24, at 8:30.)

Washington Square Chamber Music Series—The last concert in the series, this one by the Claremont Quartet, with Joan Wall, mezzo-soprano. (Vanderbilt Hall, New York University, 40 Washington Sq. S., at Macdougal St. Friday, March 24, at 8:30. For tickets, call SP 7-2000, Ext. 618.)

Berl Senofsky—Violin. (Washington Irving High School, Irving Pl. at 16th St. Saturday, March 25, at 8:15. For tickets, call GR 3-1391.)

Joan Wall—Mezzo-soprano. (Town Hall. Sunday, March 26, at 8:30.)

Daniel Ericourt—Piano, in a program of Debussy preludes. (Town Hall. Wednesday, March 29, at 8:30.)

Paul Maynard and Patricia Livingston—Harpsichords, in an all-Bach program. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. AT 9-2400. Wednesday, March 29, at 8:30.)

SPORTS

(The box-office number for Madison Square Garden is CO 5-6811.)

Boxing—Florentino Fernandez vs. Marcel Pigou, middleweights, 10 rounds. (Madison Square Garden, Saturday, March 25. Preliminaries at 8:30; main bout at 10.)

Indoor Polo—Two games (plus a spot of Rugby) every Saturday night. (Squadron A Armory, Madison Ave. at 94th St. EN 9-6320. Matches begin at 8.)

Racing—At **Aqueduct:** Weekdays at 1:30; through Wednesday, May 31. The Paumonok Handicap, Saturday, March 25. . . . **Bowie,** Md.: Weekdays at 1:30; through Thursday, March 30. The John B. Campbell Memorial Handicap, Saturday, March 25. . . . **Laurel,** Md.: Weekdays at 1:30, from Saturday, April 1, through Wednesday, May 3.

Trotting—At Yonkers Raceway: Weekdays at 8:25; through Saturday, May 20.

FOR CHILDREN

Concert—Final children's concerts of the season by the Little Orchestra Society, Thomas Scherman conducting, with Reginald Gardiner, monologuist. (Hunter College Assembly Hall, Park Ave. at 69th St. Saturday, March 25, at 11 and 3. For tickets, call CI 6-2168.)

Stage Shows—By the **Peggy Bridge Marionettes:** "The Rabbit Who Wanted Wings," plus Leroy the Magician. (Jan Hus Auditorium, 351 E. 74th St. Saturday, March 25, at 3. For tickets, call AC 2-3831.) . . . **Children's Fine Arts Guild:** "Ching-ling and the Magic Peach." (Royal Playhouse, 62 E. 4th St. GR 5-9647. Saturday, March 25, at 1:30 and 3.) . . . **East End Theatre:** "Hans and the Tulip." (85 E. 4th St. AL 4-9520. Saturdays at 11, 1, and 3.) . . . **Merry-Mimes:** "The Firebird." (Cricket Theatre, Second Ave. at 10th St. OR 4-3960. Saturdays at 1, 2:30, and 4.) . . . **Merry-Go-Rounders:** Three story ballets—"The Celestial Elephant," "The Goops," and "Forest Adventure." (Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. AT 9-2400. Sunday, March 26, at 2.) . . . **Musical Theatre for Children:** "Tom Sawyer." (Sheridan Square Playhouse, 99 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. CH 2-9609. Saturday, March 25, at 2:30 and Sunday, March 26, at 1.) . . . **Pace-Dunham Productions:** "Hiawatha." (Theatre Marquee, 110 E. 59th St. PL 3-2575. Saturday, March 25, at 12:30, 2, and 3:30.) . . . **Pennywhistle Players:** "It's So Nice to Be a Fish." (East 74th Street Theatre, 334 E. 74th St. Saturday, March 25, at 12:30, 2, and 3:30. For tickets, call UN 1-5770.) . . . **Pilgrim Productions:** "Rip van Winkle." (Town Hall. JU 2-2424. Saturday, March 25, at 11.) . . . ¶ "Hansel and Gretel." (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-6700. Saturday, March 25, at 3.) . . . **Theatre East:** "Red Riding Hood." (211 E. 60th St. TE 8-0282. Saturday, March 25, at 1, 2:15, and 3:30, and Sunday, March 26, at 2 and 3:30.)

Junior Museum, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 81st St.—"How to Look at Sculpture," an exhibit of more than a hundred works, dating from early Egyptian times to the twentieth century, together with displays demonstrating the sculptor's basic materials and techniques. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Hayden Planetarium, Central Park W. at 81st St. (TR 3-1300)—The current show is called "Our World and the Moon." (Thursday and Friday, March 23-24, at 2, 3:30, and 8:30; Saturday, March 25, at 11, 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, and 8:30; Sunday, March 26, at 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, and 8:30; Monday, March 27, at 2 and 3:30; Tuesday and Wednesday, March 28-29, at 2, 3:30, and 8:30; Thursday, March 30, at 12, 2, 3:30, and 8:30; Good Friday at 11, 1, 2, 3, 4, and 8:30; and Saturday, April 1, at 11, 12, 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, and 8:30.) . . . ¶ Every night except Monday, a half-hour conducted tour of the Planetarium starts at 8.

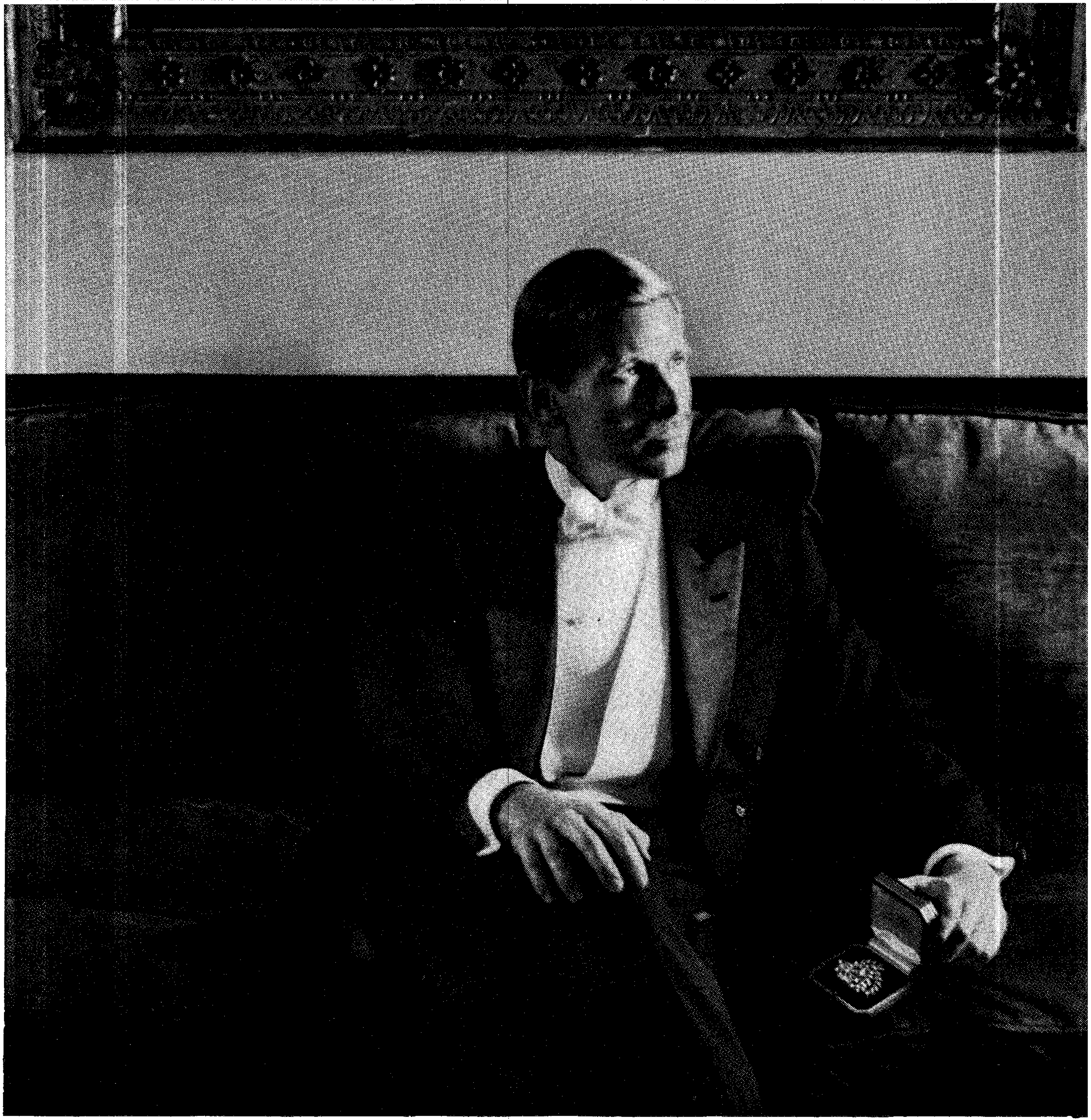
Note—The Wollman Memorial Skating Rink, in Central Park, is open (free) exclusively to ice skaters of fourteen and under every Saturday and on Good Friday from 10 to 12.

OTHER EVENTS

United Nations—Visitors are admitted to the plenary and/or committee sessions of the General Assembly, as well as to periodic meetings of the Security Council and regular sessions of various other commissions and committees. A limited number of tickets are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the admissions desk in the public lobby no earlier than thirty minutes before the start of each meeting. Meetings usually convene at 10:30 or 11 and at 2:30 or 3 Mondays through Fridays. (General Assembly Building, First Ave. at 45th St.) . . . ¶ Hour-long tours leave the lobby of the General Assembly Building every ten minutes or so from 9 to 4:45 daily.

New York Botanical Garden, Bronx Park—The annual Easter display of tulips, azaleas, narcissi, hyacinths, lilies, and other spring flowers. (Saturday, March 25, through Sunday, April 30. Daily, 10 to 4:30.)

Auctions—At the Parke-Bernet Galleries, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 8, and Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5.)—Thursday, March 23, at 1:45: Modern paintings, sculptures, and drawings by such artists as Marsden Hartley, Milton Avery, Picasso, and Juan Gris, belonging to John S. Newberry and others. . . . ¶ Friday and Saturday, March 24-25, at 1:45: American eighteenth-century furniture, Currier & Ives lithographs, Oriental Lowestoft porcelains, decorative objects, books, maps, and drawings; from the estate of Reginald M. Lewis.



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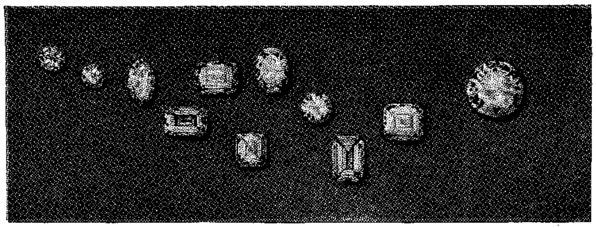

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

MOTION PICTURES

FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST ARE DESCRIBED IN THIS SECTION

Ballad of a Soldier—A Soviet film about the war that is less a drama than a collection of memorable photographic essays. Director Grigori Chukhrai tells his story about a young soldier's short leave by concentrating on the faces of two young lovers, played by Vladimir Ivashov and Shanna Prokhorenko, and by viewing the carnage through their guileless and tragically youthful gaze. (Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th, MU 5-7652.)

Ben-Hur—This version of the old war horse offers Charlton Heston as the rich, spiritual, and muscular Mediterranean athlete. (State, B'way at 45th, JU 2-5070. Weekdays at 8 and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2. Reserved seats only.)

Breathless—A brilliant, nervous, consistently exciting New Wave film from France, written and directed by Jean-Luc Godard. Photographed in Paris, it tells the story of a young car thief and his American mistress, and manages, without obviousness or moralizing, to comprehend the very modern nihilism that drives them to their doom. Jean-Paul Belmondo and Jean Seberg are the young lovers in what must be called a contemporary masterpiece. (Fine Arts, 130 E. 58th, PL 5-6030.)

Don Quixote—Cervantes's picaresque classic in a faithful, sometimes dull, but largely rewarding translation into Russian, of all things. Director Grigory Kozintsev's extraordinary eye for color, and a marvellously sensitive performance by Nikolai Cherkasov, who plays the Mad Knight, outweigh the oversimplicities of the plot and the misfortune of an awkward job of dubbing. (55th St. Playhouse, 154 W. 55th, JU 6-4590.)

Exodus—The new heavyweight champion, weighing in at three hours and forty-five minutes, shows an unfortunate preference for dialectics over fighting. Otto Preminger has lavished so much time and caution on this film version of the best-seller that the battle for Israel often resembles a high-school debate on the subject of tolerance. Paul Newman, Ralph Richardson, Eva Marie Saint, and Lee J. Cobb are the chief filibusters. (Warner, B'way at 47th, CO 5-5711. Weekdays at 8 and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées daily at 2. Reserved seats only.)

It Happened in Broad Daylight—You had better be warned that this is about an insane murderer of little girls. Hard as it may be to believe, the picture turns out to be charming as well as terrifying, thanks in large part to Heinz Ruhmann, as a police inspector, and to the rural Swiss setting, which effectively heightens the horror by looking ever so pretty and peaceful. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; March 24-27.)

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
				23	24	25
26	27	28	29			

The Rest Is Silence—Hardy Kruger plays Hamlet and Ingrid Andree is Ophelia in this updated German version of guess what, and they handle their roles with an inventiveness and aplomb that would shake a good many of the landmarks who have appeared in them before. Helmut Kautner, the producer, director, and script-writer, is responsible for a few gray patches here and there, but no matter. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; March 23.)

Tunes of Glory—Sir Alec Guinness wins the actor's Victoria Cross for his daring and endlessly subtle performance as an alcoholic colonel who destroys his enemy and himself in a frightening struggle for the command of a peacetime Highland regiment. John Mills is almost as fine as Sir Alec, and Dennis Price, Kay Walsh, and Gordon Jackson also flash their tartans. (Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th, CI 6-3454.)

Two-Way Stretch—A short, happy romp behind the pleasant walls of a progressive British prison. Peter Sellers, Wilfrid Hyde White, David Lodge, and Bernard Cribbins are all perfectly smashing in this farce that pokes lively fun at penology and at the usual dreary run of crime movies. (Guild, 33 W. 50th, PL 7-2406.)

REVIVALS

Alice Adams (1935)—Booth Tarkington's novel, with Katharine Hepburn and Fred MacMurray. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; through March 27.)

I'm All Right, Jack (1960)—An English film in which the dizzy operations of a missile plant, mismanaged by capitalists and slowed down by workers, are described. With Peter Sellers, Margaret Rutherford, and Ian Carmichael. (Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd, GR 5-1660; Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th, WA 9-3350; and Symphony, B'way at 95th, AC 2-6600.)

The King and I (1956)—Deborah Kerr and Yul Brynner in the Rodgers and Hammerstein musical. (Rivoli, B'way at 49th, CI 7-1633. Nightly at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2:30. Reserved seats only.)

Paths of Glory (1935)—Humphrey Cobb's novel about the madness generated by war. Kirk Douglas, Adolphe Menjou, and George Macready. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; March 29.)

Rosemary (1960)—A sardonic view of some get-rich-quick operators in post-Nazi Frankfurt. A German film, based on a true story and starring Nadja Tiller. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; March 24-27.)

Sweet Smell of Success (1957)—Burt Lancaster as a Broadway gossip columnist, and Tony Curtis as a press agent who acts as his stooge. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; March 28.)

Tiger Bay (1959)—Hayley Mills as a lively small fry who witnesses a murder in Cardiff. An English film. (Art, 36 E. 8th, GR 3-7014; starting March 29, tentative.)

To Live in Peace (1947)—Aldo Fabrizi as an Italian peasant who befriends a couple of G.I.s, one of them colored, during the war. Made in Italy. (Midtown, B'way at 100th, AC 2-1200; starting March 29.)

Museum of Modern Art Film Library—Two programs in a series called "The Western Film"—Through March 25: "Hands Up!" (1926), with Raymond Griffith. . . . ¶ Starting March 26: "Riders of the Purple Sage" (1925), with Tom Mix. (Showings at 3 and 5:30. A limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the Museum, 11 W. 53rd, after 11 on the day of the showing or, if it is a Sunday, after 1.) . . . **Note:** On Thursday, March 23, at 8:30, there will be a showing of "The Phantom of the Opera" (1925), with Lon Chaney. Tickets may be obtained at the Museum.

• • •

THE BROADWAY AREA

FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST APPEAR IN HEAVY TYPE AND ARE DESCRIBED IN THE SECTION ABOVE

Astor, B'way at 45th. (JU 6-2240)
"The Facts of Life," Bob Hope, Lucille Ball.

Capitol, B'way at 51st. (JU 2-5060)
Through March 29: "Go Naked in the World," Gina Lollobrigida, Anthony Franciosa.

Criterion, B'way at 44th. (JU 2-1796)
"Pepe," Cantinflas, Dan Dailey, Shirley Jones. (Weekdays at 8:15 and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2. Extra performances Saturday mornings at 9:30. Reserved seats only.)

DeMille, 7th Ave. at 47th. (CO 5-8431)
"Spartacus," Kirk Douglas, Laurence Olivier. (Weekdays at 8:15 and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2:30. Reserved seats only.)

Embassy, B'way at 46th. (PL 7-2408)
"Shadows," Hugh Hurd, Lelia Goldoni.

Forum, B'way at 47th. (PL 7-8320)
Through March 28: "Cry for Happy," Glenn Ford, Donald O'Connor.
From March 29: "A Raisin in the Sun," Sidney Poitier, Claudia McNeil.

Music Hall, 6th Ave. at 50th. (CI 6-4600)
"The Absent-Minded Professor," Fred MacMurray, Nancy Olson.

Palace, B'way at 47th. (PL 7-2626)
Through March 28: "101 Dalmatians," a full-length Walt Disney cartoon.
From March 29: "The Great Impostor," Tony Curtis, Edmond O'Brien.

Paramount, B'way at 43rd. (WI 7-9400)
"Sanctuary," Lee Remick, Yves Montand.

Rivoli, B'way at 49th. (CI 7-1633)
From March 23, at 8:30: **the king and i**, revival. (Opening night will be a benefit for the United Nations High Commission for Refugees.)

State, B'way at 45th. (JU 2-5070)
ben-hur.

Victoria, B'way at 46th. (JU 6-0540)
"All in a Night's Work," Dean Martin, Shirley MacLaine.

Warner, B'way at 47th. (CO 5-5711)
exodus.

NEIGHBORHOOD HOUSES

FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST APPEAR IN HEAVY TYPE AND ARE DESCRIBED ON THE OPPOSITE PAGE

EAST SIDE

Art, 36 E. 8th. (GR 3-7014)
Through March 28 (tentative): "Make Mine Mink," Terry-Thomas, Athene Seyler.
From March 29 (tentative): **TIGER BAY,** revival.

Academy of Music, 126 E. 14th. (GR 3-2277)
Through March 28: "Swiss Family Robinson," John Mills, Dorothy McGuire; and "Desert Attack," John Mills.
From March 29: "101 Dalmatians," a full-length Walt Disney cartoon; and "Third Man on the Mountain," revival, Michael Rennie, James MacArthur.

Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd. (GR 5-1660)
I'M ALL RIGHT, JACK, revival.

Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th. (MU 5-7652)
BALLAD OF A SOLDIER (in Russian).

Trans-Lux 52nd St., Lexington at 52nd. (PL 3-2434)
Through March 28: "Cry for Happy," Glenn Ford, Donald O'Connor.
From March 29: "A Raisin in the Sun," Sidney Poitier, Claudia McNeil.

Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (PL 9-1411)
"The League of Gentlemen," Jack Hawkins, Nigel Patrick.

R.K.O. 58th St., 3rd Ave. at 58th. (EL 5-3577)
Through March 25: "Swiss Family Robinson," John Mills, Dorothy McGuire; and "Desert Attack," John Mills.
March 26-28: "The Wackiest Ship in the Army," Jack Lemmon, Ricky Nelson; and "Passport to China," Richard Basehart.
From March 29: "Gorgo," Bill Travers, William Sylvester; and "The Amazing Transparent Man," Marguerite Chapman.

Fine Arts, 130 E. 58th. (PL 5-6030)
BREATHLESS (in French).

Plaza, 42 E. 58th. (EL 5-3320)
"Never on Sunday" (in Greek and English), Melina Mercouri, Jules Dassin.

Baronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (EL 5-1663)
"Modigliani of Montparnasse" (in French), Gérard Philipe, Lilli Palmer.

Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (RE 7-2622)
"The Facts of Life," Bob Hope, Lucille Ball.

68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (RE 4-0302)
"Days of Thrills and Laughter," a film made up of excerpts from silent movies featuring Buster Keaton, Charlie Chaplin, Laurel and Hardy, and such.

72nd St. Playhouse, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (BU 8-9304)
Through March 28 (tentative): "Midnight Lace," Doris Day, Rex Harrison.
From March 29 (tentative): "Can-Can," revival, Frank Sinatra, Shirley MacLaine.

Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th. (BU 8-3180)
Through March 28: "Sanctuary," Lee Remick, Yves Montand.
From March 29: "The Great Impostor," Tony Curtis, Edmond O'Brien.

R.K.O. 86th St., Lexington at 86th. (AT 9-8900)
Through March 28: "Swiss Family Robinson," John Mills, Dorothy McGuire; and "Desert Attack," John Mills.
From March 29: "101 Dalmatians," a full-length Walt Disney cartoon; and "Third Man on the Mountain," revival, Michael Rennie, James MacArthur.

Orpheum, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (AT 9-4607)
Through March 28: "The Wackiest Ship in the Army," Jack Lemmon, Ricky Nelson; and "Passport to China," Richard Basehart.
From March 29: "Gorgo," Bill Travers, William Sylvester; and "The Amazing Transparent Man," Marguerite Chapman.

WEST SIDE

Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St. (OR 4-3210)
Through March 26: "On the Bowery" and "Come Back, Africa"—both revivals and both semi-documentary films.
March 27: "Stakeout on Dope Street," revival, Yale Wexler; and "T-Bird Gang," revival, John Brinkley.
March 28: "The Young Stranger," revival, James MacArthur, Kim Hunter; and "Cry-baby Killer," revival, Jack Nicholson.
March 29: "The Strange One," revival, Ben Gazzara; and "High School Big Shot," revival, Tom Pittman.

Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (WA 9-8038)
Through March 28: "Butterfield 8," Elizabeth Taylor, Laurence Harvey.
From March 29: "The Grass Is Greener," Cary Grant, Deborah Kerr; and "Jazz on a Summer's Day," revival, a documentary of the 1958 Newport Jazz Festival and the America's Cup observation trials.

8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th. (GR 7-7874)
Through March 29 (tentative): "Flesh and the Devil" (silent), Greta Garbo, John Gilbert.

5th Ave. Cinema, 5th Ave. at 12th. (WA 4-8339)
"The Virgin Spring" (in Swedish), Max von Sydow, Gunnel Lindblom.

Sheridan, 7th Ave. at 12th. (WA 9-2166)
Through March 28: "The Wackiest Ship in the Army," Jack Lemmon, Ricky Nelson; and "Passport to China," Richard Basehart.
From March 29: "Gorgo," Bill Travers, William Sylvester; and "The Amazing Transparent Man," Marguerite Chapman.

Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (WA 9-3350)
I'M ALL RIGHT, JACK, revival.

Guild, 33 W. 50th. (PL 7-2406)
TWO-WAY STRETCH.

55th St. Playhouse, 154 W. 55th. (JU 6-4590)
DON QUIXOTE.

Trans-Lux Normandie, 110 W. 57th. (JU 6-4448)
"All in a Night's Work," Dean Martin, Shirley MacLaine.

Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th. (CI 6-3454)
TUNES OF GLORY.

Paris, 4 W. 58th. (MU 8-0134)
"Love and the Frenchwoman" (in French), Martine Carol, Dany Robin.

Loew's 83rd St., B'way at 83rd. (TR 7-3190)
Through March 28: "The Wackiest Ship in the Army," Jack Lemmon, Ricky Nelson; and "Passport to China," Richard Basehart.
From March 29: "Gorgo," Bill Travers, William Sylvester; and "The Amazing Transparent Man," Marguerite Chapman.

New Yorker, B'way at 88th. (TR 4-9189)
Through March 27: **ALICE ADAMS,** revival; and "The Forty-First" (in Russian), revival, Izolda Izvitskaya.
March 28: **SWEET SMELL OF SUCCESS,** revival; and "Touch of Evil," revival, Charlton Heston, Janet Leigh.
March 29: **PATHS OF GLORY,** revival; and "Public Enemy," revival, James Cagney, Jean Harlow.

Symphony, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-6600)
I'M ALL RIGHT, JACK, revival; and another feature, to be announced.

Thalia, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-3370)
March 23: **THE REST IS SILENCE** (in German); and "Oscar Wilde," revival, Robert Morley, Ralph Richardson.
March 24-27: **IT HAPPENED IN BROAD DAYLIGHT;** and **ROSEMARY** (in German), revival.
From March 28: "Illicit Interlude" (in Swedish), revival, May Britt; and "The Naked Night" (in Swedish), revival, Harriet Andersson.

Riverside, B'way at 96th. (MO 3-4530)
Through March 29: "Swiss Family Robinson," John Mills, Dorothy McGuire; and "Desert Attack," John Mills.

Midtown, B'way at 100th. (AC 2-1200)
Through March 28: "The Confessions of Ina Kahr" (in German), revival, Curt Jurgens; and "Scampolo" (in Italian), revival.
From March 29: **TO LIVE IN PEACE** (in Italian), revival; and "One Summer of Happiness" (in Swedish), revival, Ulla Jacobsson, Folke Sundquist.

Nemo, B'way at 110th. (MO 6-8210)
Through March 28: "Swiss Family Robinson," John Mills, Dorothy McGuire; and "Desert Attack," John Mills.
From March 29: "101 Dalmatians," a full-length Walt Disney cartoon; and "Third Man on the Mountain," revival, Michael Rennie, James MacArthur.

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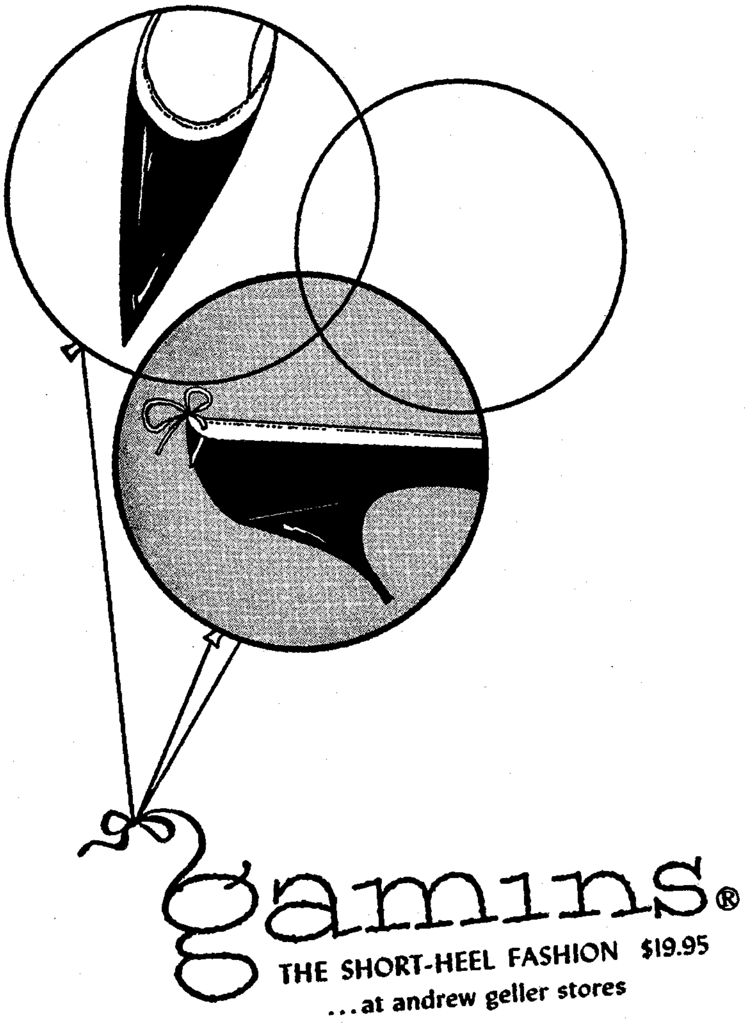

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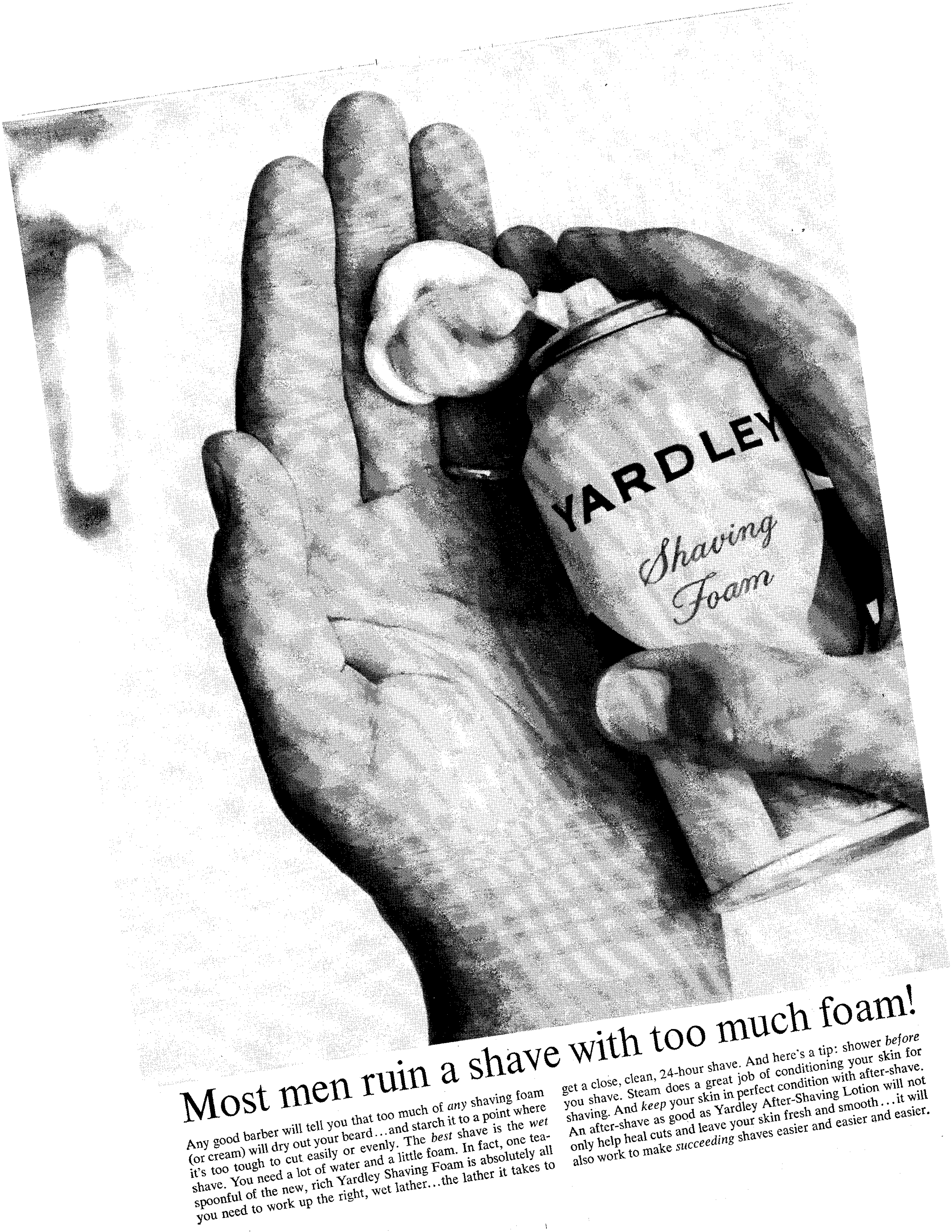

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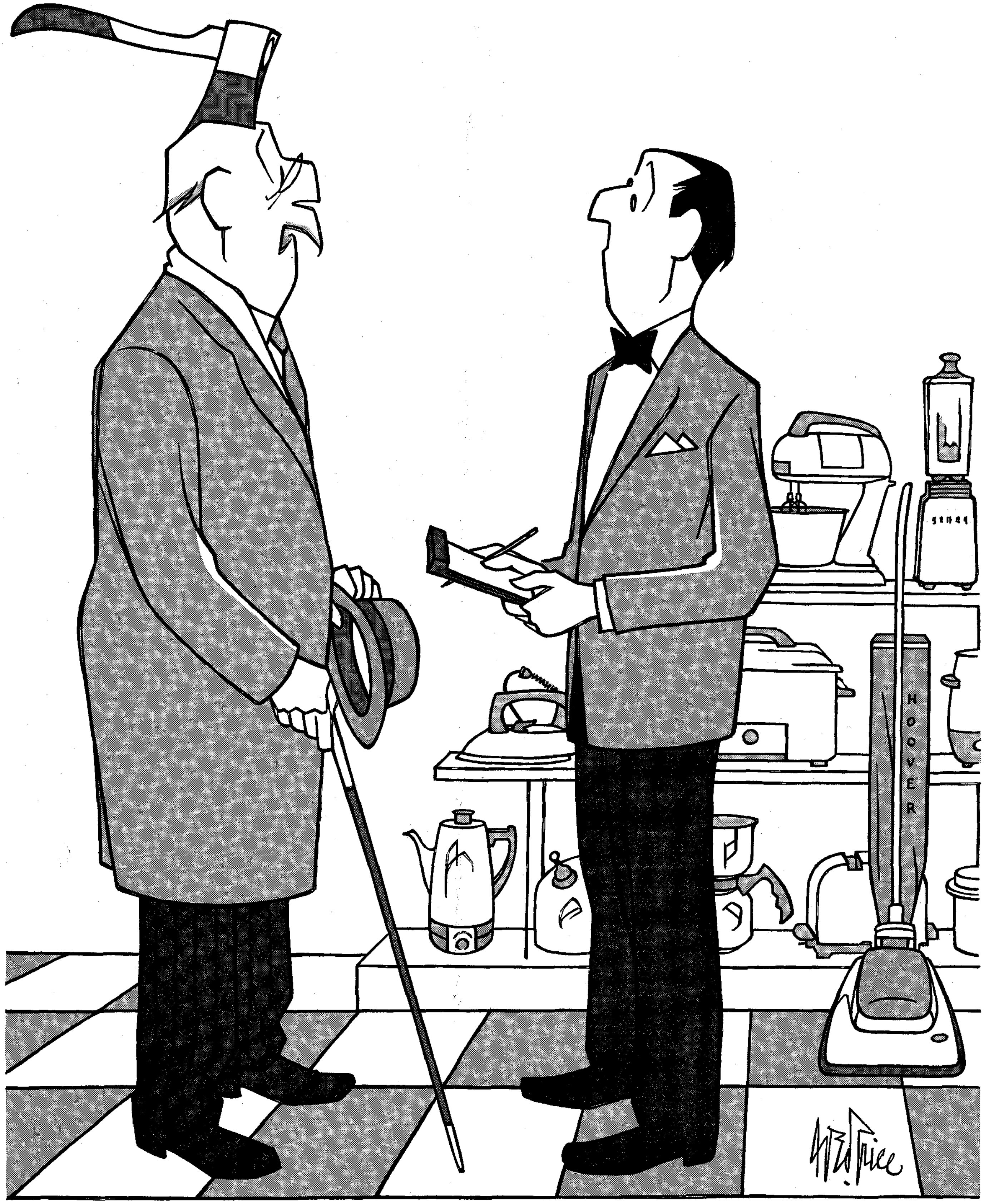

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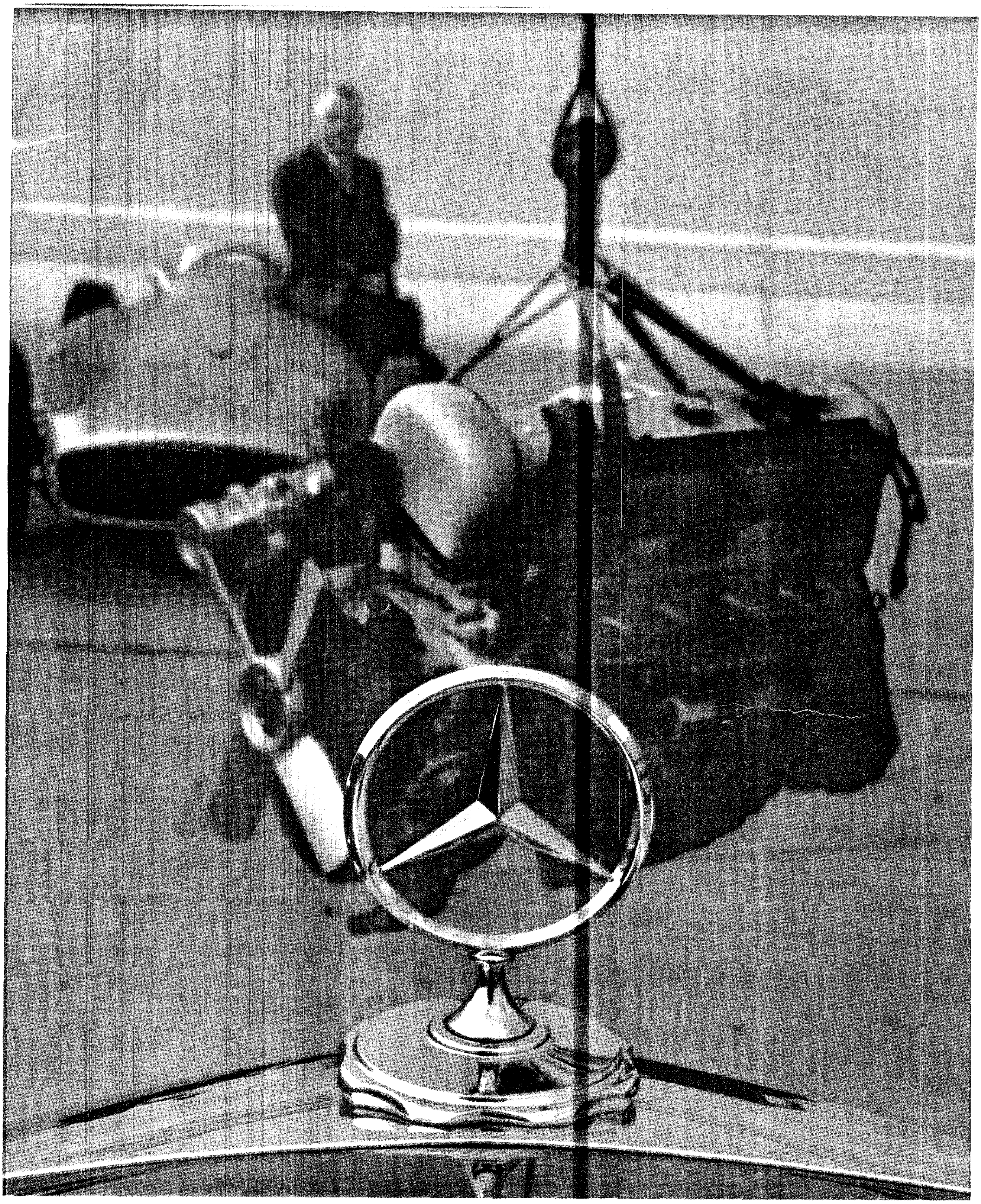

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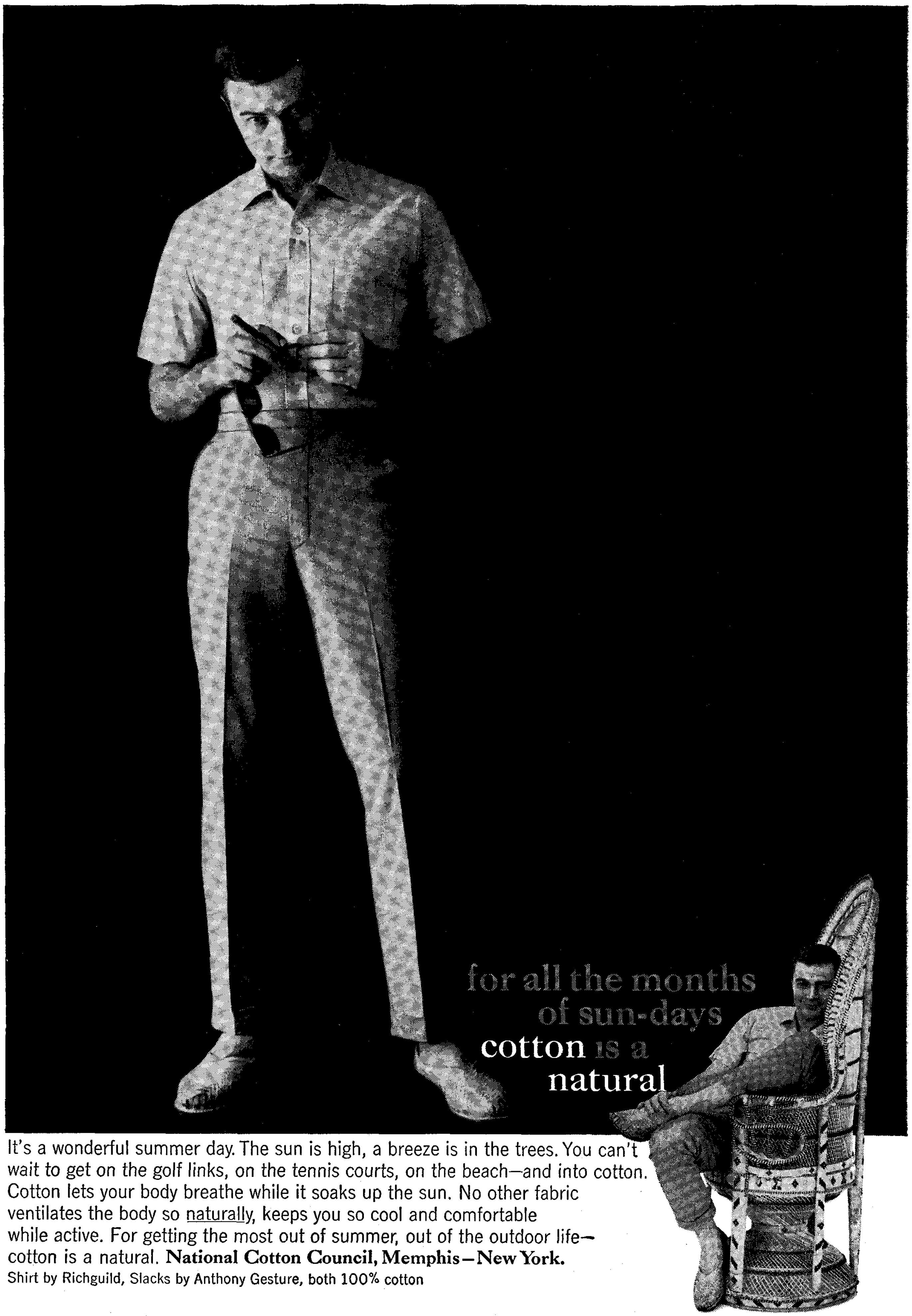

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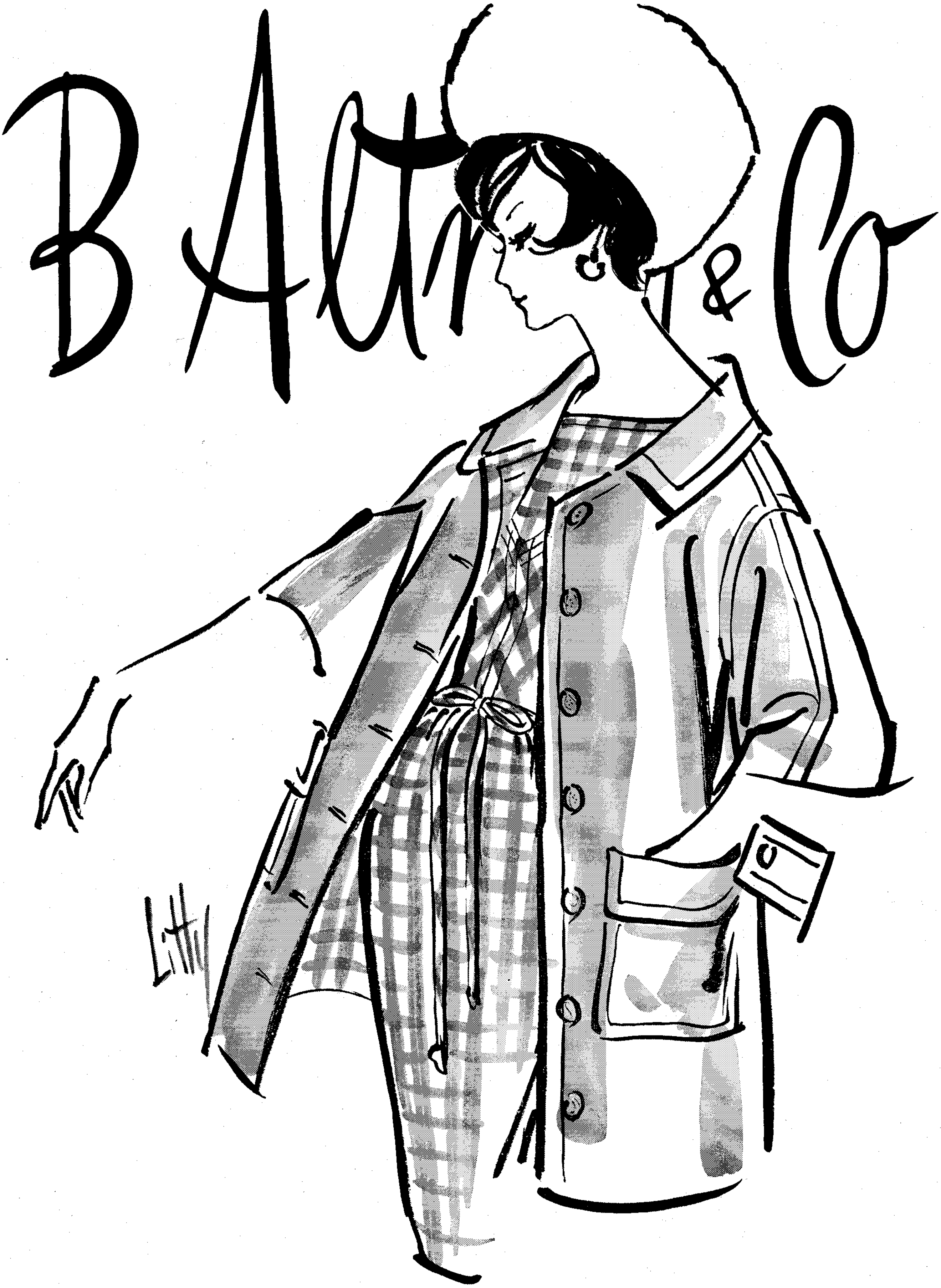

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THE NEW YORKER

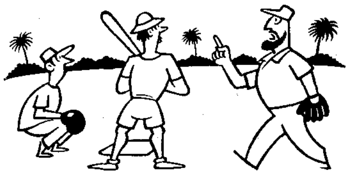
THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

WE have been pondering a small newspaper clipping that bears a Havana dateline and says:

> Premier Fidel Castro has decided to revise the rules of baseball, it was disclosed today.
>
> Last Sunday, after cutting cane at a nearby sugar mill, Dr. Castro pitched in a sandlot game. But when a runner stole second base on him, the Premier ordered him back to first.
>
> "In the revolution," Dr. Castro said, "no one can steal—even in baseball."

We can see interesting possibilities in this highly moral approach to the game, and we suggest to Cuba's First Pitcher that the logical next step is to require every revolutionary batter, regardless of his position in the lineup, to sacrifice.



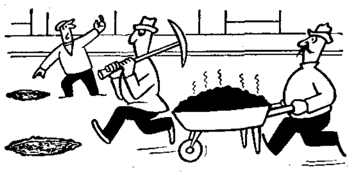
Holes

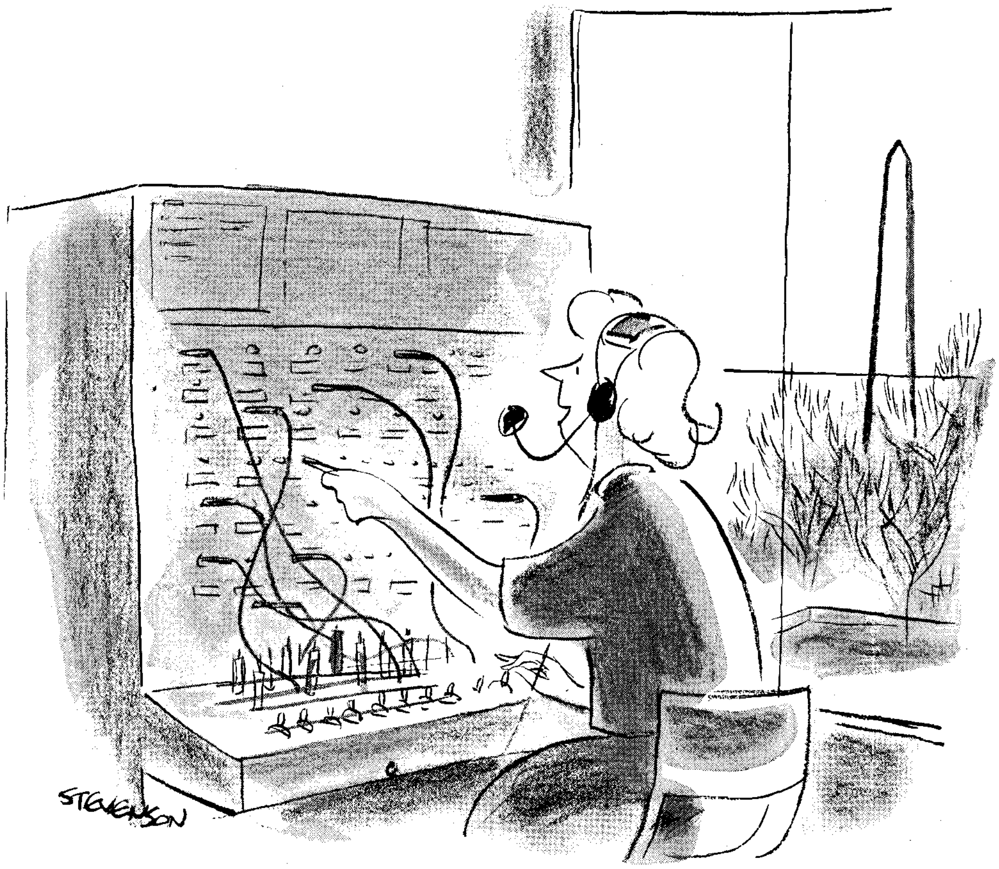
THE winter now ending, hard as it has been on men and machines, has apparently been hardest of all on the streets of Manhattan, which have been pocked by a record-breaking total of twenty-five thousand holes—five times the usual number and far more than the Manhattan Department of Borough Works has previously been obliged to count, let alone patch. From engineers in the Department, we've learned that ninety-five per cent of these holes are to be found in asphalt pavement, which is what nearly three-quarters of the thirteen million square yards of pavement on the borough's five hundred and four miles of roadway consists of. Spreading hot sheet asphalt at the rate of two hundred and fifty tons a day, maintenance crews have mended some seven thousand hazardous craters since the last snow was carted away, but new craters are erupting almost as quickly as the old ones get filled in—a maddening state of affairs that has prompted the Department to ask the Board of Estimate for $785,000 to supplement the $1,600,000 that it would ordinarily be spending this year to keep the streets of Manhattan unholey.

Before we undertake to deal with the holes, a word about pavements. The asphalt streets of Manhattan are constructed in three layers. The bottom layer is six inches of concrete, resting on subgrade (the distinguished term that engineers use for what we would call dirt). On top of the concrete base goes an inch and a half of asphalt binder, which, despite its name, is mostly not asphalt, being forty-nine per cent small stones, forty per cent sand, five per cent limestone dust, and six per cent asphalt cement, and on top of this binder goes an inch-and-a-half surface course of sheet asphalt, whose ingredients are seventy-five per cent sand, fifteen per cent limestone dust, and ten per cent asphalt cement. An asphalt pavement isn't expected to last more than forty years, and many of our local streets are, by this measure, practically senile. Even the most celebrated stretch of our most celebrated street is doddering, for, with the exception of a thin resurfacing coat laid down in the late forties, the asphalt on the section of Fifth Avenue between Washington Square and Fifty-ninth Street is, on the average, thirty-eight years old.

Up to ten years after construction, an asphalt pavement actually benefits from constant use, because the kneading, compacting action of automobile tires seals up cracks in its surface. From then on, however, it loses its resiliency, for asphalt, a bituminous substance that is a by-product of petroleum refining, tends to become brittle with age. It also tends to become brittle when frozen, and that's what raised particular hob with Manhattan's tired old asphalt streets this winter. During our famous seventeen consecutive days of below-freezing temperatures, the moisture in the ground under the pavement turned to ice, which caused the ground to swell, which caused the pavement to rise, which caused the asphalt all brittle and old to become all creviced and cracked, and, bad as this may seem, it is only the beginning of a classic nursery tale of cause and effect, for with the thaw the ice in the ground changed back into water, which caused the ground to contract, which caused the pavement to sink, which caused the asphalt all brittle and old and creviced and cracked to grumble and crumble and turn into dust. To make matters still worse, the crevices and cracks were widened by the freezing of surface water, and then were turned into potholes as a result of being constantly dug into and chewed up by tire chains, plow blades, and the caterpillar treads of heavy snow-moving machinery.

Under normal circumstances, Manhattan is divided into nineteen districts, each of which is taken care of by its own asphalt repair gang, but driving—and walking—conditions are now so dangerous in midtown that nearly all the borough's repair gangs are at work here. Though asphalt doesn't adhere well if it is laid down in wet weather, this is no time for engineering niceties—under the assault of heavy traffic, it takes only three days for a newly erupted hole to double in size—and, rain or shine, in goes the hot asphalt, over it trundles the twelve-ton roller, and on goes the gang to the next hole. Between Thirty-fourth Street and Fifty-ninth Street, Fifth Avenue has at least five holes to the





"Peace Corps. Hi."

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block; these are being filled in and smoothed over at the rate of four blocks of holes per day, but none of the members of the Department dare to guess how many new holes may be opening up behind their backs.

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INCIDENTAL INTELLIGENCE (LAZARUS DIVISION): Inside the Metropolitan Life Insurance Building, at Park Avenue South and Twenty-fourth Street, there is a window marked "Revivals."

Albee

WE had a talk last week with Edward Albee, the thirty-three-year-old playwright whose three one-act plays now on the boards Off Broadway have established him as the critics' current man-of-promise. "The Zoo Story" opened at the Provincetown Playhouse on January 14, 1960, and has been produced in London and in Berlin, among other places; "The American Dream" and "The Death of Bessie Smith," which opened January 24, 1961, and March 1, 1961, respectively, are both at the York Playhouse. We found Mr. Albee at home, in a ground-floor, six-room apartment in a ninety-year-old, yellow-stucco-front house on West Twelfth Street—an apartment packed to the gills with modern paintings, a stereophonic record player, fresh white pompons, books on the drama, a roommate named William Flanagan (who composed the music for "Bessie Smith" and another Albee one-acter, called "The Sandbox"), and three orphaned cats rescued by Albee: Cunégonde, three and a half; Vanessa, two and a half; and a still nameless thirteen-week-old semi-Siamese kitten. Albee, who is a handsome, lean, dark-haired young man with a crew haircut and considerable charm, and who was wearing a gray tweed sports jacket, gray flannel slacks, a button-down-collar white shirt, and a black wool tie, directed us to avoid a collapsing modern sofa and to sit in a non-collapsing modern chair, out of which he shooed his cats with a few firm, authoritative, affectionate, non-sticky words.

"I get them from the Greenwich Village Humane League," Albee told us. "The League people go out and look for abandoned cats on the street, and save them from the awful things that happen to homeless kittens in New York, like being tossed into bonfires by mean kids. That sort of thing can happen in the Village, I'm sorry to say. Although I wouldn't live anywhere but in New York. I like to be in the center of things. There are ten thousand things you can do in half an hour in New York if you feel like it. I've lived in a lot of places—a fifteen-dollar-a-month cold-water flat on the lower East Side, a great big loft right in the middle of the garment district, for seventy a month, and a couple of other places around the Village. All the good places in the Village, all the lovely nineteenth-century houses, are being torn down now and six-story tenements are being put up instead. Do you want to see something amazing in my back yard? A real one-story little cottage, with somebody living in it." He showed us the amazing view through a rear window. "Will probably be torn down soon. But I'll try to stay in the Village. It's one of the few areas where you can be in the center of things and still feel removed."

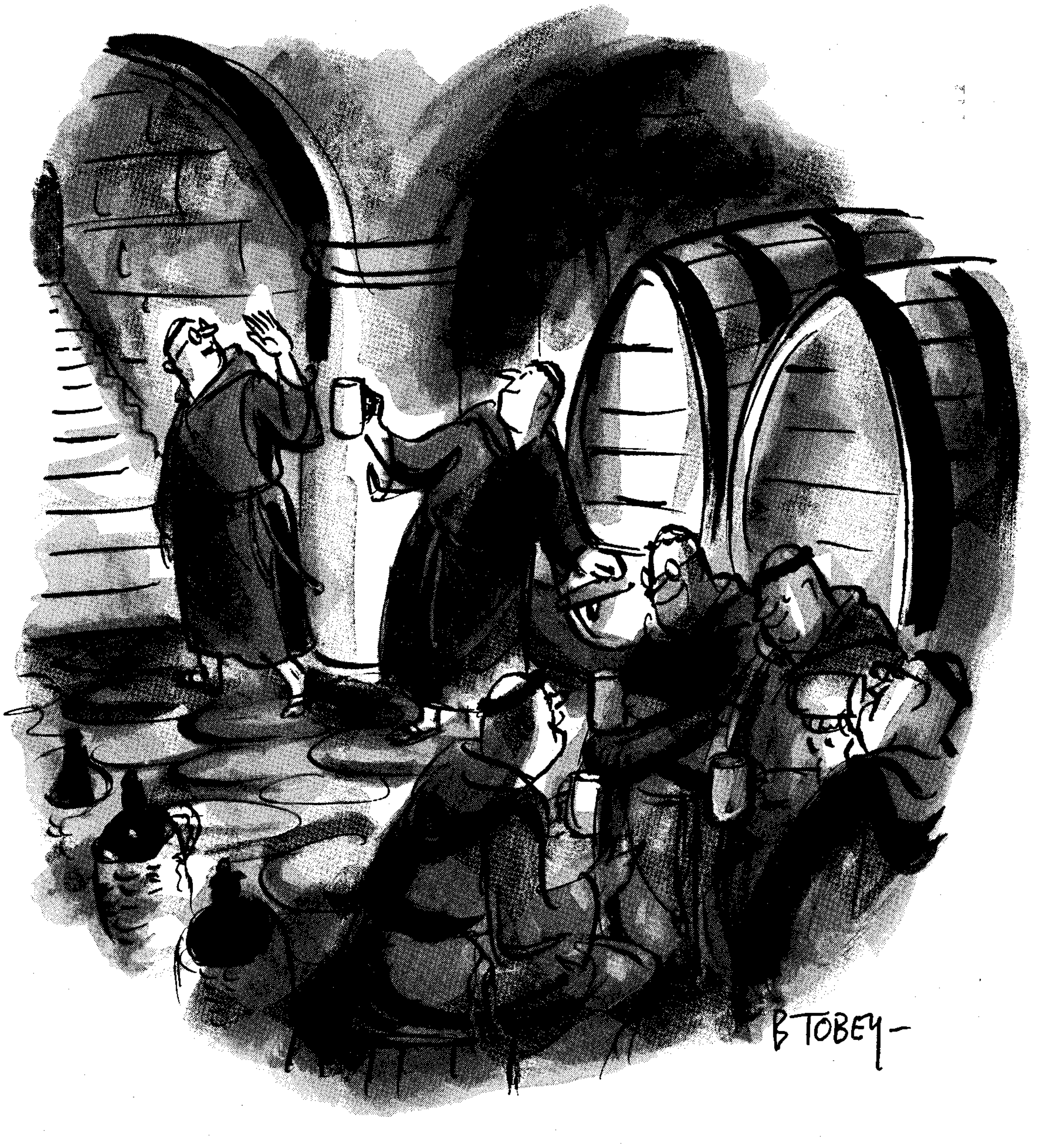
Albee lit a cigarette and sat down carefully on the sofa, and we asked him to give us an autobiographical outline. "Born in Washington, D.C., on March 12, 1928, and came to New York when I was two weeks old," he said. "I have no idea who my natural parents were, although I'm sure my father wasn't a President, or anything like that. I was adopted by my father, Reed A. Albee, who worked for his father, Edward Franklin Albee, who started a chain of theatres with B. F. Keith and then sold out to R.K.O. My father is retired now. My mother is a remarkable woman. An excellent horsewoman and saddle-horse judge. I was riding from the time I was able to walk. My parents had a stable of horses in Larchmont or Scarsdale or Rye, or one of those places. I don't ride any more. Just sort of lost interest in it. My parents gave me a good home and a good education, none of which I appreciated. I attended Rye Country Day School until I was eleven, and then Lawrenceville, where I got thrown out after a year and a half for refusing to go to classes. It was probably that I was too young to be away from home, but instead of going home I was sent to Valley Forge Military Academy—Valley Forge Concentration Camp—where parents send their children for one of three reasons: discipline, or preparation for West Point, or in the hope that they'll get an education. You do get an education there, but it's not a purely scholastic education. You march practically all the time and wear a grayish-blue uniform like West Point's, with the hat with the patent-leather brim. I had the usual routine of discipline, institutional food, and dreary living quarters. When I finally left, after a year, I decided not to get thrown out of another school. I went to Choate next, and it was marvellous, but by then I was a few years older. I appreciated Choate after the aridity of a military school. I was very happy there. I went on to Trinity College, in Hartford, for a year and a half. I didn't have enough interest in it to stick it out for four years. I wouldn't go to chapel, and I wouldn't go to one of the math courses. It was probably a basic discontent with myself that hadn't taken a specific form yet. After a year and a half, the college suggested that I not come back, which was fine with me."

Albee gave a quick laugh and, inhaling with all the abandon of the carefree pre-filter age, continued, through the smoke, "I got my first job at Station WNYC, where I spent a year and a half writing continuity for the music programs. After that, I had an *awful* lot of jobs: forty-dollar-a-week office boy for Warwick & Legler, the ad agency; salesman in the record department of Bloomingdale's; salesman in the book department of Schirmer's; luncheonette counterman at the Manhattan Towers Hotel. Then, starting in 1955, I was a Western Union messenger for three years, all over the city. I liked it. It wasn't a job that tired you out with mental work. I liked walking, and I met all sorts of interesting people. In 1949, I had come into a very small income, from a trust fund set up by my maternal grandmother, that was not quite enough to spoil me. In 1952, I went to Florence for four or five months and tried to write a novel. The novel was awful. I had written a lot of poetry, and had even managed to get one poem published, when I was seventeen, in a Texas magazine called *Kaleidoscope*. It had something to do with turning eighteen. Then, in the spring of 1958, when I hit thirty, a kind of explosion took place in my life. I'd been drifting, and I got fed up with myself. I decided to write a play. I was getting a little bit more money from the trust fund—thirty-five hundred dollars a year—and I quit work.

"I wrote 'The Zoo Story' on a wobbly table in the kitchen of the apartment I was living in at the time—at 238 West Fourth Street. I did a draft, made pencil revisions, and typed a second script, and that's the way I've been doing my plays since. I finished 'The Zoo Story' in three weeks and showed it to a few uptown producers, who said it was nice but they wanted a full-length play. Then Bill Flanagan sent a copy of the play to David Diamond, the American composer, who was living in Florence, and Diamond sent it to a Swiss actor, Pinkas Braun, in Zurich, who later did all the German translations of my plays. Braun made a tape recording of the play in English and sent it to Mrs. Stefani Hunzinger, in Frankfurt, who is head of the drama department of S. Fischer, one of the biggest publishing houses in Germany. From there it went on to a producer named Barlog, in Berlin, and that's where I had my first audience—on September 28, 1959. 'The Death of Bessie Smith' was produced in Berlin about a year ago, before it was put on here. Aside from the interest that German audiences take in the contemporary foreign theatre, they seem to find some application to their own lives in my plays."

We asked how things were going financially.

"Strange," he said. "My income is growing. In 1959, I made about a thousand dollars on my work. In 1960, it was ten thousand dollars. In 1961, I've made five thousand dollars in two months. The New York income is a small part of it. It means I don't



"No more for me, thanks. I have to toll."

have to take an outside job, and I like that. Although my tastes are inexpensive, I like to sit in good seats at the theatre, so I can see what's going on. I don't think about clothes. I don't own a suit. I have a couple of sports jackets, and what I like to wear is sweater, slacks, and sneakers."

"Any plans?" we asked. "Any special thoughts on your last birthday?"

"I'm not looking forward to getting older, but I'm not horrified by it, either," he said. "I've got about two—maybe three—years' work planned out, considering how lazy I am about what I want to be doing. I'm behind, but I'd rather be behind than be completely caught up. I have three plays in mind and I'm trying to finish two others—'Who's Afraid of Virginia Woolf?' and an adaptation of Carson McCullers' 'The Ballad of the Sad Café.' I'm doing the second because it's sort of a challenge. I've never seen an adaptation of anything that was any good. I'm curious to find out if it's possible to do one without running into what usually happens—the lessening and coarsening of the material. The other play is about a two-in-the-morning drunken party of two faculty members and their wives. These will both be what they refer to as full-length plays, 'they' being people who think the theatre has got to start at eight-forty and end at eleven-ten."

"Any special influences in your writing?" we asked.

Albee gave us a cool laugh. "There are anywhere between five hundred and a thousand good plays, and I'd have to go back to the Greeks and work my way right up," he replied. "It's been an assimilative process. Of my contemporaries, after Brecht, I admire Beckett, Jean Genêt, Tennessee Williams, and Harold Pinter. In fiction, I have a special preference for Salinger and Updike. I feel happy and comfortable in what I'm doing. I've become freer and less free. One develops obligations to oneself, having had one's productions reasonably well received. I more or less play it by ear. Unless you're a man like Bernard Shaw, who knew what he was doing at all times, you get yourself in trouble trying to talk about the way you write. It makes for self-consciousness. I'd like to preserve an innocence, so that what I do can surprise me. I've been forced lately to articulate what's been happening to me, and that makes you self-conscious about trying to remain unself-conscious. I go to more parties than I used to. I find I start talking and other people shut up. And that's terrible. I've met more people this past year than I ever met in the past thirty. It's interesting and valuable to meet accomplished people. It's instructive. You can always learn from your elders and betters. When I sit down to work, four or five hours at a time are all I can manage. Then I have to go out to the San Remo and have a couple of beers with friends. Summers, I go off to the beach at Riis Park by subway and bus. I stayed with all the plays throughout casting and rehearsals. It's a pleasant agony."

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HERE'S a note a young mother of our acquaintance received from the kindergarten teacher in charge of her son: "We are trying to discourage Jerry's cardplaying."

Antique Ads

THE archeology of hucksterism affords an opportunity to infer from quaint and faded oddments the assumptions and aspirations of a vanished people. So it was with high hopes that we visited the New-York Historical Society's exhibition of samples from the Bella C. Landauer Business Collection, a hitherto unplumbed ocean of nineteenth-century posters and other obsolete importunities from the innocent, liminal infancy of American advertising. The oldest poster on show was a prospectus put out in 1847 by the *Saturday Evening Post*. We were pleased to note how gently the years have treated our sister publication. Over a century ago, the *Post* had found its voice: "Heaven bless the Women of our Land! the chief promoters of morality and virtue," the poster exclaimed. Indeed, the poster had much to say on the awful subject of

> **Morality**
>
> As a Moral Journal it has gained for itself a character that justly entitles it to take the lead of all the papers in the country—it having been the first newspaper in the United States to come out manfully and boldly against the works of Eugene Sue, Paul de Kock, and their vile American imitators, and to hold up the publishers of such works to the censure and indignation of all virtuous and pure-minded men and women.

This manfully trumpeted defiance of the swarming legions of Eugene Sue was shyly complemented by, at the bottom, a rather furtive

> **Note to Post Masters**
>
> As an inducement to Post Masters to get up CLUBS, we make the following offer. For every Club of eight, with ten dollars, we will send the Post Master forwarding the same, a copy of the Post *gratis* for one year. Please cut this note off before putting the placard up.

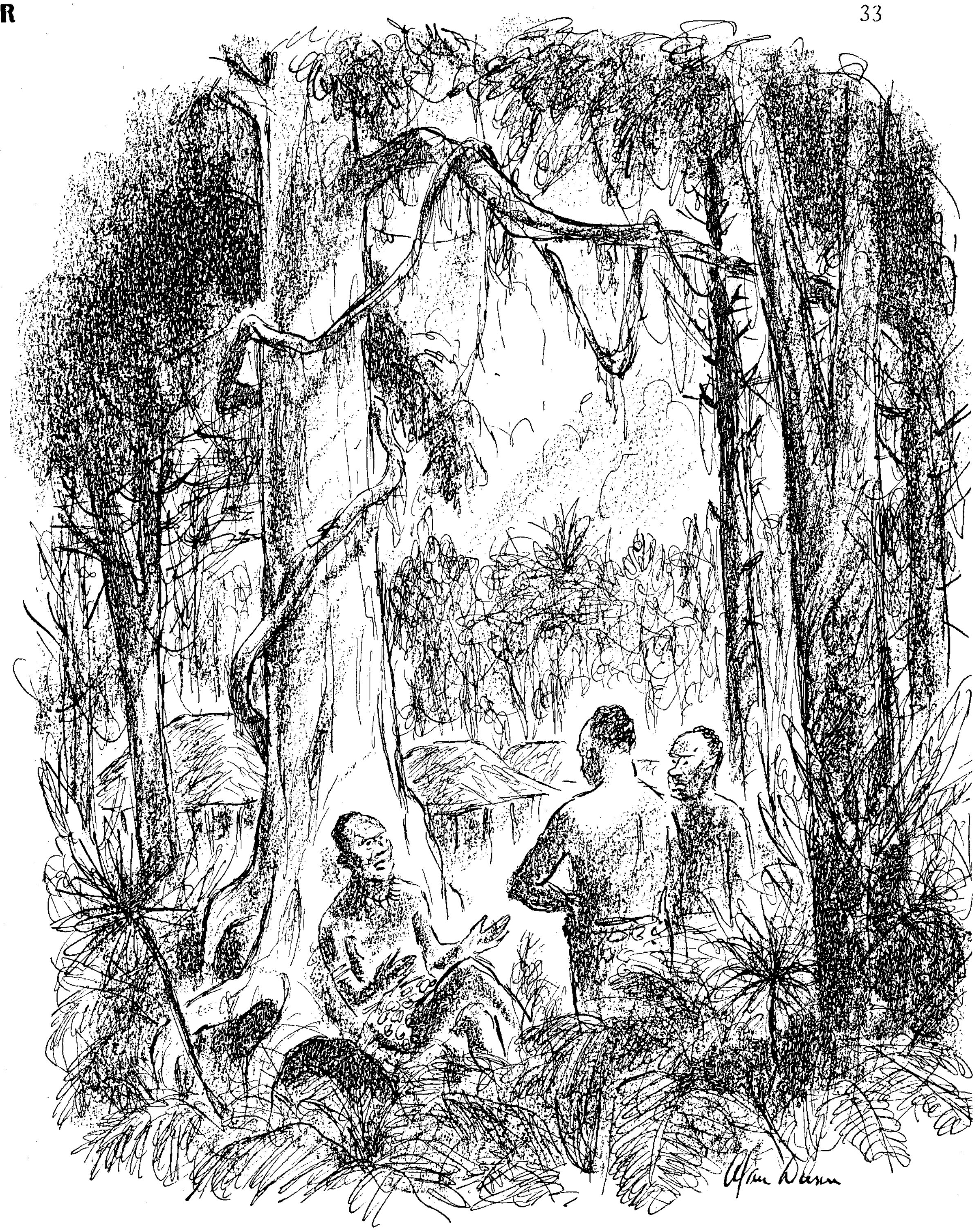
The Post Master who secured eighty subscriptions was presumably awarded the title of *Post* Master. We sighed for this Arcadian America where prudery and guile pulled happily in harness and the two-toned song of snipping scissors was heard in every rural P.O.

In those sweet days, the soft sell was downright feathery. The Westchester Stove Works issued a pronunciamento beginning, "We would beg to introduce ourselves to your notice as manufacturers of Stoves, Ranges, Furnaces, &c." Lord & Taylor advertised itself by means of cards depicting, with stippled precision, the eggs of the bullfinch. Edward Ridley & Sons, Trimmed Hats, gaily christened its bonnets and boaters Eva, Arthur, Fly Away, Mist, Middy, Charlie, and Harry. Pinch-waisted angels of decorum wearing violet shadows of décolletage at their bodice hems drifted through a sepia world of baroque lettering and leaned gracefully against fluted columns to convey the charms of chewing tobacco. And Love Tobacco associated itself with no fewer than five naked cherubs and featured a grinning Reb soldier forcing a chaw upon a scarcely startled Union foe. Great events and personages were eager to assist in the promotion of patriotic products. On one side of the exhibition room, Grover Cleveland somewhat stiffly stood for the savory worth of Hoffman House Cigars, while on the other side of the room his wife permitted her face to be used in connection with the assuaging of kidney and liver diseases. And Uncle Sam himself contemplated a National Cash Register and lamented, in his original Yankee accents, "B'Gosh! I wish I had one of them over to the Treasury."

Yet all was not bird song and commercial harmony in those far days. Monsters roamed the land. One of them, with wooden shoes, rotten teeth, an evil squint, and a flaming face, was depicted embracing an enormous cabbage with orgiastic rapacity while fluttering ribands cried, "THIS VARIETY

NOT AFFECTED BY THE CABBAGE WORM" and "99 in 100 Warranted to Head." Indeed, the degenerate peasant, or earth-gnome, tormented the imaginations of the early advertisers. Lorillard's Snuff portrayed an old couple whose embittered expressions had been hewn through decades of savage nagging and beatings; the old husband demoniacally winked while up his shrunken old wife's thumb a visible trail of snuff, like a party of ants hurrying to a picnic, snaked into her nostrils. And, even worse, a ravaged crone, trapped between her idiotically cherubic husband and a foul old fireplace, greeted with a toothless whinny of terror the sounds presumably issuing from a contraption labelled "Edison"—the primeval phonograph.

No, those early advertisements did not spare us the truth, and in this their modern successors have clearly improved on them. Modern advertising concerns itself with a world of Platonic ideality; nineteenth-century advertising depicted a world of visceral reality. "Visceral"—that is the word. It speaks in the intestinal twists of the lettering, in the flanged and pumping trademarks, in the liverish blue shadowing the weighted roundness of the young women. These women had density; the Howe Scale poster shows an apparently petite lass weighing herself, but we looked closely and the scale was registering 145. And those colors, those nineteenth-century colors, those pale browns, flushed violets, mottled ochres, insinuating pinks—what are they trying to express? Why, flesh—the color of flesh. It was with a grateful feeling of release and increasing weightlessness that we left these lurid advertisements of our corporality and walked home through streets hymning pure cigarette smoke, gasoline that explodes into energetic air without a trace, and Kleenex vanishing like dandelion seeds on the restless, radioactive winds.



"Well, as I remarked to Soapy . . ."

* *

Planner

A FRIEND of ours spruced himself up the other day and went, full of geniality and exuberance, to a large cocktail party whose hostess was noted for her ability to plan such shindigs with warm hospitality and keen forethought. As the party crackled and grew, he and some new acquaintanees he'd made moved into the bedroom, at the hostess's suggestion, to lessen the crush in the living room. There, on the lady's bed table, he saw an inscription penned in firm feminine handwriting on a telephone pad. It said:

Extra ice cubes	YU 8-3230
Liquor	RE 4-0085
Extra soda	LE 5-9781
Police	SP 7-3100

As soon as possible, he left quietly.

THE POOR MAN'S WAR BETWEEN THE STATES

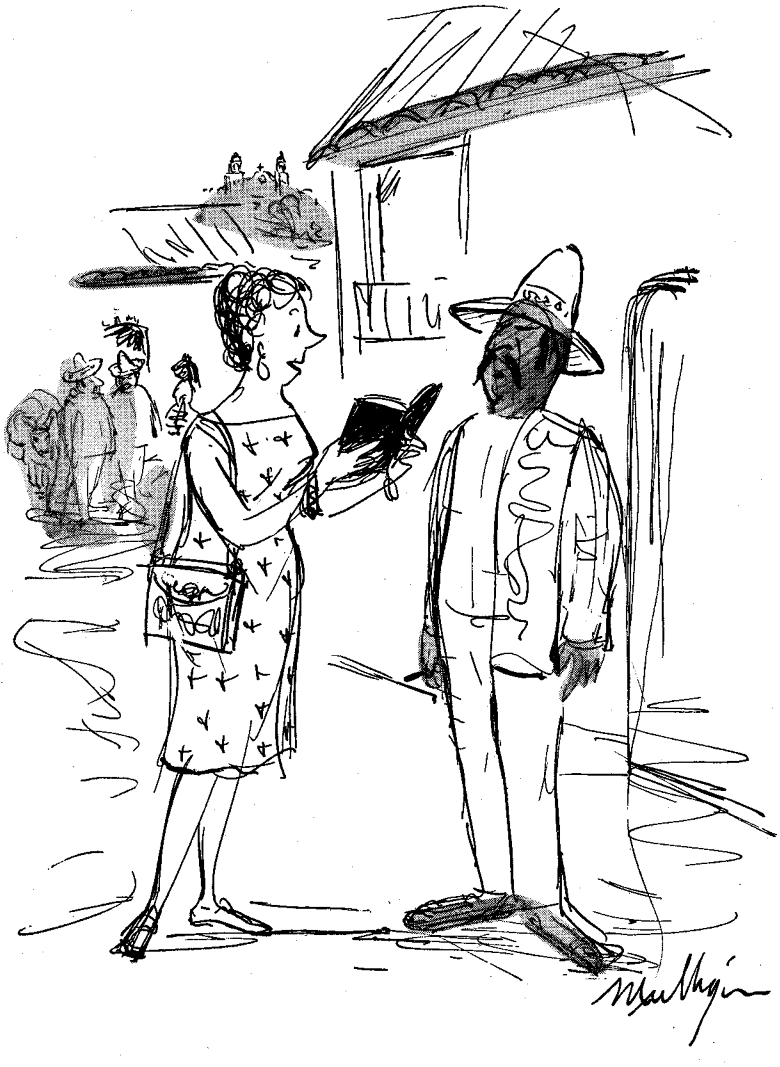
THE prolonged celebrations that will follow on the centenary of the firing on Fort Sumter are not far off. While nobody seems to know just what we are supposed to be celebrating (The North's victory? The South's defeat? Differences endemic within the American family? Surely none of these), the approaching doings at least offer me the opportunity to point out, after my twenty-five years' residence at the University of Virginia, one of the what my professor friends might term potential areas for increased North-South understanding. I've noticed, in the course of my tiny built-in researches into life below the Mason and Dixon Line, that when ladies and gentlemen get together to discuss the genus Yankee, they suffer from one cardinal misapprehension, which concerns thrift. Southerners imagine thrift to be a Yankee trait entailing suffering. Expenditure, generosity, bounteousness—all Southern traits—are held to bring pleasure; economy, misery.

"*Pore* soul! Didn't serve but one vegetable with the meat," I heard a dowager from Martinsville, Virginia, report with real compassion after a visit to Providence, Rhode Island, where she had been entertained at dinner. "Reckon she couldn't help being like she was, nothing in the world but a Yankee. Reckon she'd never known anything but pain and parsimony." So potent is Southern charm that hundreds of Northerners now living in the South seem to have been hypnotized by this misapprehension and now themselves enthusiastically subscribe to it. "I realize I'm only a Yankee," I've heard ever so many ladies transplanted from Chicago or Detroit say with a sigh. "I guess I'm just too stingy to get the full pleasure out of life that Southerners do." I can't think what their Northern childhoods could possibly have been like, to make them talk like that, but such demonstrations of how to wash your own brain in the Southern legend seem to me akin to that curious sign that the South may have actually won the Civil War after all—when a Northern audience rises to its feet as the band breaks into "Dixie."

As a child, in a village outside Boston, I grew up knowing that if someone in our family said, "That was good and Yankee of you," it meant one of a number of different things, all high praise. It could mean that one had shown ingenuity of the sort my mother displayed when she devised a bird-feeding station that looked like a Mexican wayside shrine, and let out only a tiny bit of seed at a time so the squirrels couldn't steal it. It could mean such things as being firm about one's decisions, or being skeptical toward rash claims, or keeping one's lip buttoned up about confidences. Or it could mean not being a sucker. And, of course, it could and most often did apply to thrift. When I, at the age of sixteen, bought my first grown-up evening dress for myself—a tangerine-colored chiffon, with squares of the material forming points all around the hem—and by going to Filene's basement paid for it only half what I had been allowed, thus leaving enough over for a gilt mesh evening purse, my father said, beaming as he surveyed me arrayed in my economies, "Well, Fatlegs! That was pretty Yankee of you!"

When I first came South at the age of twenty, therefore, all this talk about damned Yankees and their niggardliness came as a great shock. I tended at first to take it personally. I remember sitting, one of those early days, in the chair of a Richmond dentist, a man with beautiful melting brown eyes, while he told me an involved story about an uncle of his who was a horse dealer; the point of the story was that Yankees are pernickety, parsimonious pikers when it comes to buying horses. During his entire recital I had been gagged; by the time I was back in condition to speak, I had worked myself up into a no doubt immature chauvinistic rage. "Has it never occurred to you," I asked indignantly, spitting bits of concrete out of my mouth, "that to be a Yankee is the most wonderful, admirable thing that could possibly happen to anyone?" The dentist stared and replied, quite simply, "No."

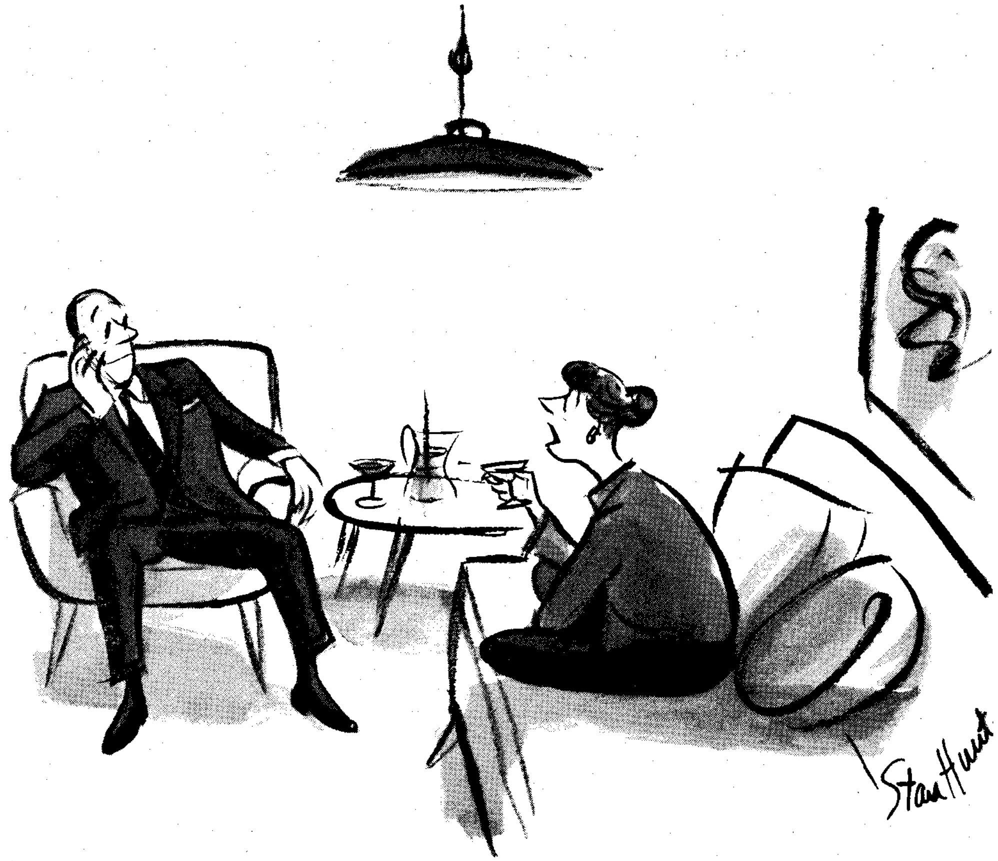
In later years it has dawned on me that the dentist may have assumed I meant that I myself, as a Yankee, was wonderful and admirable. Alas, I can lay claim to being truly Yankee only occasionally. Most of the time I feel all too weak-willed, easily swayed, suggestible. It is only when I sense a stiffening in my spine, when I have managed to resist some flaccid temptation, that I am conscious of what, to me, is my Yankee side. For the essence of Yankeeness—and of thrift itself—lies in the strong, or positive, negative. Really Yankee souls, the kind that live in New Hampshire or Vermont, can say no with more *élan* than any people on earth. I have, moreover, known some very Yankee Southerners. It must be patent to all, the



"Se habla Español?"

pleasure Senator Byrd gets out of saying no to government expenditure. In fact, the contribution I am trying to make to the cause of North-South *rapprochement*, and my nomination for something worth celebrating in the four long years ahead, is this: that everybody has his Yankee side, and a good thing, too.

TAKE thrift, that presumed state of misery and penny-pinching. Proper Yankee thrift, on the contrary, feels delicious. In my experience there is a kind of nausea that attends too long a time of buying too many clothes for too much money; of paying more for restaurant dinners than they are worth; of disgorging lavish tips for which one is not even thanked (as who doesn't have to, these days). When this malaise comes on, it makes me feel better, and less as if I were going to throw up, to flex the muscles of my Yankee thrift. Children are the ones who really know the exquisite pleasure that lies in going without—in falling back on canned beans on a snowbound night, in lighting up candle ends when the power lines have come down in a storm. The Yankee adage "Use it up, wear it out, make it do, do without" isn't necessarily the cold counsel of parsimony. It can be, as well, an astringent prescription against what one might call spendsickness.



"Lunch at the Côte Basque, lunch at '21,' lunch at the St. Regis, lunch at the Chambord, lunch at the Four Seasons. That's a rat race?"

Of course, not everyone agrees about what constitutes excessive expense. It only bears out my contention that "Yankee" and "Southerner" are terms relative less to geography than to states of mind, that many New Yorkers consider my pet economies quite as preposterous as any Southerner would. A dear friend in New York once advised me, in a period when I was flush, to try taking a room at the Plaza instead of the modest hotel where, in those days, I usually put up. Smarting from past accusations of stinginess, I did spend one sleepless night there, before moving to the smaller place. It was possibly all that marble that bothered me so. It was the fact I neither needed nor desired the things that were costing me so much money. All night long my Yankee rose in me, instead of sleep, shouting that a room at the Plaza—to me—wasn't worth it.

A few years after that, I joined the women's club in New York where I now stay when I come to town. Lunching there one day, I told a beautiful friend, who at that time conducted a television program, that for breakfast in bed—a luxury that *is* worth it to me—the club sends up two rolls, only one of which I ever want at that hour. I explained to her that I always put the second roll in my top bureau drawer, where it will be handy for a snack later in the day or before going to bed. (I learned this trick from my mother, who learned it from my grandmother, who learned it from a Russian countess at a pension in Brussels.) My friend's lovely eyes rolled. "My God, Boston," she moaned, and forthwith departed for her television spot, where she recounted this bit of New England anthropological lore to her audience of millions.

Saving rolls still seems to me, however, a sensible thing to do. What doesn't seem sensible is to assume that it is a good idea—for reasons of pride? of shame?—to throw away something one has bought and paid for, or that there is anything grand, luxurious, or queenly about wasting good food for which, moreover, one has a definite use.

Let me hasten to add that my muscles of thrift have occasionally tended to overflex. During the same flush period of my life when I was experimenting with the Plaza, I walked one afternoon along the street in Washington, D.C., and passed an antique shop whose entire window was filled with the most beautiful tea set I have ever seen. Each piece was white at the top, orange at the bottom, the two colors connected by graceful gilt arabesques. There were several teapots, dozens of cups and saucers, piles of tea plates—there must have been over three hundred pieces. As I stood in the street staring in rapture, my eye lit on a small card in the window that gave the name of the English country house from which the china came and its price—six hundred and fifty dollars. My reaction was smoothly, unhesitatingly automatic: far too much to spend on a tea set. After a time I strolled on, went home and later to bed, and woke up in the middle of the night realizing that I wanted the tea set desperately and that this might very well be the only time in my life when I could afford it. I had an appointment with the dentist at nine the following morning, and was for an hour in his chair. By the time I could return to the antique shop, a fate of which I had already had a premonition had befallen me. The tea set was no longer in the window. "Sold!" cried the young man inside the shop. "Into the most gorgeous Georgetown home—what a setting!"

I would like to point out, however, that even in this catastrophe what led me astray was not any weak, anemic stinginess, such as Southerners—whether by birth or by temperament—assume Yankee thrift to be. It was the strong, positive instinct for going without that

Yankee thrift actually is. The most recent time I got this feeling was when, early last year, my husband and I embarked on the building of a house out in the Virginia countryside. First, of course, water had to be found on the land. A dowser, scion of an illustrious Virginia name, who said he had learned dowsing at his mammy's knee, walked slowly and reflectively over our acres with a small branch cut from a peach tree slung back over his shoulder. Suddenly the fork of what he called the twig jerked down and the dowser came to a halt, bringing his heels neatly together with a click as he did so. At the indicated spot, the well-digger—a different kind of Virginian altogether, who resembled a small brown hole-dwelling gnome—started to drill with his enormous rig, which looked like something intended for space travel. In the days that followed, my husband and I used to come out to the land to see if water had yet been struck. A blond, mournful-faced young man had been set to guard the rotating of the drill; he sat there in the sunshine all day, chewing a broomstraw. He used to shake his head at us as we approached him across the springtime meadows. The air was filled with fine gray granite dust, and the drill ground on deafeningly, deep down in the solid rock. At two hundred and fifty feet we gave up. Our aristocratic dowser returned and indicated a second location, to which the rig was moved. At one hundred and eighty feet there, my husband's distrust of dowsing became acute, and we engaged a geologist with a distinguished-looking mustache to tell us how we were doing. He walked all over the land, head bent, studying various geological maps of the area; he inspected the river's course far below our house site, and at length he told us that the spot we had picked was fine, and that we would definitely strike water at two hundred and forty feet. At three hundred feet we once more despaired, and started all over again in a new spot indicated by our original aristocrat. This time we did find water. It was at two hundred feet. By this time all my Yankee was up, and the determination had drilled itself like a deep well down into my very bones that we had somehow to recoup the losses incurred through drilling a total of over seven hundred feet. Obviously, the only way to do this was by balancing the losses with economies in the plans for the house. This determination felt in no way like fear, or shrinking, or retreat. It felt tough, almost rakish; it felt like a resolution not to be taken for a ride by my own more lavish tendencies.

AS I WAS SAYING TO ST. PAUL JUST THE OTHER DAY

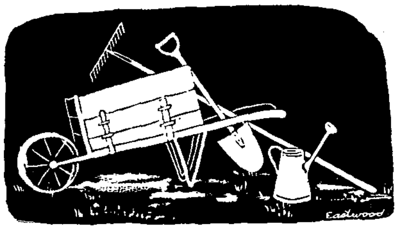
Opsimathy, says my dictionary, opsimathy is learning acquired late;
Opsimathy, I may add, is what is eventually served to those who only stand and wait.
I deduce that St. Paul was no stranger to opsimathy.
Take his first epistle to Timothy;
His wits were functioning, though his bones were brittle,
And he wrote, "Bodily exercise profiteth little."
I, too, possess opsimathy:
I have acquired a smattering of late learning that under examination stands firm as a rock, Gibraltary or Plymouthy.
I have finally got it through my head
That all electric outlets are behind the sofa and under the bed.
I have been taught the hard way that a written gentleman's agreement is more reliable than a spoken one,
Also that all your fingernails grow with inconvenient speed except the broken one.
I have learned that an 8:30 curtain means 8:40 if you're there at 8:30 but 8:30 if you're caught in a traffic jam caused by a rodeo cowboy roping a runaway calf,
And that the perforations on sheets of stamps are optical illusions: if you believe they are real you come up with either half a stamp or a stamp and a half.
As one who distrusts the plane,
I have had to become reconciled to the fact that wherever you arrive by rail the station is always at the other end of the train.
I guess that to dictate the percentages, to make a fortune out of the law of averages, is everyone's youthful ambition.
After a lifelong study of figures, it can't be done, concludes this once optimistic opsimathematician.

—OGDEN NASH

• •

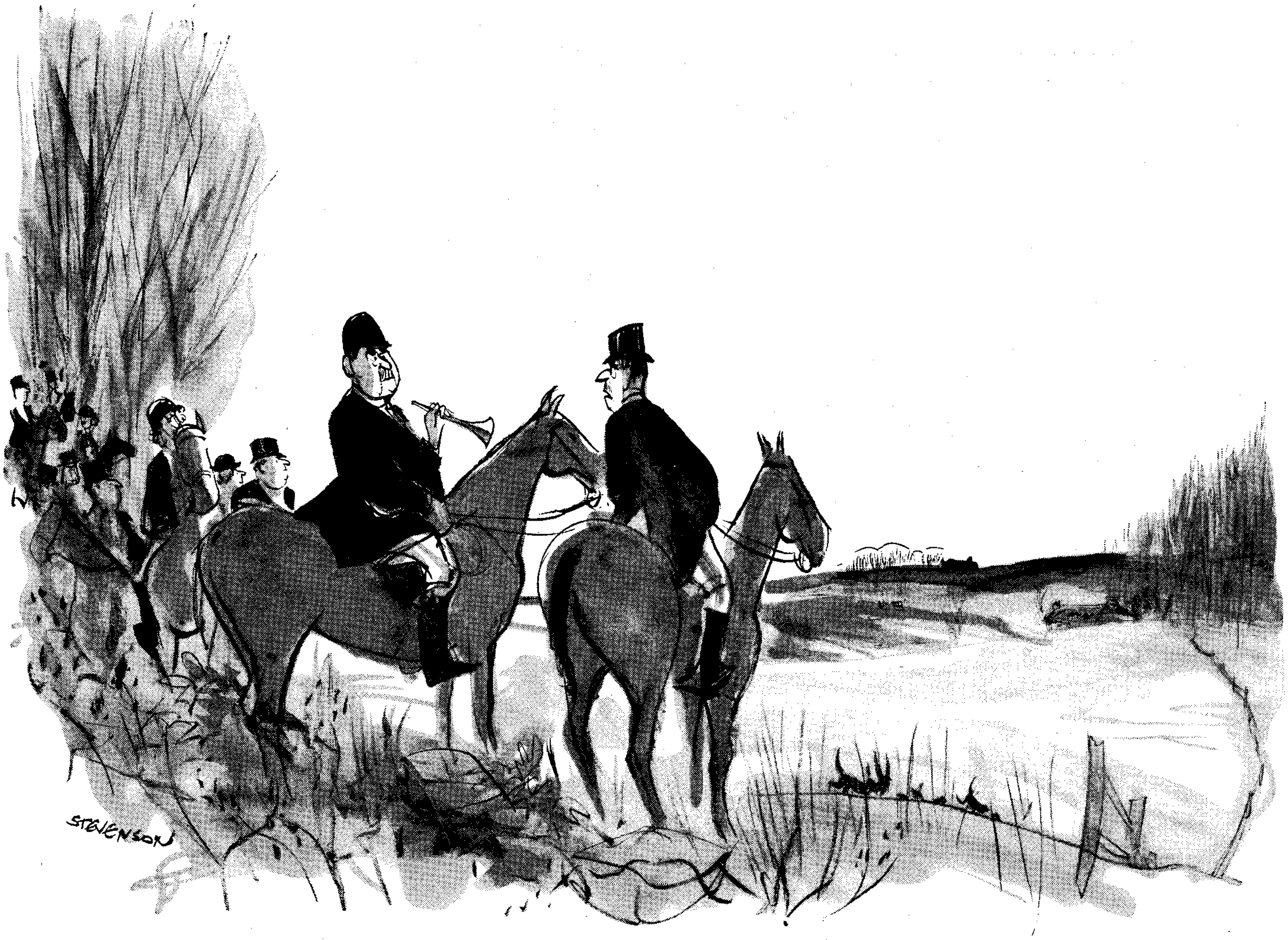
A number of fascinating discoveries about what we thought we were building turned up as I went about my pursuit of economy. One definite saving, I had thought as I pored with intense concentration over those blueprints that hitherto I had examined with a lax, layman's eye, might be to eliminate the wooden moldings around the window frames indoors. One day when construction was fairly well advanced, I telephoned to our architect—a handsome and delightful Southerner—and asked, "Couldn't the cinder-block construction run right up to the windows, inside, without any molding at all?" There was a long pause. "The construction isn't cinder block," the voice at the other end said. "It's frame."

It was all my own fault, naturally, for not having read the plans more thoroughly; they distinctly specified frame.



But I had always wanted a cinder-block house. I thought I had asked for a cinder-block house. It turned out that our architect—impressed, possibly terrified, by my displays of muscular Yankee thrift—had undertaken certain economies and assumed that I, as a Yankee, would automatically approve of them. "It never occurred to me that you wouldn't be pleased with frame construction," he explained later, with huge, wounded eyes. "It's so much *cheaper!*"

But it is not, really, something cheaper that the Yankee is after, whether he be a Yankee Yankee or a Southern Yankee or just one side of either; it is getting the particular thing the Yankee wants. Only what he wants is worth money to him. Later on in the building of the house, another device for retrenchment occurred to me. A marble washbasin had been specified for my bathroom—since, in the years following my sleepless night at the Plaza, I had relented somewhat toward marble. But one day, buying light bulbs at the hardware store, I saw some samples of Formica that simulated marble. At once an enchanting vision hatched itself within me, of a washbasin set in a counter made of gray-and-pink marbleized Formica



"We'll dispense with the horn this morning. You might wake the President."

• •

with gold spatters. My heart seemed to clamp itself around it, for it was such a purely Yankee vision, combining as it did ingenuity, skepticism, intransigence, originality, and—I took it for granted—thrift.

"It sounds horrid," the architect said.

"It doesn't sound horrid to me," I retorted. "It sounds lovely. Marble's too expensive, anyway."

He sighed. "You come look at samples in the marble shop," he said. "You couldn't really want Formica; not over marble."

So we went down to the marble shop. It chanced that a marble slab that was intended to contain a washbasin lay in the back of the shop that day. It had been cut from the same type of marble that was specified for mine. The marble slab was inside a crate, but even between the slats I could see how beautiful it was—far more beautiful than Formica. It was more beautiful than I could have dreamed possible: rosy, radiant, almost frighteningly beautiful. I swallowed. "But I do have to save money," I said.

The architect viewed me sadly. Then he withdrew into a corner with the marble man, and they began to write down figures on the back of an order blank, with the aid of a couple of catalogues. After a while, the architect emerged from their huddle and said, "The marble washbasin will cost approximately a hundred and eight dollars. You couldn't get a Formica one made for less than seventy-five, possibly. You wouldn't be saving but twenty-five dollars."

"Thirty-three," I replied automatically.

But I had been thrown into a turmoil. The realization came over me that, in fact, I didn't want to surrender my Formica substitute for marble. I had come to love it for itself, for its very substituteness. The marble was without question a thing of beauty, but the idea for the Formica washstand was my own—my invention.

"I suppose you think I'm silly, to even consider economy in a case like this," I began chattering to the architect, as I stalled for time.

"Well, it does seem like a lot of needless suffering," he said. "I mean to say, in the affluent society, not to choose the better of two things as a matter of course. . . ."

"It isn't suffering to me," I said. "Some people would think it was fun to go on a roller coaster, or dive off the high board. Those are what *I* would call suffering."

The architect covered a small yawn and shifted his weight from one foot to the other. "Have you made up your mind which you're going to have?" he asked.

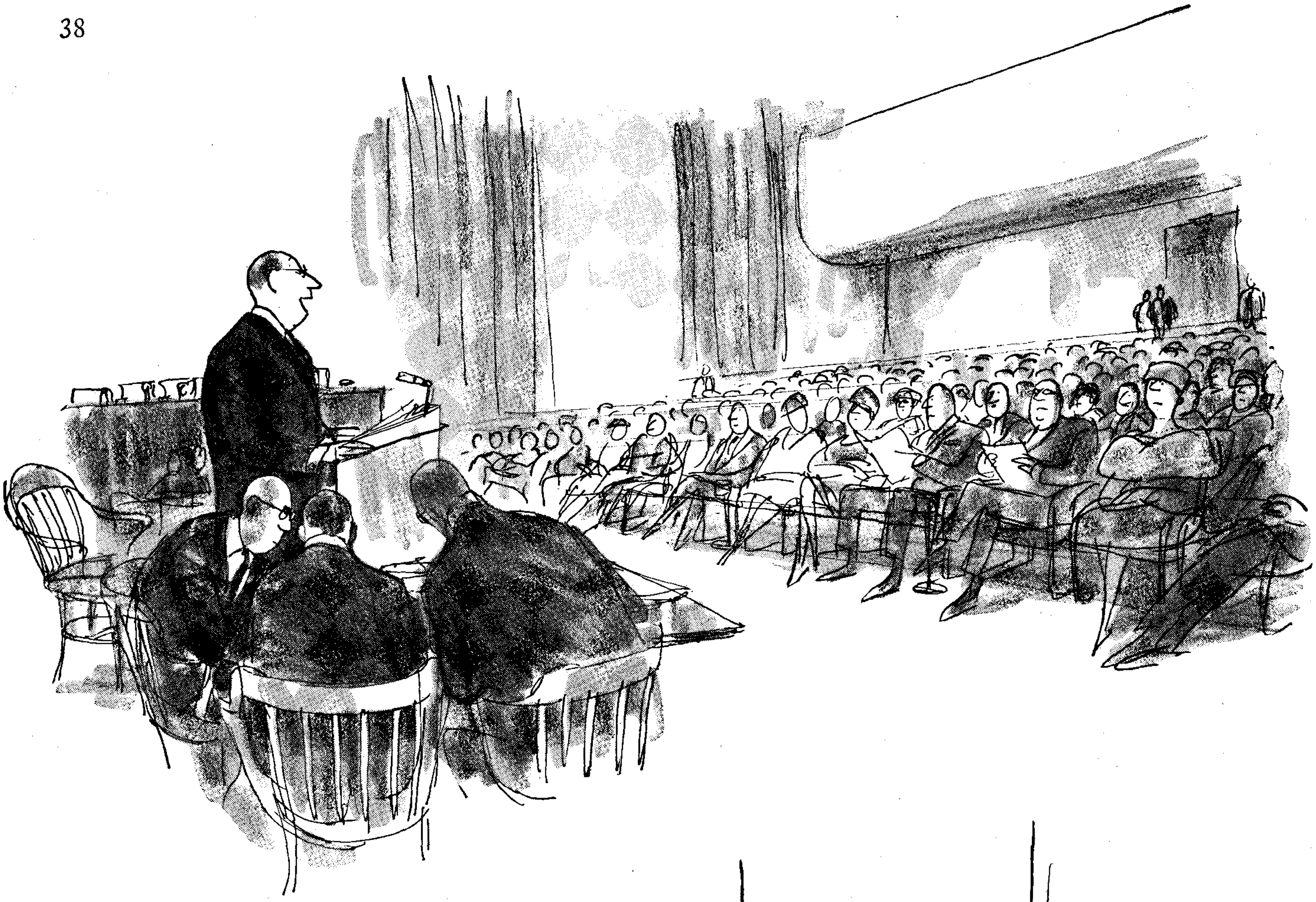
"I guess I'll take the marble one," I said.

For I have my other side, too. At moments like that one—and most moments are like that one, since at heart I am as Southern as anybody else—it is as though General Lee did not hand his sword to Grant and get it handed politely back to him. Instead, the whole of opulence, in the form of Lee, marches angrily into my private Appomattox courthouse, sword in hand, and chops Grant's head off. —NANCY HALE

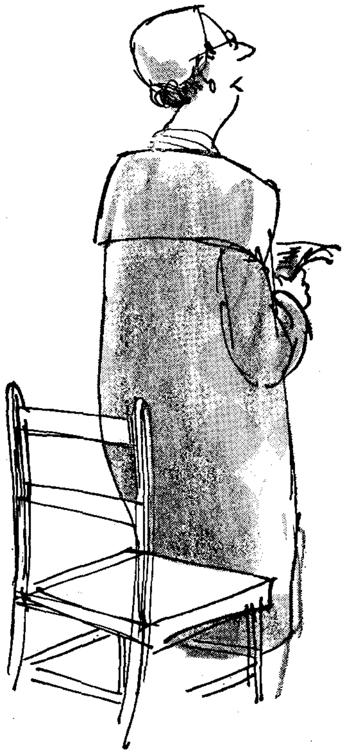
•

A new necklace idea from Paris is this: Two or three rows of big, round, heavy beards hanging right down to the waistline.—*Cleveland Press.*

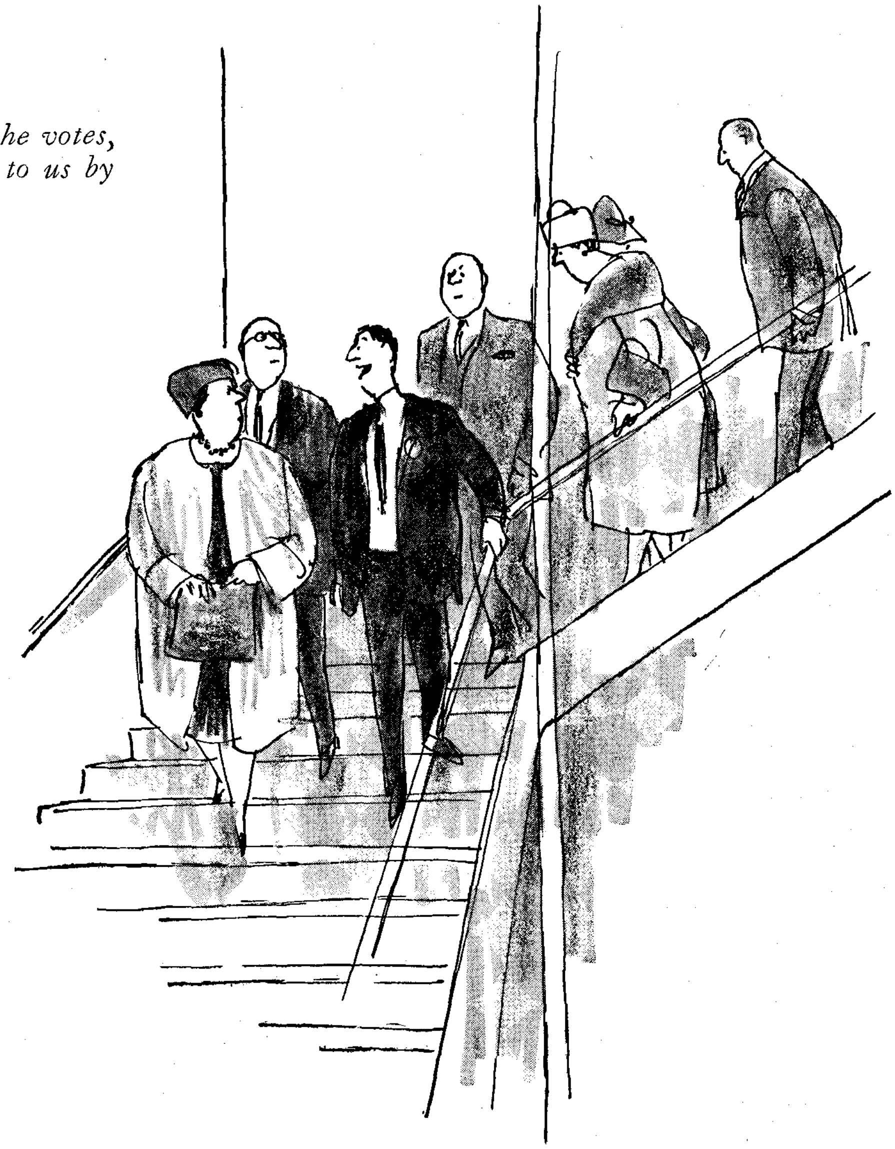
Not for a woman who's ticklish.



"And now, while the registrars canvass the votes, I would like to read a little poem sent to us by one of our stockholders . . ."

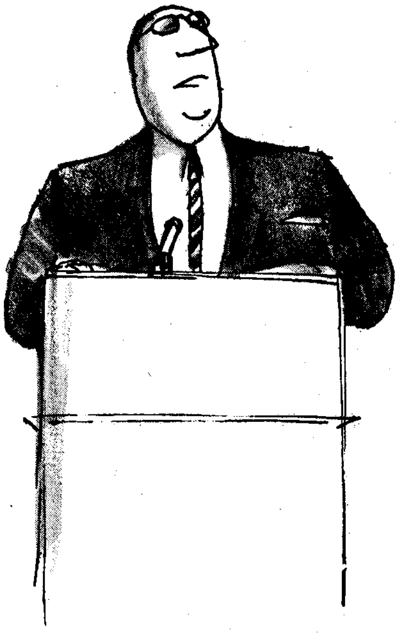


"I didn't really understand the growth reinvestment graph, and I was wondering if you could just guess what the per-share dividend might be for the quarter."

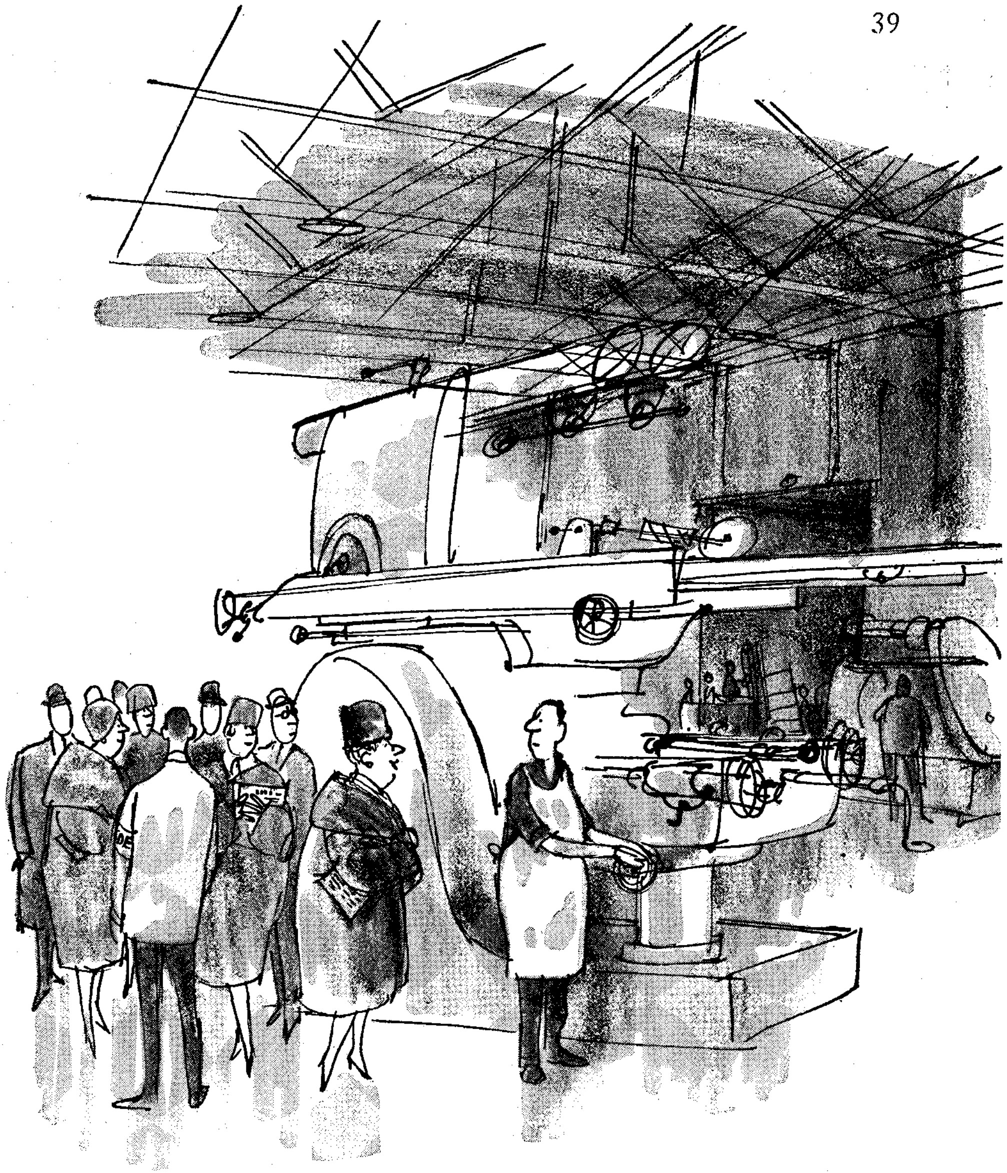


"Of course, when some of us employees were given options, the stock was only three dollars a share—long before the split."

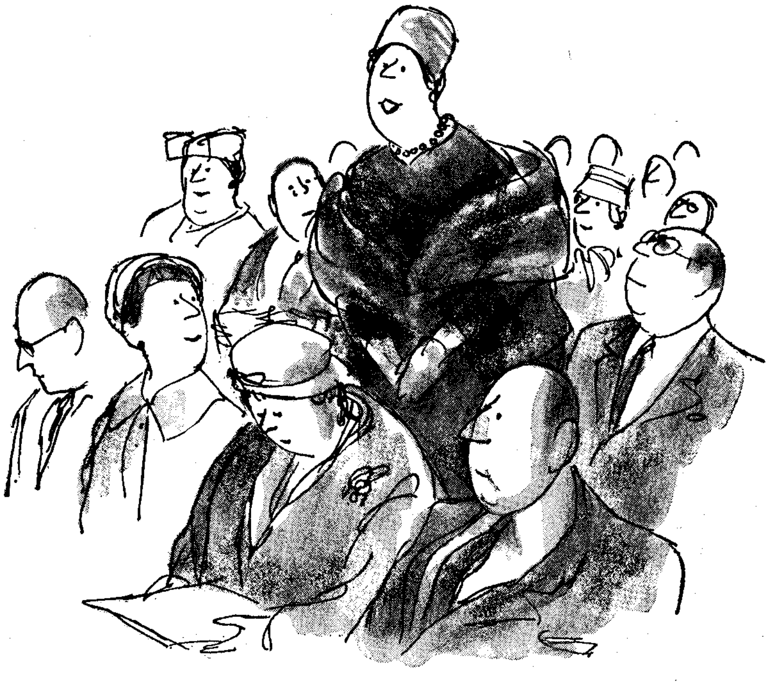
ANNUAL MEETING



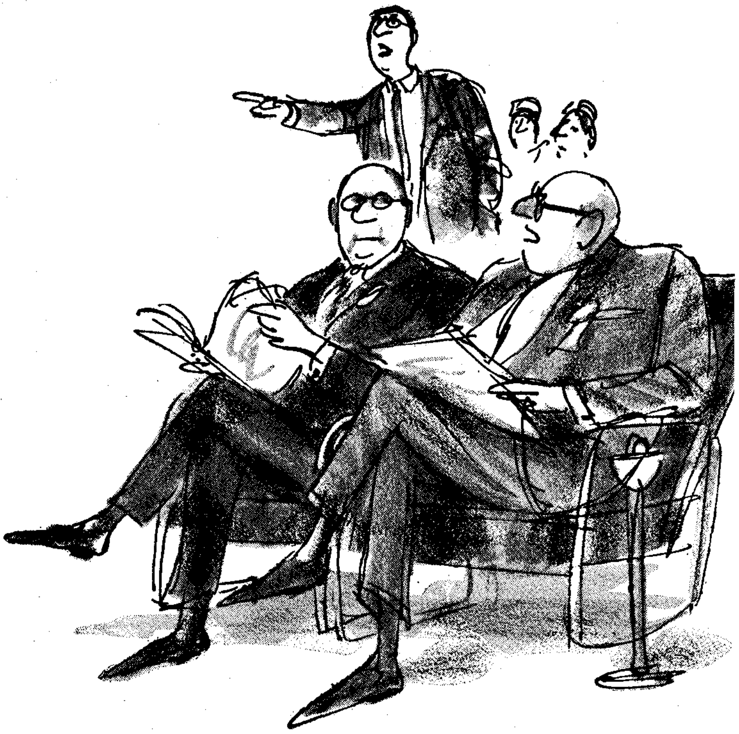
"Welcome, stockholders! We, the officers of your company, have been looking forward eagerly to the pleasure of meeting with you all again."



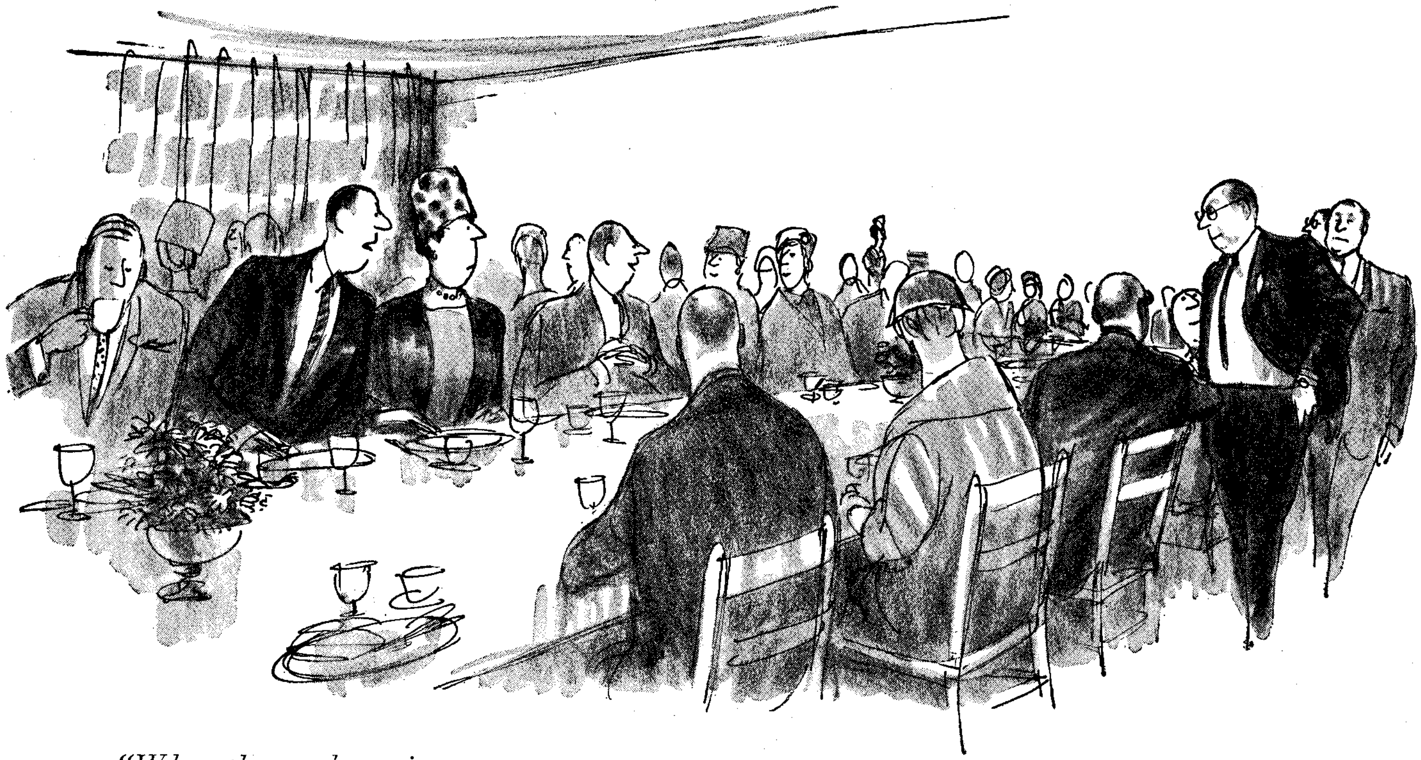
"I want you to know I think you're doing a grand job."



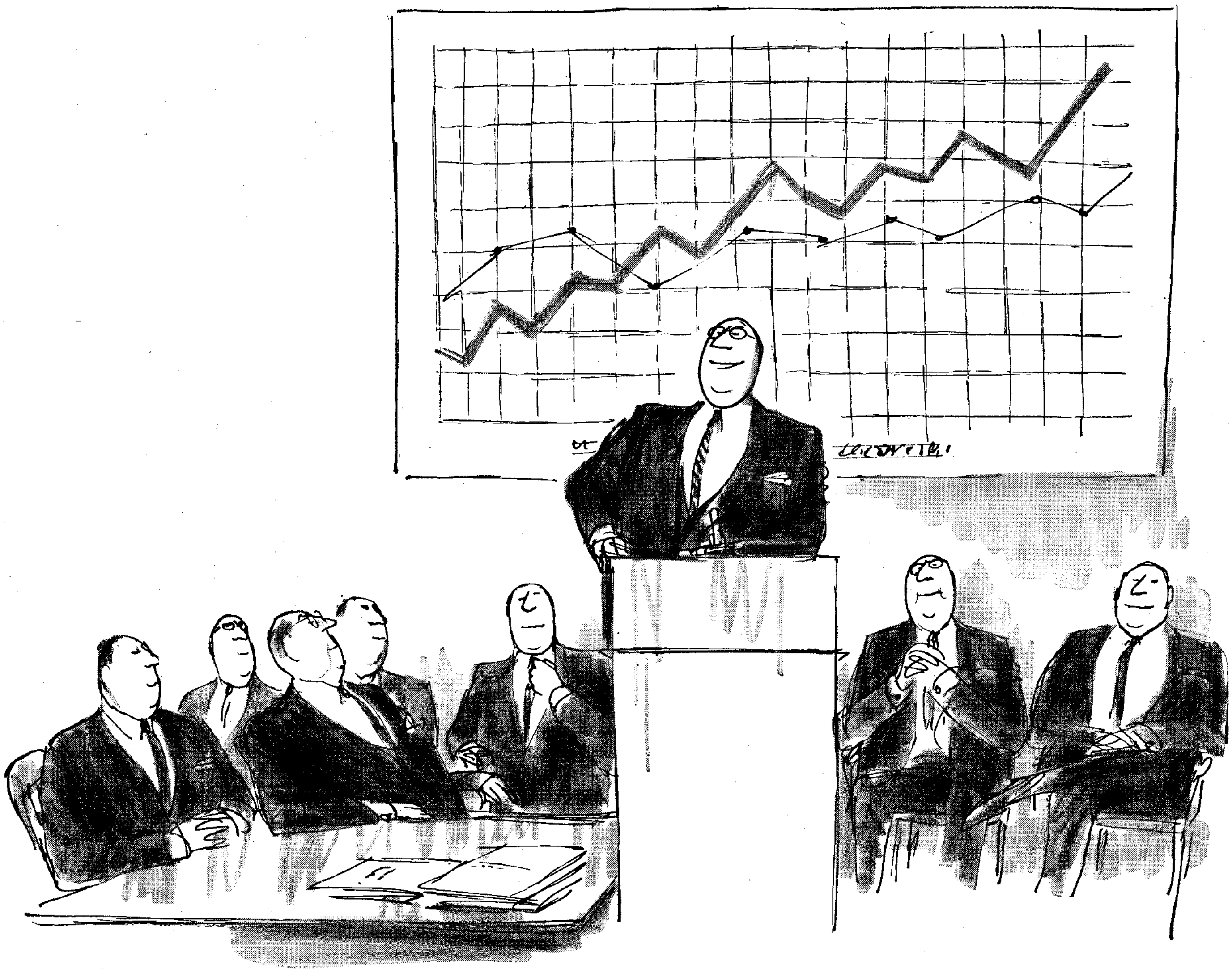
"I should like to have it recorded in the minutes of this meeting that a unanimous commendation was given to those responsible for planning and serving a delicious luncheon."



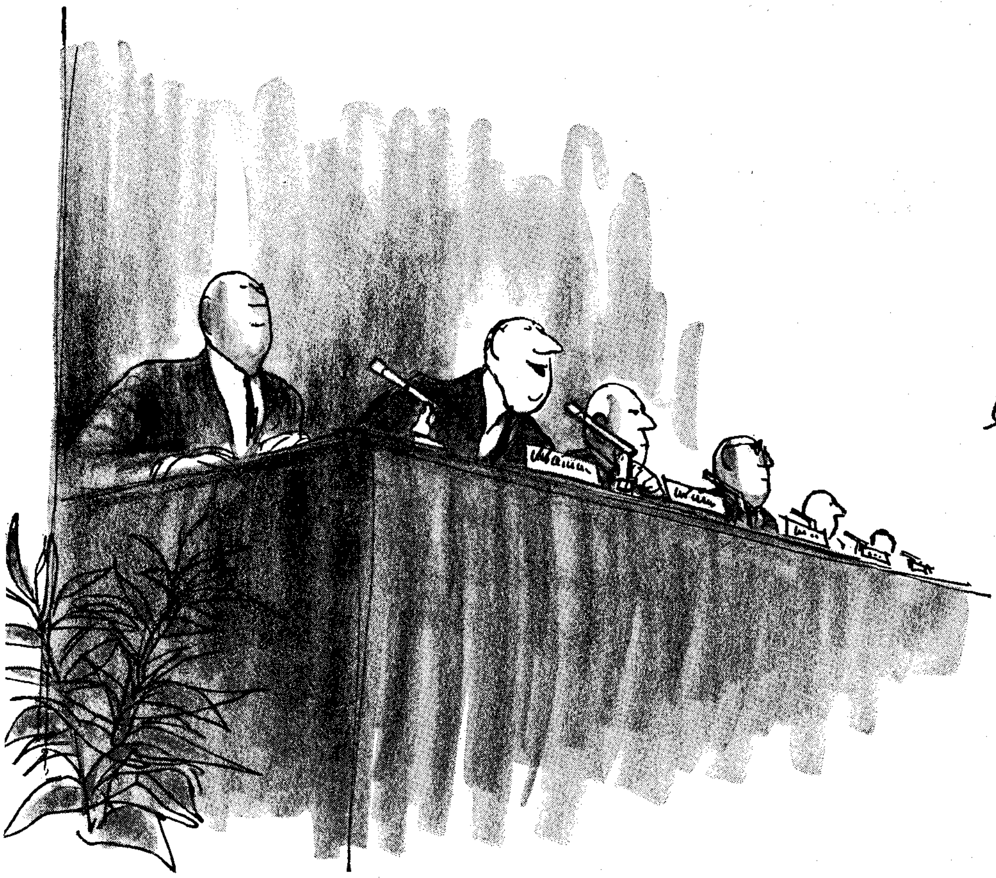
"Another one of those ten-share troublemakers."



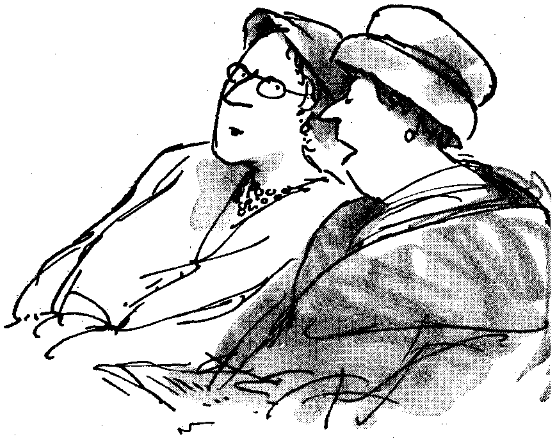
"When the market price goes up one point, he makes one hundred and sixty-seven thousand dollars."



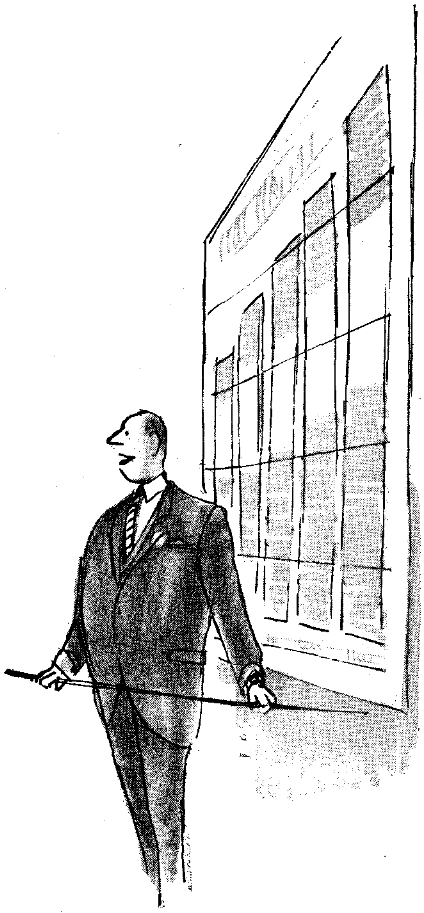
"Now, ladies and gentlemen, it's your turn. We invite your criticisms of our stewardship. Show us no mercy."



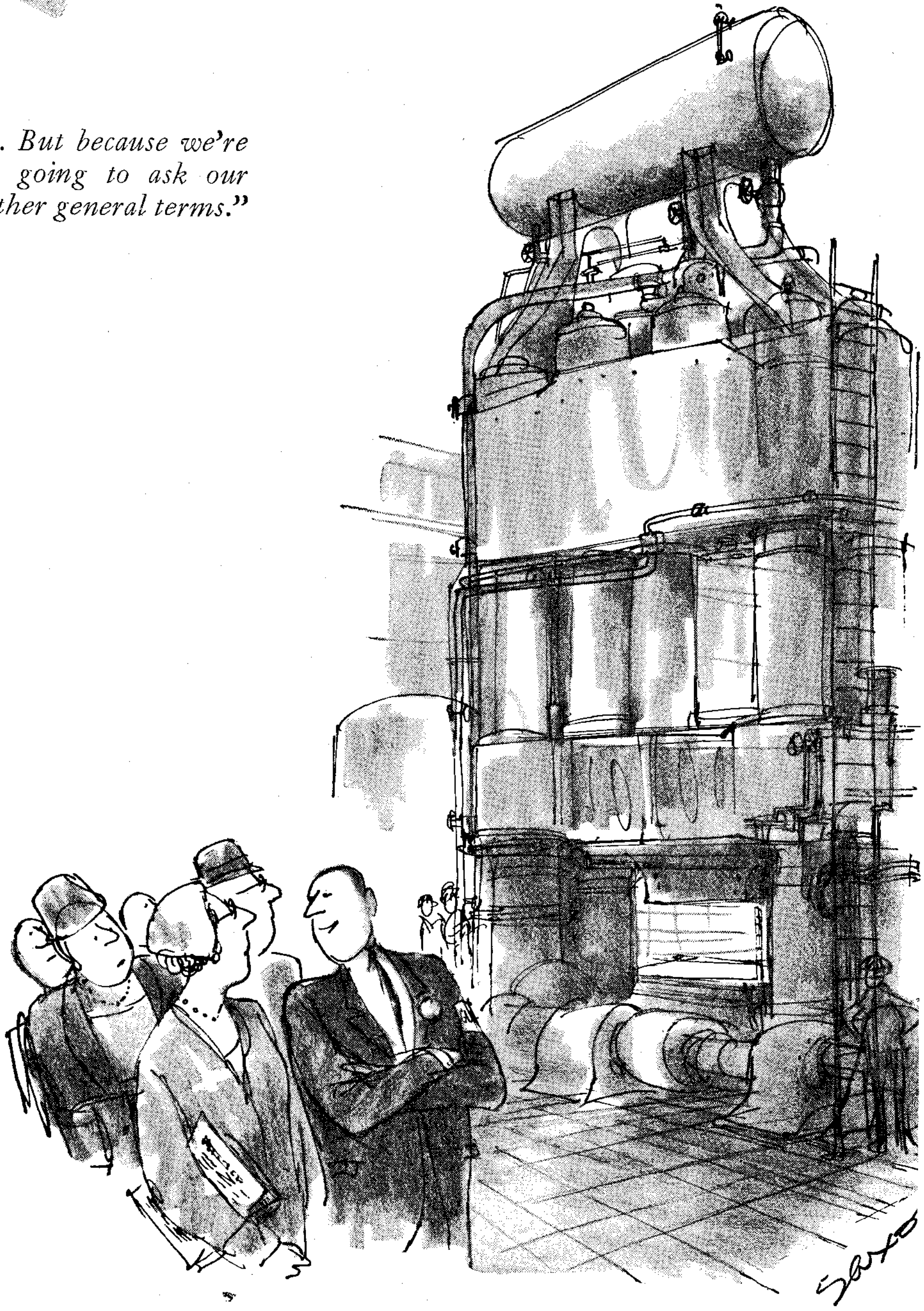
"That's a very, very good question. But because we're running on a tight schedule, I'm going to ask our Assistant Treasurer to answer it in rather general terms."



"I never sell anything."



"So you can see, our average top executive salary is only eight times that of the average employee, after taxes, while in Russia the top bureaucrats get twenty-five or thirty times what the workers make."



"This is the baby you folks shelled out a million and a half for."

THE AMERICAN WIFE

Elsie Colleary, who was on a visit to her cousins in Cork, was a mystery even to them. Her father, Jack Colleary's brother, had emigrated when he was a kid and done well for himself; he had made his money in the liquor business, and left it to go into wholesale produce when Elsie was growing up, because he didn't think it was the right background for a girl. He had given her the best of educations, and all he had got out of it was to have Elsie telling him that Irishmen were more manly, and that even Irish-Americans let their wives boss them too much. What she meant was that *he* let her mother boss him, and she had learned from other Irish people that this was not the custom at home. Maybe Mike Colleary, like a lot of other Americans, did give the impression of yielding too much to his wife, but that was because she thought she knew more about things than he did, and he was too softhearted to disillusion her. No doubt the Americans, experienced in nostalgia, took Elsie's glorification of Irishmen good-humoredly, but it did not go down too well in Cork, where the men stood in perpetual contemplation of the dangers of marriage, like cranes standing on one leg at the edge of the windy water.

She stood out at the Collearys' quiet little parties, with her high waist and wide skirts, taking the men out to sit on the stairs while she argued with them about religion and politics. Women having occasion to go upstairs thought this very forward, but some of the men found it a pleasant relief. Besides, like all Americans, she was probably a millionaire, and the most unworldly of men can get a kick out of flirting with a real millionaire.

The man she finally fell in love with did not sit on the stairs with her at all, though, like her, he was interested in religion and politics. This was a chap called Tom Barry. Tom was thirty-five, tall and thin and good-looking, and he lived with his mother and two good-looking sisters in a tiny house near the Barrack, and he couldn't even go for a walk in the evening without the three of them lining up in the hallway to present him with his hat, his gloves, and his clean handkerchief. He had a small job in the courthouse, and was not without ambition; he had engaged in several small business enterprises with his friend Jerry Coakley, but all they had ever got out of these was some good stories. Jerry was forty, and *he* had an old mother who insisted on putting his socks on for him.

Elsie's cousins warned her against setting her cap at Tom, but this only seemed to make her worse. "I guess I'll have to seduce him," she replied airily, and her cousins, who had never known a well-bred Catholic girl to talk like that, were shocked. She shocked them even more before she was done. She called at his house when she knew he wasn't there and deluded his innocent mother and sisters into believing that she didn't have designs on him; she badgered Tom to death at the office, gave him presents, and even hired a car to take him for drives.

They weren't the only ones who were shocked. Tom was shocked himself when she asked him point-blank how much he earned. However, he put that down to unworldliness and told her.

"But that's not even a street-cleaner's wages at home," she said indignantly.

"I'm sure, Elsie," he said sadly. "But then, of course, money isn't everything."

"No, and Ireland isn't everything," she replied. It was peculiar, but from their first evening together she had never ceased talking about America to him—the summer heat, and the crickets chattering, and the leaves alive with fireflies. During her discussions on the stairs, she had apparently discovered a great many things wrong with Ireland, and Tom, with a sort of mournful pleasure, kept adding to them.

"Oh, I know, I know," he said regretfully.

"Then if you know, why don't you do something about it?"

"Ah, well, I suppose it's habit, Elsie," he said, as though he weren't quite sure. "I suppose I'm too old to learn new tricks."

But Elsie doubted if it was really habit, and it perplexed her that a man so clever and conscientious could at the same time be so lacking in initiative. She explained it finally to herself in terms of an attachment to his mother that was neither natural nor healthy. Elsie was a girl who loved explanations.

On their third outing she had proposed to him, and he was so astonished that he burst out laughing, and continued to laugh whenever he thought of it again. Elsie herself couldn't see anything to laugh at in it. Having been proposed to by men who were younger and better-looking and better off than he was, she felt she had been conferring an honor on him. But he was a curious man, for when she repeated the proposal, he said, with a cold fury that hurt her, "Sometimes I wish you'd think before you talk, Elsie. You know what I earn, and you know it isn't enough to keep a family on. Besides, in case you haven't noticed it, I have a mother and two sisters to support."

"You could earn enough to support them in America," she protested.

"And I told you already that I had no intention of going to America."

"I have some money of my own," she said. "It's not much, but it could mean I'd be no burden to you."

"Listen, Elsie," he said, "a man who can't support a wife and children has no business marrying at all. I have no business marrying anyway. I'm not a very cheerful man, and I have a rotten temper."

Elsie went home in tears, and told her astonished uncle that all Irishmen were pansies, and, as he had no notion what pansies were, he shook his head and admitted that it was a terrible country. Then she wrote to Tom and told him that what he needed was not a wife but a psychiatrist. The writing of this gave her great satisfaction, but next morning she realized that her mother would only say she had been silly. Her mother believed that men needed careful handling. The day after, she waited for Tom outside the courthouse, and when he came out she summoned him with two angry blasts on the horn. A rainy sunset was flooding the Western Road with yellow light that made her look old and grim.

"Well," she said bitterly, "I'd hoped I'd never see your miserable face again."

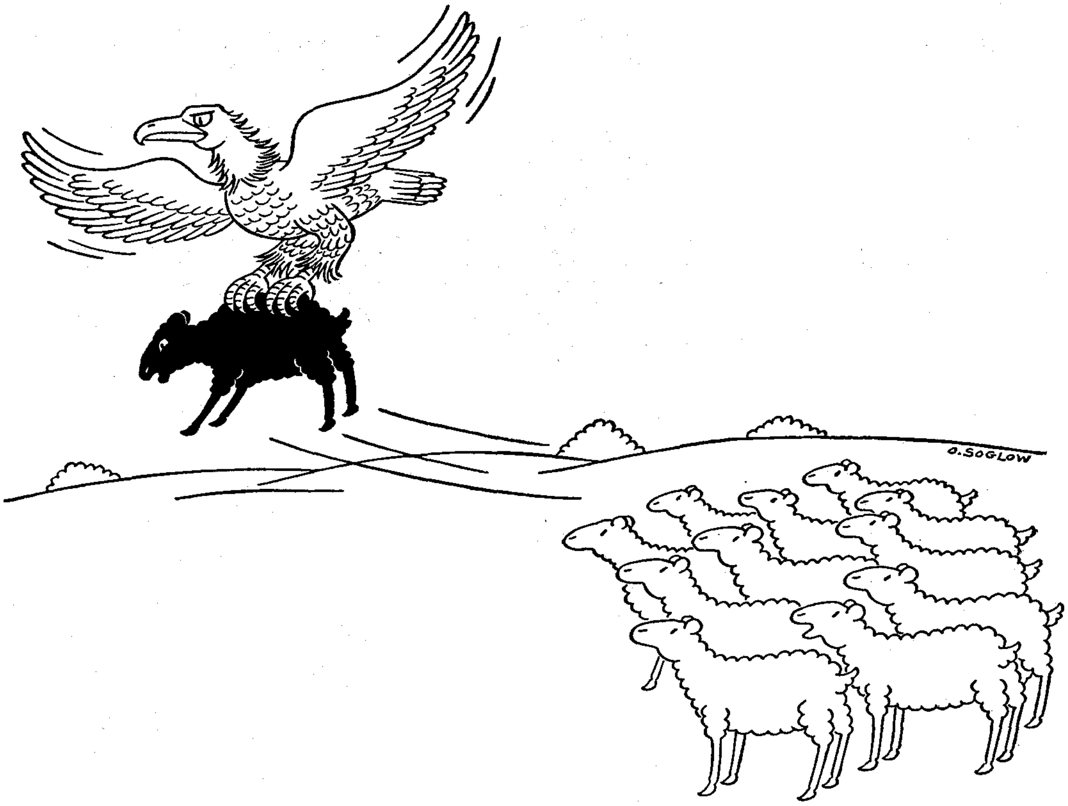
But that extraordinary man only smiled gently and rested his elbows on the window of the car.

"I'm delighted you came," he said. "I was all last night trying to write to you, but I'm not very good at it."

"Oh, so you got my letter?"

"I did, and I'm ashamed to have upset you so much. All I wanted to say was that if you're serious—I mean really serious—about this, I'd be honored."

At first she thought he was mocking her. Then she realized that he wasn't, and she was in such an evil humor that she was tempted to tell him she had changed her mind. Then common sense told her the man would be fool enough



"Good riddance!"

to believe her, and after that his pride wouldn't let him propose to her again. It was the price you had to pay for dealing with men who had such a high notion of their own dignity.

"I suppose it depends on whether you love me or not," she replied. "It's a little matter you forgot to mention."

He raised himself from the car window, and in the evening light she saw a look of positive pain on his lean, sad, gentle face. "Ah, I do, but—" he was beginning when she cut him off and told him to get in the car. Whatever he was about to say, she didn't want to hear it.

THEY settled down in a modern bungalow outside the town, on the edge of the harbor. Elsie's mother, who flew over for the wedding, said dryly that she hoped Elsie would be able to make up to Tom for the loss of his mother's services. In fact, it wasn't long before the Barrys were saying she wasn't, and making remarks about her cooking and her lack of tidiness. But if Tom noticed there was anything wrong, which is improbable, he didn't mention it. Whatever his faults as a sweetheart, he made a good husband. It may have been the affection of a sensitive man for someone he saw as frightened, fluttering, and insecure. It could have been the longing of a frustrated one for someone that seemed to him remote, romantic, and mysterious. But whatever it was, Tom, who had always been God Almighty to his mother and sisters, was extraordinarily patient and understanding with Elsie, and she needed it, because she was often homesick and scared.

Jerry Coakley was a great comfort to her in these fits, for Jerry had a warmth of manner that Tom lacked. He was an insignificant-looking man with a ravaged dyspeptic face and a tubercular complexion, a thin, bitter mouth with bad teeth, and long lank hair; but he was so sympathetic and insinuating that at times he even gave you the impression that he was changing his shape to suit your mood. Elsie had the feeling that the sense of failure had eaten deeper into him than into Tom.

At once she started to arrange a match between him and Tom's elder sister, Annie, in spite of Tom's warnings that Jerry would never marry till his mother died. When she realized that Tom was right, she said it was probably as well, because Annie wouldn't put his socks on him. Later she admitted that this was unfair, and that it would probably be a great relief to poor Jerry to be allowed to put on his socks himself. Between Tom and him there was one of those passionate relationships that spring up in small towns where society narrows itself down to a handful of erratic and explosive friendships. There were always people who weren't talking to other people, and friends had all to be dragged into the disagreement, no matter how trifling it might be, and often it happened that the principals had already become fast friends again when *their* friends were still ignoring one another in the street. But Jerry and Tom refused to disagree. Jerry would drop in for a bottle of stout, and Tom and he would denounce the country, while Elsie wondered why they could never find anything more interesting to talk about than stupid priests and crooked politicians.

Elsie's causes were of a different kind. The charwoman, Mrs. Dorgan, had six children and a husband who didn't earn enough to keep them. Elsie concealed from Tom how much she really paid Mrs. Dorgan, but she couldn't conceal that Mrs. Dorgan wore her clothes, or that she took the Dorgan family to the seaside in the summer. When Jerry suggested to Tom that the Dorgans might be doing too well out of Elsie, Tom replied, "Even if they were, Jerry, I wouldn't interfere. If 'tis people's nature to be generous, you must let them be generous."

For Tom's causes she had less patience. "Oh, why don't you people do something about it, instead of talking?" she cried.

"What could you do, Elsie?" asked Jerry.

"At least you could show them up," said Elsie.

"Why, Elsie?" he asked with his mournful smile. "Were you thinking of starting a paper?"

"Then, if you can't do anything about it, shut up!" she said. "You and Tom seem to get some queer masochistic pleasure out of these people."

"Begor, Elsie, you might have something there," Jerry said, nodding ruefully.

"Oh, we adore them," Tom said mockingly.

"You do," she said. "I've seen you. You sit here night after night denouncing them, and then when one of them gets sick you're round to the house to see if there's anything you can do for him, and when he dies you start a collection for his wife and family. You make me sick." Then she stamped out to the kitchen.

Jerry hunched his shoulders and exploded in splutters and giggles. He reached out a big paw for a bottle of stout, with the air of someone snaring a rabbit.

"I declare to God, Tom, she has us taped," he said.

"She has you taped anyway," said Tom.

"How's that?"

"She thinks you need an American wife as well."

"Well, now, she mightn't be too far out in that, either," said Jerry with a crooked grin. "I often thought it would take something like that."

"She thinks you have *problems*," said Tom with a snort. Elsie's favorite word gave him the creeps.

"She wouldn't be referring to the mother, by any chance?"

FOR a whole year Elsie had fits of depression because she thought she wasn't going to have a baby, and she saw several doctors, whose advice she repeated in mixed company, to the great embarrassment of everybody except Jerry. After that, for the best part of another year, she had fits of depression because she was going to have a baby, and she informed everybody about that as well, including the occasion of its conception and the probable date of its arrival, and again they were all embarrassed only Jerry. Having reached the age of eighteen before learning that there was any real difference between the sexes, Jerry found all her talk fascinating, and also he realized that Elsie saw nothing immodest in it. It was just that she had an experimental interest in her body and mind. When she gave him bourbon he studied its taste, but when he gave her Irish she studied its effect—it was as simple as that. Jerry, too, liked explanations, but he liked them for their own sake, and not with the intention of doing anything with them. At the same time, Elsie was scared by what she thought was a lack of curiosity on the part of the Cork doctors, and when her mother learned this she began to press Elsie to have the baby in America, where she would feel secure.

"You don't think I should go back, Tom?" she asked guiltily. "Daddy says he'll pay my fare."

It came as a shock to Tom, though the idea had crossed his mind that something of the kind might happen. "If that's the way you feel about it, I suppose you'd better, Elsie," he replied.

"But you wouldn't come with me."

"How can I come with you? You know I can't just walk out of the office for a couple of months."

"But you could get a job at home."

"And I told you a dozen times I don't want a job in America," he said angrily. Then, seeing the way it upset her, he changed his tone. "Look, if you stay here, feeling the way you do, you'll work yourself into a real illness. Anyway, sometime you'll have to go back on a visit, and this is as good an occasion as any."

"But how can I, without you?" she asked. "You'd only neglect yourself."

"I would not neglect myself."

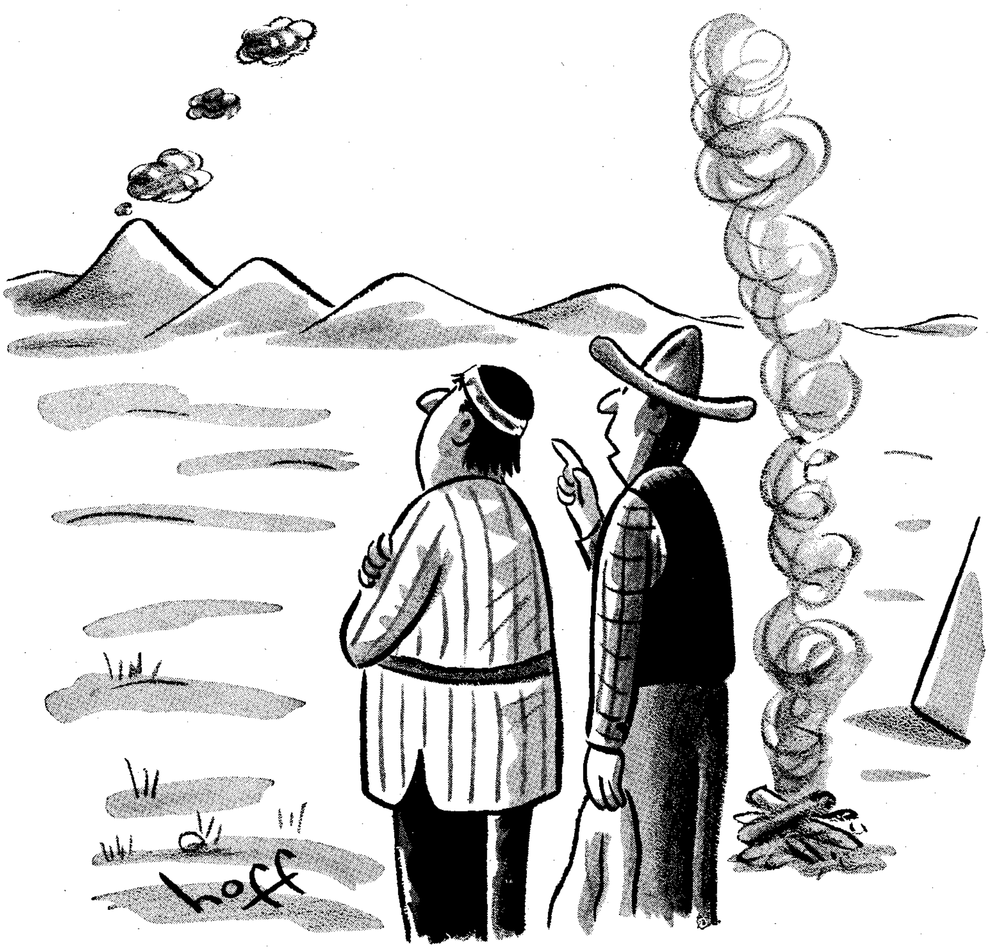
"Would you stay at your mother's?"

"I would not stay at my mother's. This is my house, and I'm going to stop here."

Tom worried less about the effect Elsie's leaving would have on him than about what his family would say, particularly Annie, who never lost the chance of a crack at Elsie. "You let that girl walk on you, Tom Barry," she said. "One of these days she'll walk too hard." Then, of course, Tom walked on *her*, in the way that only a devoted brother can, but that was no relief to the feeling that something had come between Elsie and him and that he could do nothing about it. When he was driving Elsie to the liner, he knew that she felt the same, for she didn't break down until they came to a long gray bridge over an inlet of water, guarded by a lonely gray stone tower. She had once pointed it out to him as the first thing she had seen that represented Ireland to her, and now he had the feeling that this was how she saw him—a battered old tower by a river mouth that was no longer of any importance to anyone but the sea gulls.

SHE was away longer than she or anyone else had expected. First there was the wedding of an old school friend; then her mother's birthday; then the baby got ill. It was clear that she was enjoying herself immensely, but she wrote long and frequent letters, sent snapshots of herself and the baby, and—most important of all—had named the baby for Jerry Coakley. Clearly Elsie hadn't forgotten them. The Dorgan kids appeared on the road in clothes that had obviously been made in America, and whenever Tom met them he stopped to speak to them and give them the pennies he thought Elsie would have given them.

Occasionally Tom went to his mother's for supper, but otherwise he looked after himself. Nothing could persuade him that he was not a natural housekeeper, or that whatever his sisters could do he could not do just as well himself. Sometimes Jerry came and the two men took off their coats and tried to prepare a meal out of one of Elsie's cookbooks. "Steady, squad!" Tom would murmur as he wiped his hands before taking another peep at the book. "You never know when this might come in handy." But whether it was



"He wants to know what's new."

the result of Tom's supervision or Jerry's helplessness, the meal usually ended in a big burnup, or a tasteless mess from which some essential ingredient seemed to be missing, and they laughed over it as they consoled themselves with bread and cheese and stout. "Elsie is right," Jerry would say, shaking his head regretfully. "We have problems, boy! We have problems!"

Elsie returned at last with trunks full of new clothes, a box of up-to-date kitchen stuff, and a new gaiety and energy. Every ten minutes Tom would make an excuse to tiptoe upstairs and take another look at his son. Then the Barrys arrived, and Elsie gave immediate offense by quoting Gesell and Spock. But Mrs. Barry didn't seem to mind as much as her daughters. By some extraordinary process of association, she had discovered a great similarity between Elsie and herself in the fact that she had married from the south side of the city into the north and had never got used to it. This delighted Elsie, who went about proclaiming that her mother-in-law and herself were both displaced persons.

The next year was a very happy one, and less trying on Elsie, because she had another woman to talk to, even if most of the time she didn't understand what her mother-in-law was telling her, and had the suspicion that her mother-in-law didn't understand her either. But then she got pregnant for the second time, and became restless and dissatisfied once more, though now it wasn't only with hospitals and doctors but with schools and schoolteachers as well. Tom and Jerry had impressed on her that the children were being turned into idiots, learning through the medium of a language they didn't understand—indeed, according to Tom, it was a language that nobody understood. What chance would the children have?

"Ah, I suppose the same chance as the rest of us, Elsie," said Jerry in his sly, mournful way.

"But you and Tom don't want chances, Jerry," she replied earnestly. "Neither of you has any ambition."

"Ah, you should look on the bright side of things. Maybe with God's help they won't have any ambition either."

But this time it had gone beyond a joke. For days on end, Tom was in a rage with her, and when he was angry he seemed to withdraw into himself like a snail into a shell.

Unable to get at him, Elsie grew hysterical. "It's all your damned obstinacy," she sobbed. "You don't do anything in this rotten hole, but you're too conceited to get out of it. Your family treat you as if you were God, and then you behave to me as if you were. God! God! God!" she screamed, and each time she punched him viciously with her fist, till suddenly the humor of their situation struck him and he went off into laughter.

After that, he could only make his peace with her and make excuses for her leaving him again, but he knew that the excuses wouldn't impress his sisters. One evening when he went to see them, Annie caught him, as she usually did, when he was going out the front door, and he stood looking sidewise down the avenue.

"Are you letting Elsie go off to America again, Tom?" she asked.

"I don't know," Tom said, pulling his long nose with an air of affected indifference. "I can't very well stop her, can I?"

"Damn soon she'd be stopped if she hadn't the money," said Annie. "And you're going to let her take young Jerry?"

"Ah, how could I look after Jerry? Talk sense, can't you!"

"And I suppose we couldn't look after him either? We're not sufficiently well-read."

"Ah, the child should be with his own mother, Annie," Tom said impatiently.

"And where should his mother be? Ah, Tom Barry," she added bitterly, "I told you what that one was, and she's not done with you yet. Are you sure she's going to bring him back?"

Then Tom exploded on her in his cold, savage way. "If you want to know, I am not," he said, and strode down the avenue with his head slightly bowed.

Something about the cut of him as he passed under a street lamp almost broke Annie's heart. "The curse of God on that bitch!" she said when she returned to her mother in the kitchen.

"Is it Elsie?" her mother cried angrily. "How dare you talk of her like that!"

"He's letting her go to America again," said Annie.

"He's a good boy, and he's right to consider her feelings," said her mother anxiously. "I often thought myself I'd go back to the south side and not be ending my days in this misfortunate hole."

The months after Elsie's second departure were bitter ones for Tom. A house from which a woman is gone is bad enough, but one from which a child is gone is a deadhouse. Tom would wake in the middle of the night thinking he heard Jerry crying, and be half out of bed before he realized that Jerry was thousands of miles away. He did not continue his experiments with cooking and housekeeping. He ate at his mother's, spent most of his time at the Coakleys, and drank far too much. Like all inward-looking men he had a heavy hand on the bottle. Meanwhile Elsie wavered and procrastinated worse than before, setting dates, cancelling her passage, sometimes changing her mind within twenty-four hours. In his despondency Tom resigned himself to the idea that she wouldn't return at all, or at least persuaded himself that he had.

"Oh, she'll come back all right," Jerry said with a worried air. "The question is, will she stay back. . . . You don't mind me talking about it?" he asked.

"Indeed no. Why would I?"

"You know, Tom, I'd say ye had family enough to last ye another few years."

Tom didn't look up for a few moments, and when he did he smiled faintly. "You think it's that?"

"I'm not saying she knows it," Jerry added hastily. "There's nothing calculating about her, and she's crazy about you."

"I thought it was something that went with having the baby," Tom said thoughtfully. "Some sort of homing instinct."

"I wouldn't say so," said Jerry. "Not altogether. I think she feels that eventually she'll get you through the kids."

"She won't," Tom said bitterly.

"I know, sure, I know. But Elsie can't get used to the— the irremediable." The last word was so unlike Jerry that Tom felt he must have looked it up in a dictionary, and the absurdity of this made him feel very close to his old crony. "Tell me, Tom," Jerry added gently, "wouldn't you do it? I know it wouldn't be easy, but wouldn't you try it, even for a while, for Elsie's sake? 'Twould mean a hell of a lot to her."

"I'm too old, Jerry," Tom said so deliberately that Jerry knew it had been in his mind as well.

"Oh, I know, I know," Jerry repeated. "Even ten years ago I might have done it myself. It's like jail. The time comes when you're happier in than out. And that's not the worst of it," he added bitterly. "The worst is when you pretend you like it."

It was a strange evening that neither of them ever forgot, sitting in that little house to which Elsie's absence seemed a rebuke, and listening to the wind from the harbor that touched the foot of the garden. They knew they belonged to a country whose youth was always escaping from it, out beyond that harbor, and that was middle-aged in all its attitudes and institutions. Of those that remained, a little handful lived with defeat and learned fortitude and humor and sweetness, and these were the things that Elsie, with her generous idealism, loved in them. But she couldn't pay the price. She wanted them where she belonged herself, among the victors.

A few weeks later, Elsie was back; the house was full of life again, and that evening seemed only a bad dream. It was almost impossible to keep Jerry Og, as they called the elder child, away from Tom. He was still only a baby, and a spoiled one at that, but when Tom took him to the village Jerry Og thrust out his chest and took strides that were too big for him, like any small boy with a father he adored. Each day, he lay in wait for the postman and then took the post away to sort it for himself. He sorted it by the pictures on the stamps, and Elsie noted gleefully that he reserved all the pretty pictures for his father.

Nobody had remembered Jerry's good advice, even Jerry himself, and eighteen months later Elsie was pregnant again. Again their lives took the same pattern of unrest. But this time Elsie was even more distressed than Tom.

"I'm a curse to you," she said. "There's something wrong with me. I can't be natural."

"Oh, you're natural enough," Tom replied bitterly. "You married the wrong man, that's all."

"I didn't, I didn't!" she protested despairingly. "You can say anything else but that. If I believed that, I'd have nothing left, because I never cared for anyone but you. And in spite of what you think, I'm coming back," she went on, in tears. "I'm coming back if it kills me. God, I hate this country; I hate every God damn thing about it; I hate what it's done to you and Jerry. But I'm not going to let you go."

"You have no choice," Tom said patiently. "Jerry Og will have to go to school, and you can't be bringing him hither and over, even if you could afford it."

"Then, if that's what you feel, why don't you keep him?" she cried. "You know perfectly well you could stop me taking him with me if you wanted to. You wouldn't even have to bring me into court. I'll give him to you now. Isn't that proof enough that I'm coming back?"

"No, Elsie, it is not," Tom replied, measuring every word. "And I'm not going to bring you into court, either. I'm not going to take hostages to make sure my wife comes back to me."

And though Elsie continued to delude herself with the belief that she would return, she knew Tom was right. It would all appear different when she got home. The first return to Ireland had been hard, the second had seemed impossible. Yet, even in the black hours when she really considered the situation, she felt she could never resign herself to something that had been determined before she was born, and she deceived herself with the hope that Tom would change his mind and follow her. He must follow her. Even if he was prepared to abandon her, he would never abandon Jerry Og.

And this, as Big Jerry could have told her, was where she made her biggest mistake, because if Tom had done it at all it would have been for her. But Big Jerry had decided that the whole thing had gone beyond his power to help. He recognized the irremediable, all right, sometimes perhaps even before it became irremediable. But that, as he would have said himself, is where the ferryboat had left him.

Thanks to Elsie, the eldest of the Dorgans now has a job in Boston and in the course of years the rest of them will probably go there as well. Tom continues to live in his little bungalow beside the harbor. Annie is keeping house for him, which suits her fine, because Big Jerry's old mother continued to put his socks on for him a few years too long, and now Annie has only her brother to worship. To all appearances they are happy enough, as happiness goes in Cork. Jerry still calls, and the two men discuss the terrible state of the country. But in Tom's bedroom there are pictures of Elsie and the children, the third of whom he knows only through photographs, and apart from that, nothing has changed since Elsie left it five years ago. It is a strange room, for one glance is enough to show that the man who sleeps there is still in love, and that everything that matters to him in the world is reflected there. And one day, if he comes by the dollars, he will probably go out and visit them all, but it is here he will return and here, no doubt, he will die. As Jerry says in his wise way, sometimes it all seems like a fairy tale.

—FRANK O'CONNOR

LETTER (DELAYED) FROM THE NORTH

By the Sea,
March 13

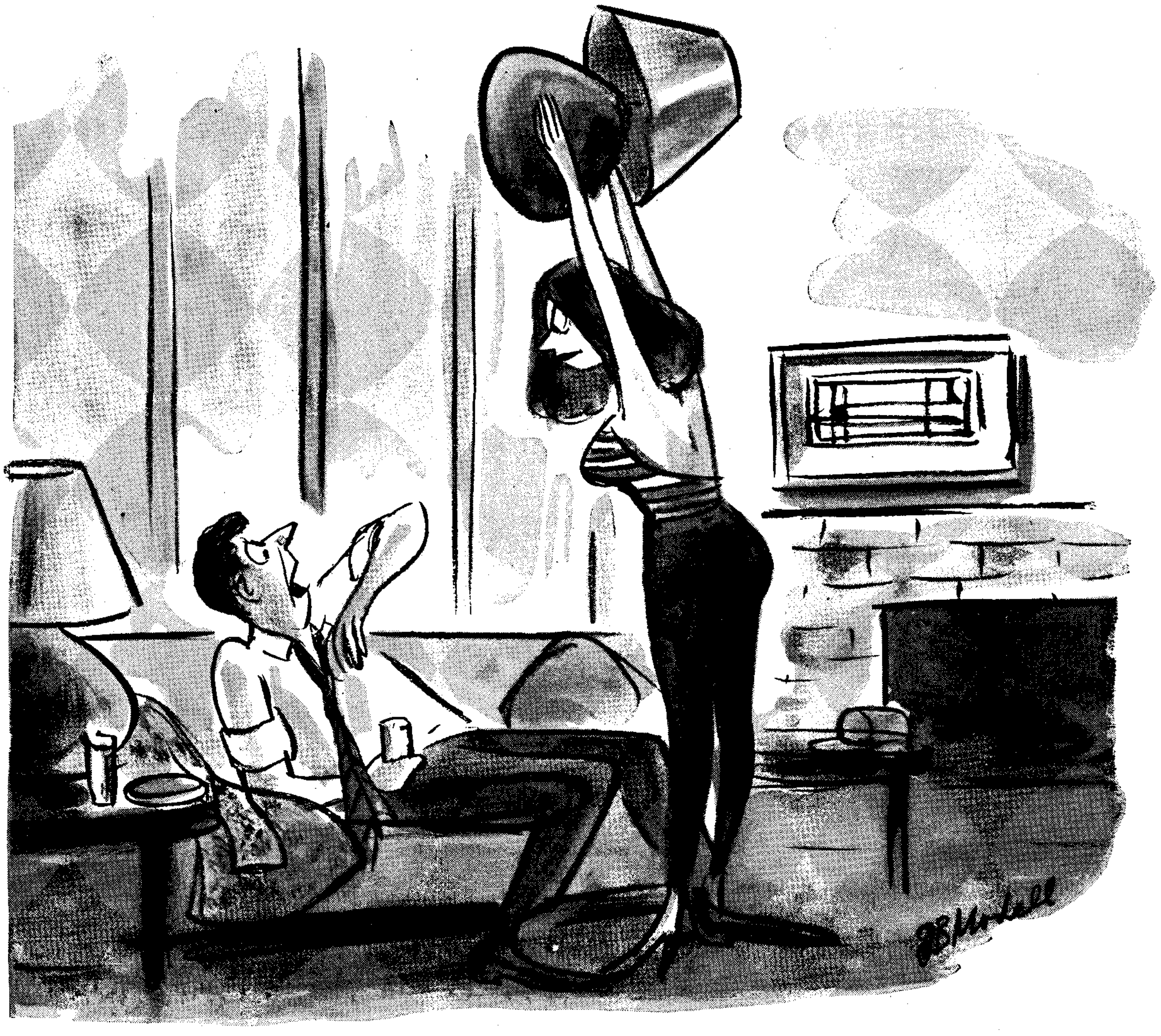
Russia's foolish suggestion that a dam be thrown across Bering Strait brings back happy memories of that body of water and of certain youthful schemes and follies of my own. I passed through the Strait and on into the Arctic many years ago, searching for a longer route to where I didn't want to be. I was also in search of walrus. A dam, I am sure, would have been an annoyance.

I was rather young to be so far north, but there is a period near the beginning of every man's life when he has little to cling to except his unmanageable dream, little to support him except good health, and nowhere to go but all over the place. This period in my life lasted about eight years, and I spent the summer of one of those years in and around Alaska. It was the summer of 1923. In those days, I kept a diary, entering in it whatever was uppermost in my mind. I called it my journal; the word "journal," I felt, lent a literary and manly flavor to the thing. Diaries were what girls kept. A couple of years ago, when Alaska achieved statehood, I began digging into my journal for the year 1923, hoping to discover in its faded pages something instructive about the new state. This account, then, is a delayed account—some thirty-seven years late. I doubt that the reader will be able to put together a picture of Alaska from reading it, but he may catch a glimpse of the young diarist. And of the nineteen-twenties, that notorious decade that was almost a delirium.

My trip to Alaska, like practically everything else that happened to me in those busy years, was pure accident. I was living in Seattle; I was unemployed, my job on a newspaper having blown up in mid-June; and although I had no reason for going to Alaska, I had no reason for staying away, either. The entries in my journal covering the four-week period between the loss of my job and the start of my trip to the North reveal a young man living a life of exalted footlessness. I was a literary man in the highest sense of the term, a poet who met every train. No splendor appeared in the sky without my celebrating it, nothing mean or unjust took place but felt the harmless edge of my wildly swinging sword. I walked in the paths of righteousness, studying girls. In particular, I studied a waitress in a restaurant called the Chantecler. I subscribed to two New York dailies, the *World* and the *Evening Post*. I swam alone at night in the canal that connects Lake Union and Lake Washington. I seldom went to bed before two or three o'clock in the morning, on the theory that if anything of interest were to happen to a young man it would almost certainly happen late at night. Daytimes, I hung around my room in Mrs. Donohue's boarding house, reading the "Bowling Green" and the "Conning Tower," wondering what to do next, and writing.

My entry for June 15, 1923, begins, "A man must have something to cling to. Without that he is as a pea vine sprawling in search of a trellis." Obviously, I was all asprawl, clinging to Beauty, which is a very restless trellis. My prose style at this time was a stomach-twisting blend of the Bible, Carl Sandburg, H. L. Mencken, Jeffery Farnol, Christopher Morley, Samuel Pepys, and Franklin Pierce Adams imitating Samuel Pepys. I was quite apt to throw in a "bless the mark" at any spot, and to begin a sentence with "Lord" comma.

On June 19th, I recorded my discharge from the *Times* and noted that the city editor said it was "no reflection on my ability." I didn't believe then, and do not believe now, that it was no reflection on my ability. As a newspaper reporter, I was almost useless, and it came as no surprise when one more



"The trouble with you, dear, is you don't know how to conduct yourself in a relationship."

trellis collapsed on me. When I left the *Times* office with my final pay check in my pocket, I "sauntered" down Pine Street. I can still recall experiencing an inner relief—the feeling of again being adrift on life's sea, an element I felt more at home in than in a city room. On June 25th, I clipped a sonnet sequence by Morley from the "Bowling Green" and pasted it in the journal. The second sonnet began, "So put your trust in poets." As though I needed to be told that!

On July 2nd, I entered in my journal a copy of a poem I had written and mailed anonymously to the Reverend Mark A. Matthews, pastor of the First Presbyterian Church, who had preached a sermon I found offensive. A résumé of the sermon had appeared in the Monday-morning paper. Dr. Matthews had attacked non-churchgoers, of whom I was one. On the following Sunday, I departed from my usual stance and became a churchgoer, attending the morning service at the First Presbyterian to make a routine check on my man. "The smugness of his doctrine," I wrote in my journal, "made the air stifling." Probably what really made the air stifling for me was that in his sermon the minister made no mention of having received my stinging communication.

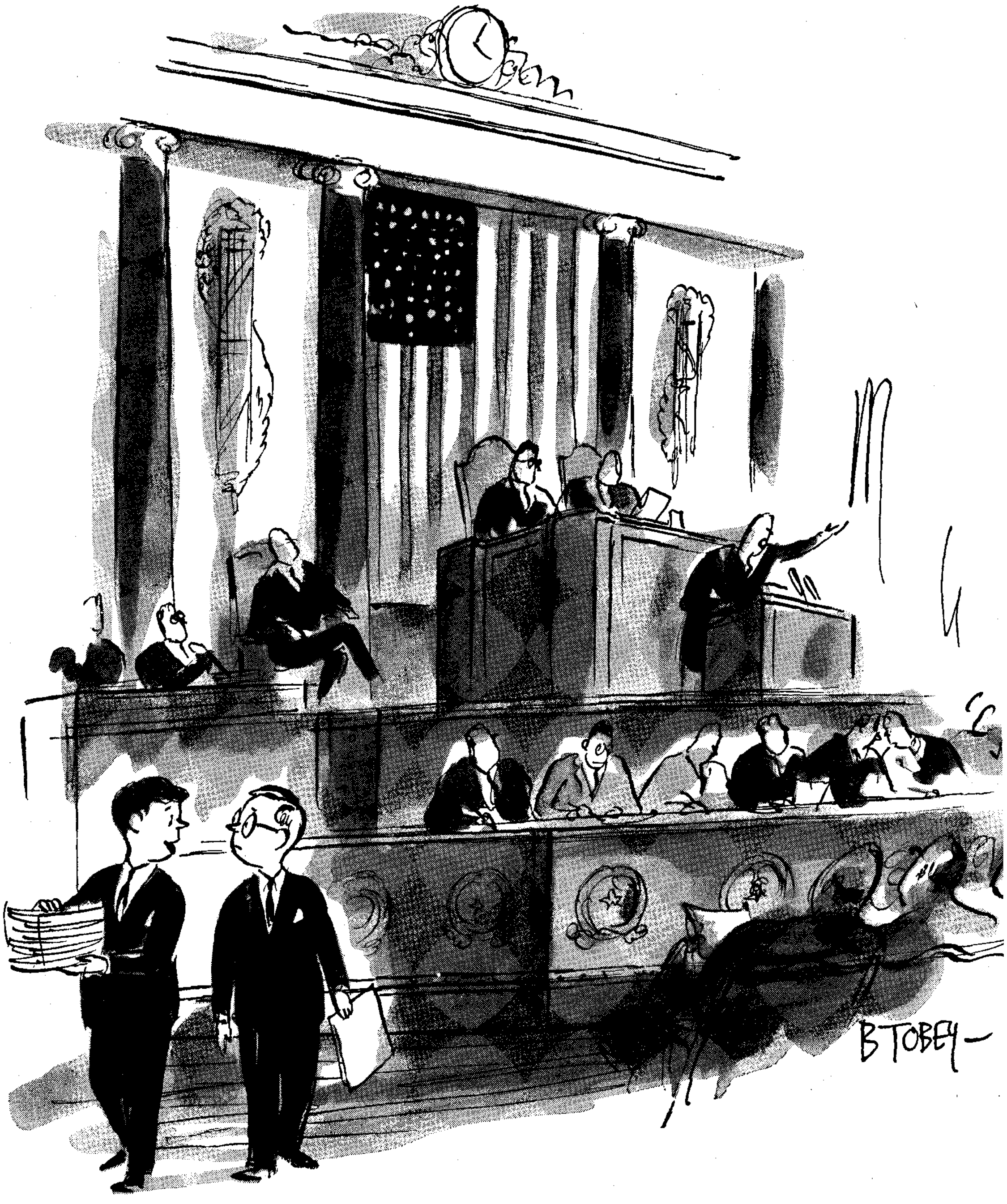
For one week I worked on Hearst's *Post-Intelligencer*, commonly called the *P.I.*, substituting for a reporter on vacation. My entry for July 18th (1:30 A.M.) begins, "A man scarce realizes what a terrible thing scorn is until he begins to despise himself." I doubt that I found myself despicable; I simply found life perplexing. I did not know where to go. On Friday, July 20th (3 A.M.), appears the abrupt entry "I sail Monday on S.S. Buford for Skagway." No explanation or amplification follows, only an account of an evening spent with a girl who lived on Lake Union. (She fed me bread and apple jelly.)

I did, however, clip from the *P.I.* and paste into my journal the item that started me on my way to Alaska. The story was headed

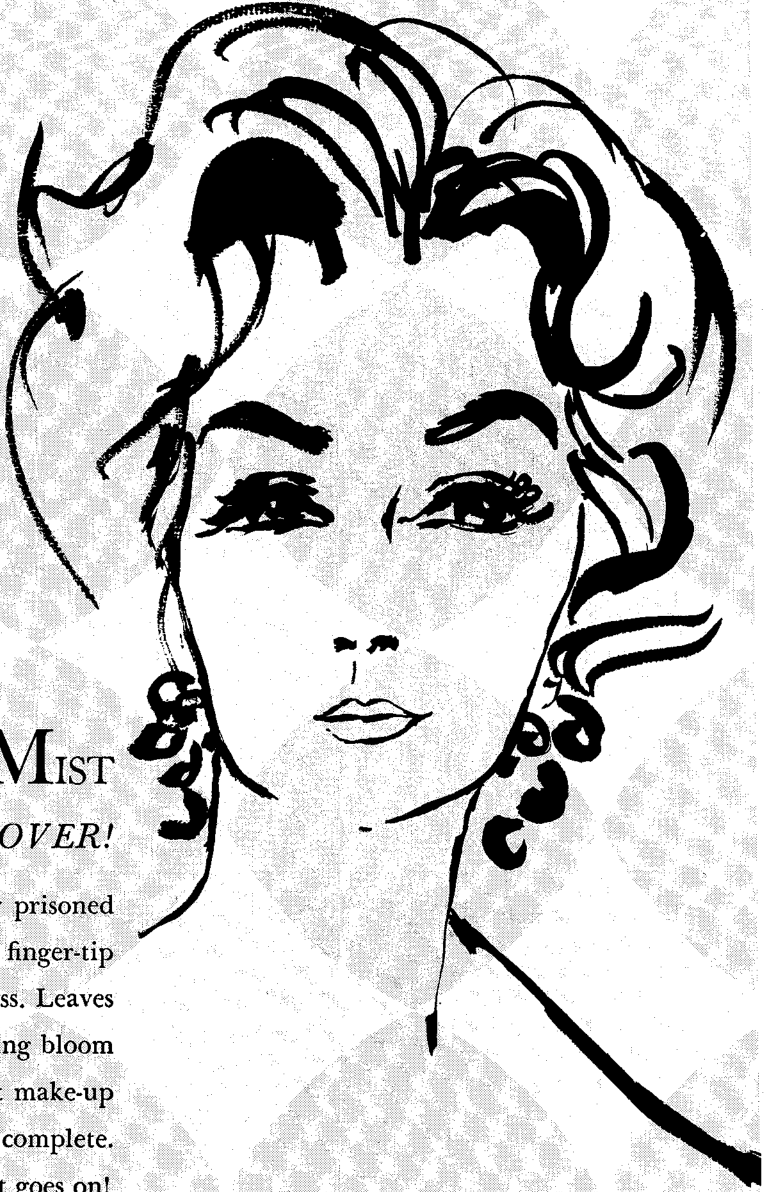
S. F. CHAMBER
TO SEE ALASKA

and began, "The resources and trade conditions of Alaska will be studied by a delegation from the San Francisco Chamber of Commerce, which will leave San Francisco today on the steamer Buford for an 8,300 mile trip to Alaska and Siberia, via Seattle. The group will also include citizens of other cities, among them ten Boston capitalists, and the trip will be in charge of B. S. Hubbard, vice president of the Schwabacher-Frey Stationery Company."

A number of things must have attracted me to this item in the news. First, the ship was to call at Seattle. I was a dockside regular at this period, and any ship at all was of interest to me. Second, Alaska was in the opposite direction from home, where I considered it unsuitable to be at my age. Third, a Chamber of Commerce was involved, and this opened up familiar vistas. As a reporter, I had spent many a lunch hour covering the noonday gatherings of fraternal and civic groups; Seattle was a hotbed of Elks, Eagles, Moose, Lions, Kiwanians, Rotarians, and members of the Young Men's Business Association. I had broken the hard roll countless times with Chamber of Com-



"Are you a political plum?"



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merce people, had laughed courteously at their jokes and listened patiently to their tales of industrial growth. I was under the influence of Mencken and Lewis, and felt proud disdain for business and for businessmen. It was important to me at that time to move among people toward whom I felt aloof and superior, even though I secretly envied their ability to earn a living.

Perhaps the clincher in the news story of the Buford was the list of the ports of call, names that were music to the ear of youth: Ketchikan, Taku Glacier, Juneau, Skagway, Sitka, Cordova, Seward, Kodiak, Cold Bay, Lighthouse Rocks, Dutch Harbor, Bogoslof Island, the Pribilof Islands, Cape Chaplin, Anadir. "From Nome, they [the voyagers] will pass the ice pack, proceeding to East Cape, Siberia, and thence return to Nome. On the home trip they will stop at St. Michael, Akutan and Seattle, the entire trip requiring forty days."

Forty days! To me, forty days was a mere siesta in time's long afternoon, and I could cling, for lack of anything else, to the ship. The Pribilof Islands with ten Boston capitalists—sheer enchantment! All I needed was a job on the ship, and this I determined to get. The Buford arrived in due course and tied up to Pier 7. Every day while she was there, I sneaked aboard and hung about the corridors, waylaying ship's officers and offering my services in any capacity. When, after three days, I found no taker, I made inquiries and learned that for forty dollars I could sail as a first-class passenger as far as Skagway, which is at the head of the Inside Passage. This enabled me to shift my strategy; I *had* forty dollars, and I decided to launch myself in the direction of the Arctic by the sheer power of money. Once firmly entrenched in the ship, I could from that vantage point pursue my job-hunting. The second steward gave me a bit of encouragement. "Anything can happen in a ship," he said. And he turned out to be right.

To start for Alaska this way, alone and with no assurance of work and a strong likelihood of being stranded in Skagway, was a dippy thing to do, but I believed in giving Luck frequent workouts. It was part of my philosophy at that time to keep Luck toned up by putting her to the test; otherwise she might get rusty. Besides, the nineteen-twenties, somehow or other, provided the winy air that supported dippiness. The twenties even supported the word "dippy."

You might suppose that the next few entries in my journal, covering the days

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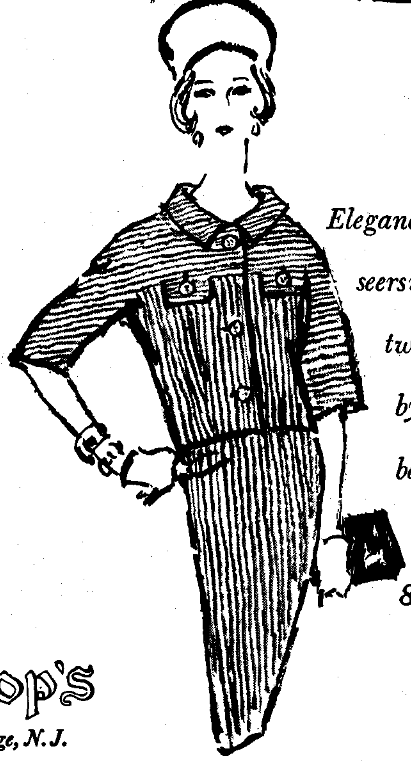

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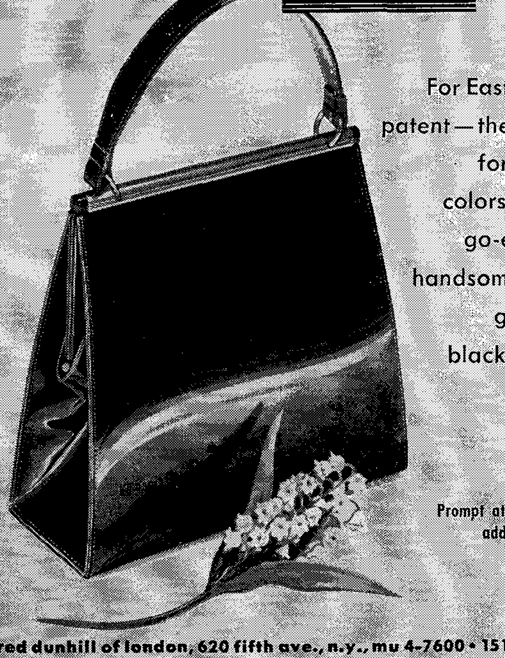

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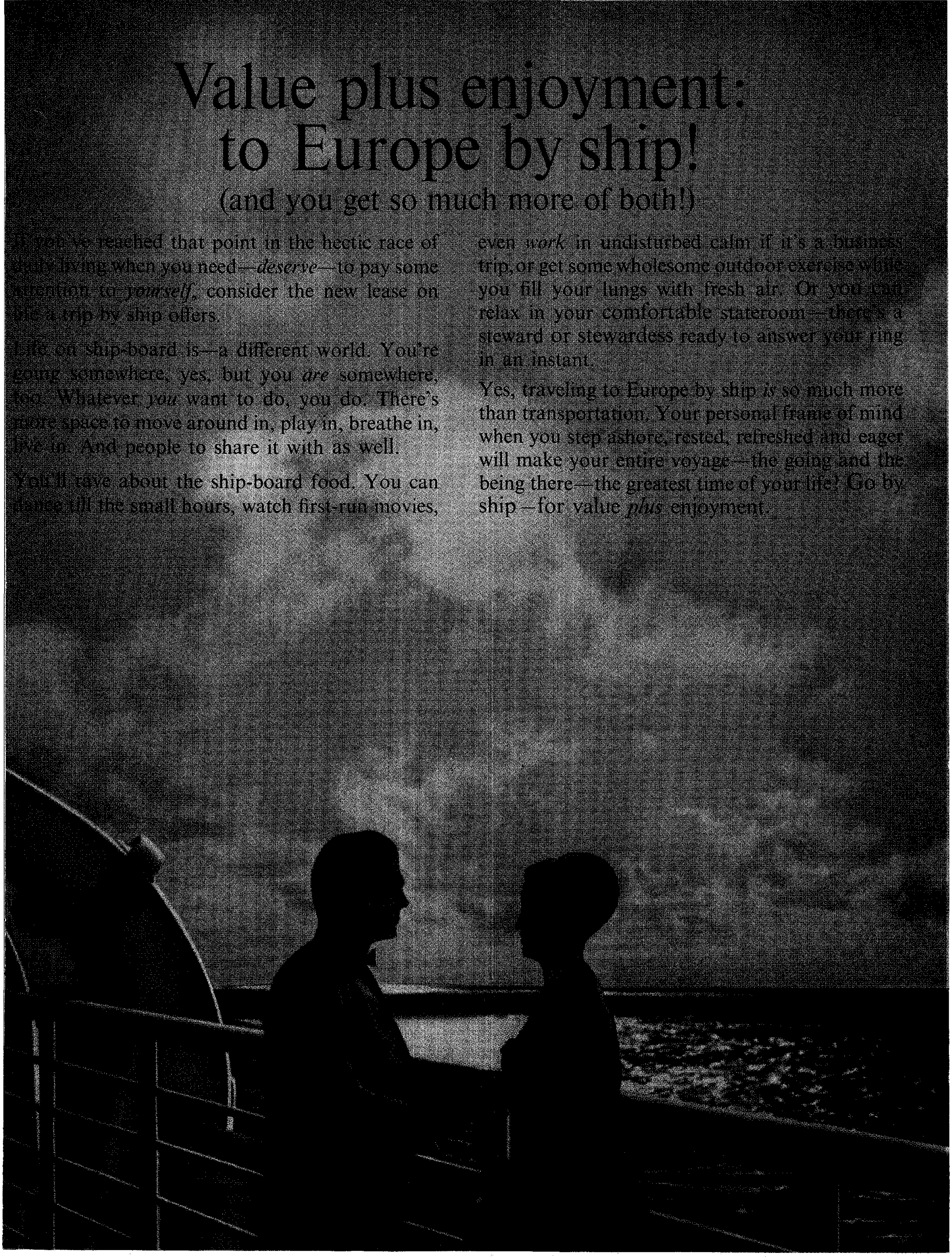
when I must have been winding up my affairs and getting ready to sail on a long voyage of discovery, would offer a few crumbs of solid information. Not at all. From Friday morning, when I announced that I would soon be off, until the departure of the Buford, several days later, my journal contains no helpful remarks, no hint of preparation, no facts about clothes, money, friends, family, anything. A few aphorisms; a long, serious poem to the girl on Lake Union ("Those countless, dim, immeasurable years," it begins); a Morley clipping from the "Bowling Green" about writing ("A child writes well, and a highly trained and long-suffering performer may sometimes write with intelligence. It is the middle stages that are appalling . . ."); a short effort in vers libre written on Sunday morning and describing my boarding house slatting around in the doldrums of a summer Sabbath—*that is all I find in these* tantalizing pages. Mr. Morley was right; the middle stages are appalling. As a diarist, I was a master of suspense, leaving to the reader's imagination everything pertinent to the action of my play. I operated, generally, on too high a level for routine reporting, and had not at that time discovered the eloquence of facts. I can see why the *Times* fired me. A youth who persisted in rising above facts must have been a headache to a city editor.

Memory helps out on a couple of points. I recall that winding up my affairs was chiefly a matter of getting a Ford coupé repossessed by the finance company. My other affairs were portable and would go along—a Corona typewriter, a copy of "Lyric Forms from France," and my wardrobe, which fitted cozily into one droopy suitcase. I owned an unabridged Webster's, but I am quite sure I did not take it—probably placed it in safekeeping with a friend. The luckiest thing that happened to me was that my wardrobe included a very old and shabby flannel shirt and a dirty pair of dungarees. Without these I would have been in some difficulty later on.

The Buford did not get away until almost ten on Tuesday evening, thirty-four hours behind schedule. As the lines were cast off, I stood at the starboard rail and watched the lights of the city—the Bon Marché sign, the tower of the Smith Building—and was shaken by the sudden loud blast of the whistle giving finality to my adventure. Then, it would appear, I sat right down and wrote what was for me a fairly lucid account of the departure. I listed some



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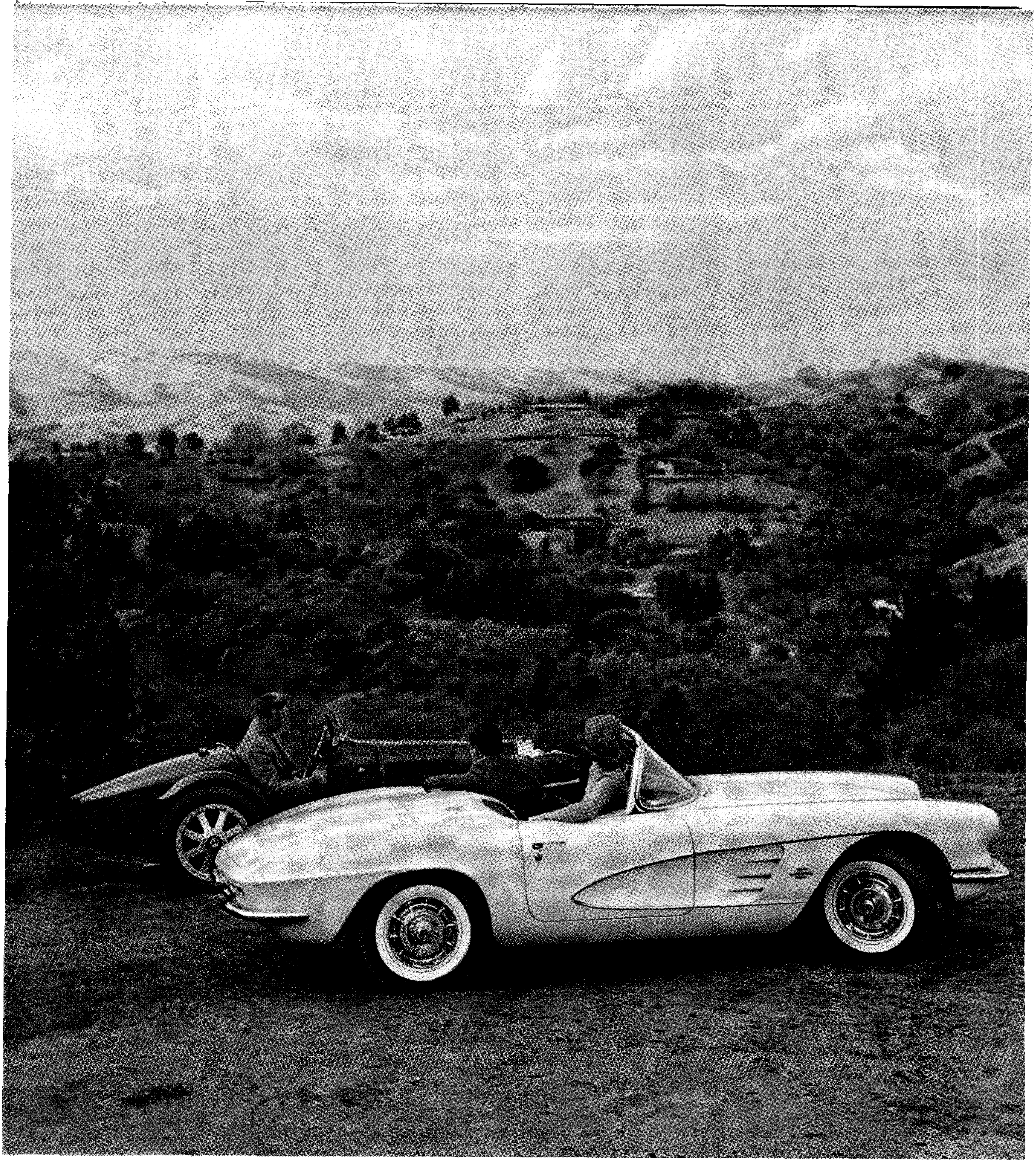

excitement is standard equipment!

The small blu car lurking be hind that ’61 Corvette is a 1927 Bugatti. It was as exciting as any car can be, but it was a little short on creatur comfort and only the best coordinated and most sinewy could hope to drive it. The Corvette, on the other hanc guarantees unstinting devotion to all the details of driver-passenger comfort and accommodation with *no* sacrific in flashing performance or impeccable handling. Anyone who can drive well can drive a Corvette; the only thin that really sets it apart from today’s automobiles is the absolutely ecstatic way it goes down the road. Buil into every Corvette is a lifetime supply of pure sports car excitement such as you’ve never known before.

Corvette by Chevrolet

Chevrolet Division of General Motors, Detroit 2, Michiga of the items that had come aboard: beeves, hams, nuts, machinery for Cold Bay, oranges, short ribs, and a barber's chair. I noted that when this last item was carried up the plank, the passengers lining the rail broke into applause. (Already they were starved for entertainment.)

At sundown the following evening, July 25th, we passed a tall gray ship that rode at anchor in a small cove near a fishing village. On board was President Harding, homeward bound from Alaska. A band on his ship played, and the President came to the rail and waved a handkerchief borrowed from his wife. The incident caused a stir among the passengers and crew of our ship; seeing the President of the United States in such an unlikely spot, on our way to the mysterious North, was reassuring. About a week later came the radiogram telling of his death.

THE voyage of the Buford carrying the men of commerce to the Arctic wasteland was an excursion both innocent and peculiar. It inaugurated a new steamship line, the Alaskan-Siberian Navigation Company, and I think the company had been hard up for passengers and had persuaded the Chamber to conduct a trade tour and bring wives. The Buford herself, however, was in no way peculiar; she was a fine little ship. She had been a troop carrier in the war, and afterward had been reconverted to carry passengers and freight. She was deep, was not overburdened with superstructure, and had a wide, clear main deck. Painted in tall block letters on her topsides and extending half her length were the words "SAN FRANCISCO CHAMBER OF COMMERCE." This enormous label gave her a little of the look of a lightship—all name and no boat—and in many a desolate northern port, where the only commerce was with Eskimos who swarmed aboard to peddle ivory paper cutters, the label acquired a bizarre and wistful meaning.

One of the things I know now, and did not know at the time, is that the Buford was being bought from the government on the installment plan. The owners never managed to complete their payments, and by 1925 she was being referred to in the San Francisco *Chronicle* as "the hard-luck ship Buford." Everything she touched turned to dross. The owners not only never completed their payments, they never fully completed the reconversion of the ship, either. I remember a room in the 'tween-decks that obviously dated from troop-carrying days. It was a spacious

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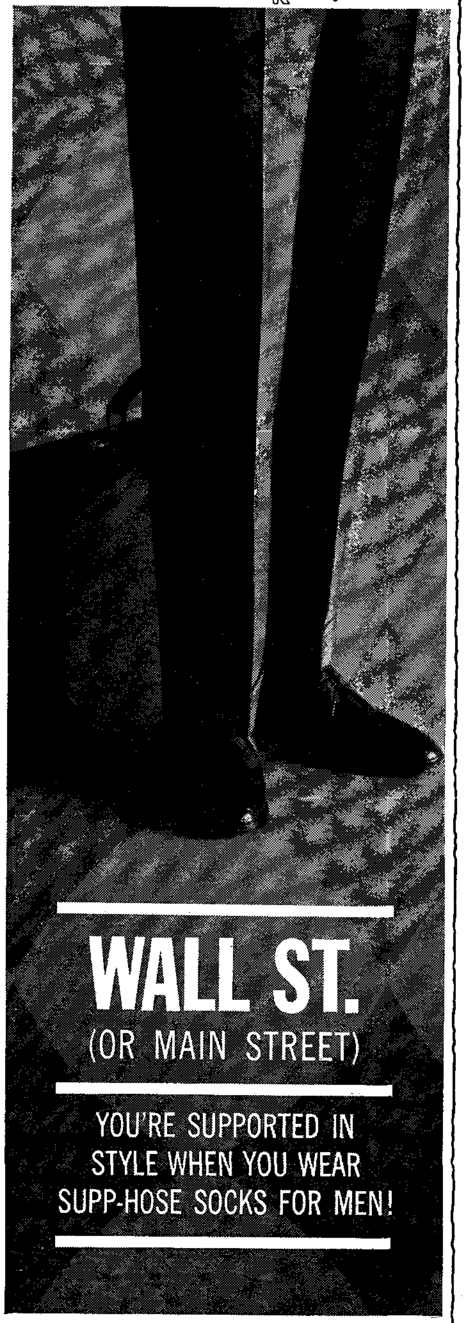
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room furnished with a truly magnificent battery of urinals and toilets standing at attention and perfectly exposed—a palace of open convenience, seldom visited, except by me, who happened, at one juncture, to live close by. A lonely, impressive room. I have an idea that when the owners took possession of their ship, they must have taken one look at this panorama of plumbing and decided to let it stand. To have laid a wrench to it would have cost a fortune.

Our commander was Captain Louis L. Lane, a handsome, sociable man who delighted the ladies by his strong profile and reassured us all by his fine handling of the ship. He had been in the Arctic before, loved it, and was known and welcomed everywhere. I think he quite enjoyed the adventurous role he was cast in: shepherd of a crowd of landlubbers and dudes in wild, remote places where he had local knowledge and could display his special talents. No gunkhole was too small for Captain Lane to squeeze the Buford into. Before we were done with the voyage, though, I got the impression that our Captain operated under unusual difficulties. The strong tides and treacherous currents of the Inside Passage, the cold, enveloping fogs of the Bering Sea, the shifting floes of the ice pack in the lonely, silent, too bright Arctic—these were strain enough on a man, but they were slight compared to the cold white bank of boredom that gradually enveloped the passengers, several of whom, I believe, would gladly have paid any reasonable sum to have the ship turn about and head back for the Golden Gate. Captain Lane in mid-passage was the host at a party that was not going too well.

All pleasure cruises have moments of tedium, but usually the passengers can relax on sunny decks, swim in warm pools, go ashore every day or two where the ladies can plunder the shops and the men can stretch their legs and bend their elbows. The Buford, skirting the long coastline of Alaska in the early twenties, did not offer much relief of this sort. For some the Buford became a high-class floating jail—the food good, the scenery magnificent, but no escape. A hundred and seventy-odd passengers did a six-week stretch, and their spirits sagged as the scenery became increasingly familiar. In the fog, the scenic effect was dampening to many a spirit; for long periods the forecastlehead was barely visible from the door of the main cabin. The horn sounded daylong and nightlong.

Whoever planned this odd voyage for

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the expansion of trade had, of course, foreseen the need of entertainment and had done his best. Provision had been made for music, dancing, gaming, and drinking. Music was in charge of the Six Brown Brothers, a saxophone combo that had once performed in a show with Fred Stone. I have a fine, sharp photograph of the Brothers taken at the Akutan whaling station; they are standing in front of a dead whale, their saxophones at the ready. Adventure was in charge of H. A. Snow, a big-game hunter, who brought along his elephant gun, his movie camera, and his son Sydney. The ship was well stocked with private supplies of liquor. One of the owners of the ship, J. C. Ogden, came along for the ride, and this gave the thing the air of a real outing. But although there was an occasional diversion, the days were largely without incident and without cheer. Even such advertised treats as the stop at the Pribilofs to see the seal rookeries proved anticlimactic to many of the students of trade conditions; the place smelled bad and the seals looked like the ones you had seen in zoos and circuses. Some of the passengers, having gone to the great trouble and expense of reaching the Pribilof Islands, chose, when they got there, to remain on board and play bridge. As for me, I never had a dull moment. I lived on three successive levels socially, a gradual descent that to me seemed a climb: first the promenade deck, then the main deck, then below. I was busy, but not too busy to journalize, and I was young enough to absorb with gratitude and wonder the vast, splendid scene of Alaska in the time before the airplane brought it to our door and when it was still inaccessible and legendary.

WHEN, in Seattle, I presented myself to the purser as a paying passenger, he assigned me to a small room with another man. This fellow turned out to be an oddball like me—not a member of the Chamber. He was a Laplander, a short, stocky man with a long mustache. His clothes were rough; he had no white shirts and almost no English. "I go Nomee," was all he could tell me at first. His name was Isak Nakkalo, and he was a reindeer butcher on his way to a job. Isak and I dwelt in peace and in silence day after day, until life changed abruptly for me and I began my descent. All up the Inside Passage, while the Buford skirted headlands and dodged rocks and reefs, Isak took no part in the social life aboard ship, but I did. I struck up a few acquaintances, danced to the sweet jazz

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of the Brown Brothers, nursed my clean shirts to get the maximum mileage out of them, and displayed affability (if not knowledge) in the matter of trade relations. I also lived a secret life. At every opportunity, I bearded stewards, engineers, and deck officers, and asked for work. My encounters with these people must have mystified them; at sea, a first-class passenger looking for work is irregular. I was probably worse than irregular; I was annoying.

Ketchikan was our first Alaskan port of call and the scene of the passengers' first disillusionment. In the minds of most of us aboard was an image of Alaska formed by Robert W. Service and Jack London—a land of deep snow, igloos, Eskimos, polar bears, rough men, fancy women, saloons, fighting sled dogs, intense cold, and gold everywhere. Ketchikan, as we rounded the bend, delivered a shattering blow to this fine image; the village was a warm, mosquitoey place, smelling of fish. Not an igloo was in sight, and on the dock to greet us was a small, moth-eaten band of Shriners in their caps. But, image or no image, this was our frontier, and long before the ship was close enough for voices to carry, the passengers began shouting questions to the group ashore. One of our shipboard Shriners ached to know whether there was going to be a ceremonial that night. The distant welcoming group cupped their ears. "I say is there going to be a ceremonial tonight?" he bellowed. The words were lost in air. Mr. Hubbard, our tour master, began bellowing, too. He wanted to know whether a representative of the Ketchikan Commercial Club was on hand.

I sat on a bollard in the warm sun, watching these antics indulgently, I, a graduate of the University of Mencken and Lewis, studying the spectacle of Babbittry northbound—men visiting a strange land yet craving not strangeness but a renewal of what was familiar. I can still recall the agitation of Mr. Hubbard on this occasion—a pioneer in a sack suit glimpsing his frontier at last and taut with emotion. As the ship was being warped alongside, Mr. Hubbard saw the boatswain swing himself over the rail, grasp a hawser, and slide down onto the dock. Eager to make contact with the Commercial Club man, Mr. Hubbard stepped over the rail and took hold of the hawser. But the dock was a long way down, and there was still an ugly gully of water between ship and dock. Twice Mr. Hubbard flexed his legs in a test takeoff, both times lost his nerve. His face wore

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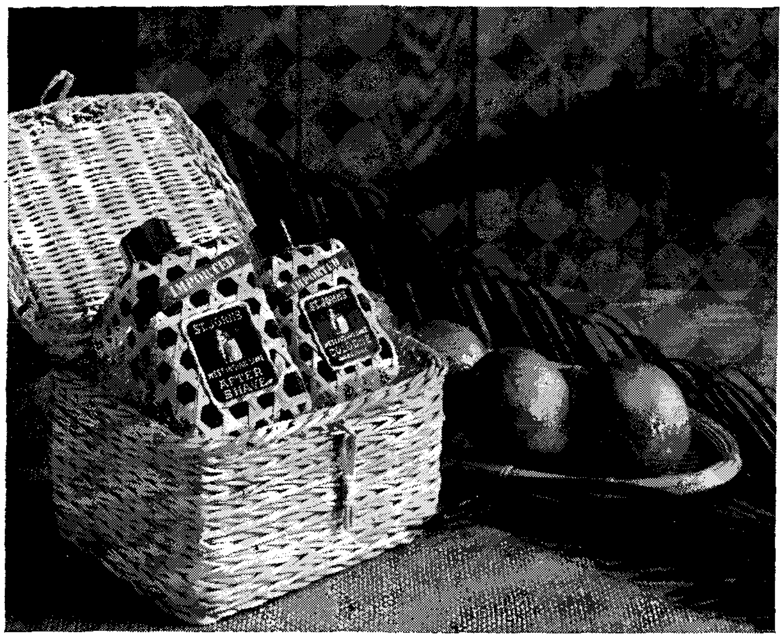

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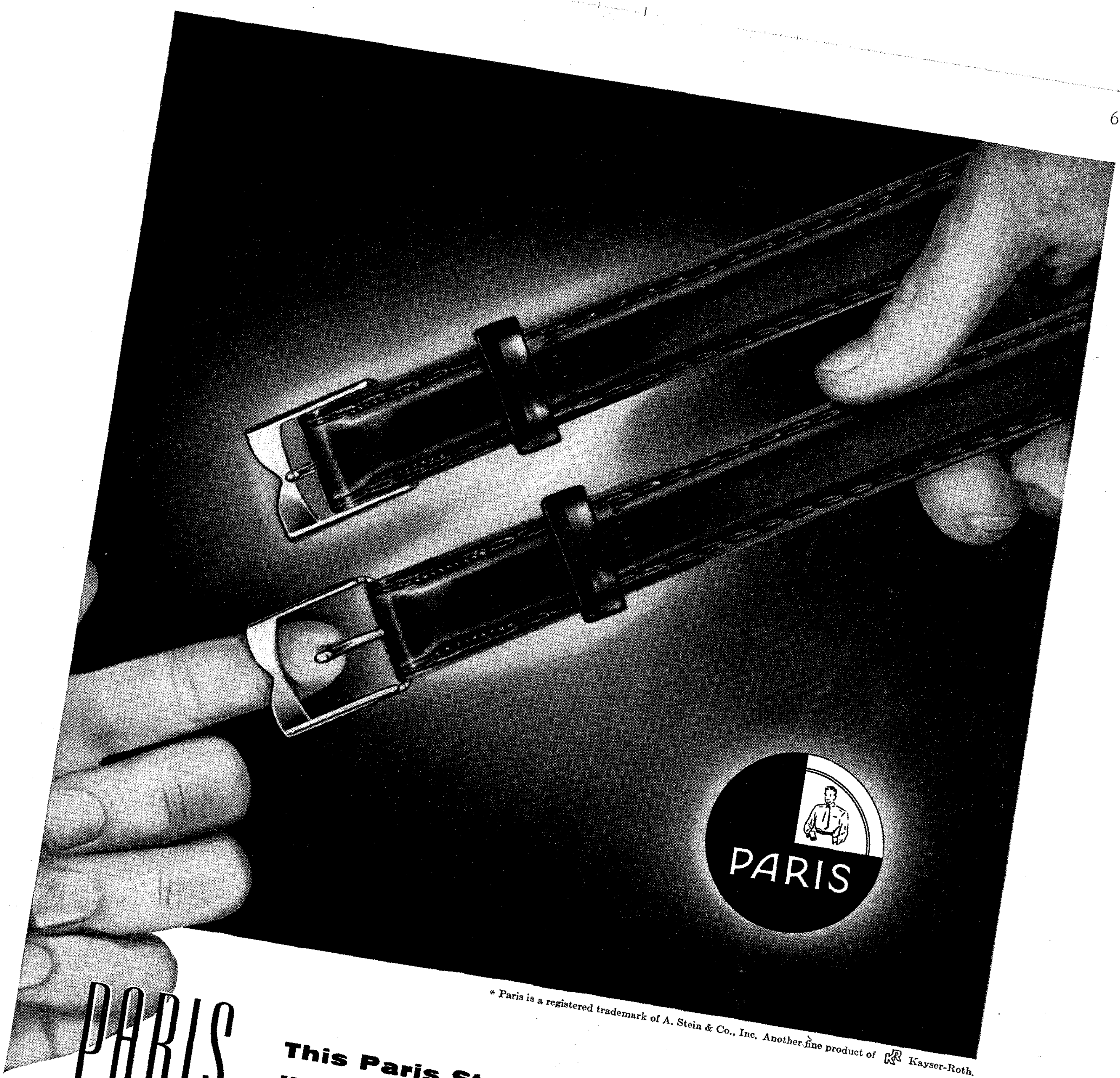
a grim look, and he soon had an audience, just as a suicide on a ledge gets one. For a few tense moments, the launching of Mr. Hubbard into Alaska held everyone spellbound, but it never came off. Prudence conquered zeal, and our first brush with the frontier was a defeat for the spirit of San Francisco.

Later, when I went ashore, via the plank, I "lounged down the street" (I was always "lounging" or "sauntering" in my journal) and bought a copy of "Faint Perfume," by Zona Gale. Because the town smelled of fish, I considered this purchase clownish. Of such flimsy delights were my days made in those delectable years.

That evening, the Shriners had their ceremonial, the Commercial Club had its meeting, the ladies from the ship bought great numbers of Indian baskets, and one of the oilers from the Buford's engine-room crew managed to get ashore and establish trade relations with a half-breed girl. "Big, like that," he told me afterward. (I was already cultivating the society of firemen and sailors, hoping to be admitted.) When everyone had satisfied his own peculiar needs and refreshed himself in the way he knew best, the Buford let go her lines and continued north through the tortuous straits of the Alexander Archipelago. I was an extremely callow and insecure young man, but as I examine my record of Ketchikan and translate it from the Chinese in which it is written, I can see that I was not alone in my insecurity; all of us were seeking reassurance of one sort or another—some with mystic rites and robes, some with the metaphysics of commerce, some with expensive Indian baskets and inexpensive Indian girls. I was enraptured with my surroundings—contemptuous of all, envious of all, proud, courageous, and scared to death.

On the morning of Sunday, July 29th, we sighted Taku Glacier, a scheduled point of interest. When we brought it abeam, Captain Lane stopped the ship and everyone rushed on deck. "The bridegroom," I noted in my journal, "dashed to get his polo coat and his yellow gloves. The bride put on her polo coat to match. Everybody put on something special. Walter Brunt, potentate of Islam Temple, put on his monkey cap in case he should get into a photograph with the glacier in the background."

The whaleboat was lowered and Sydney Snow was rowed off to get pictures of the Buford against the glacier. But Captain Lane was not easily satisfied; he wanted his charges to see that



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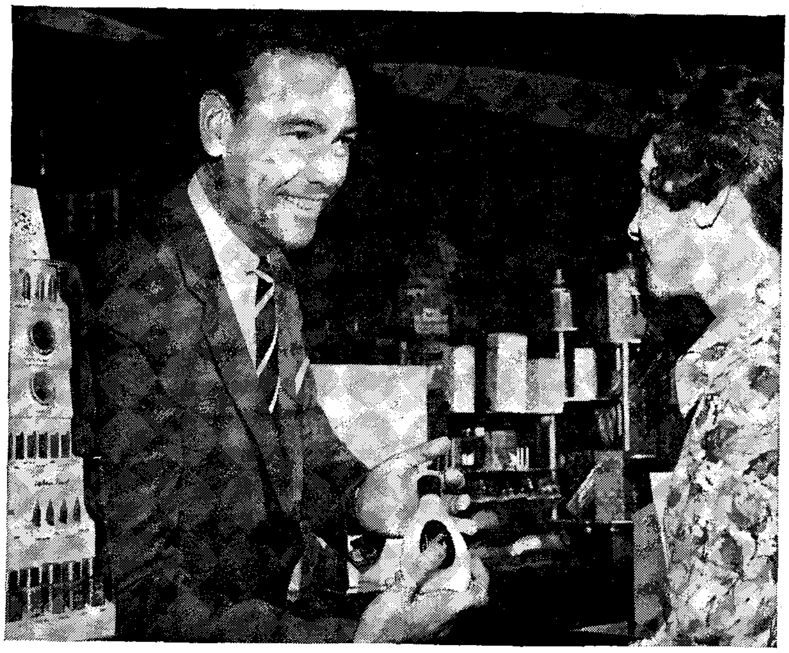

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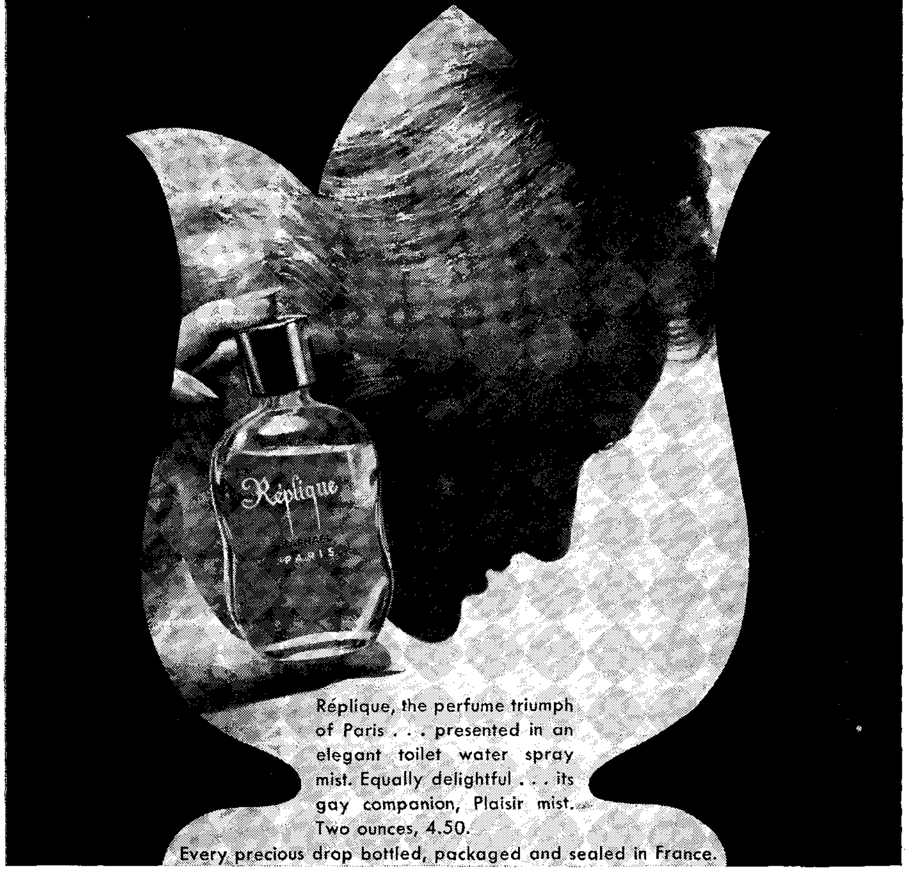

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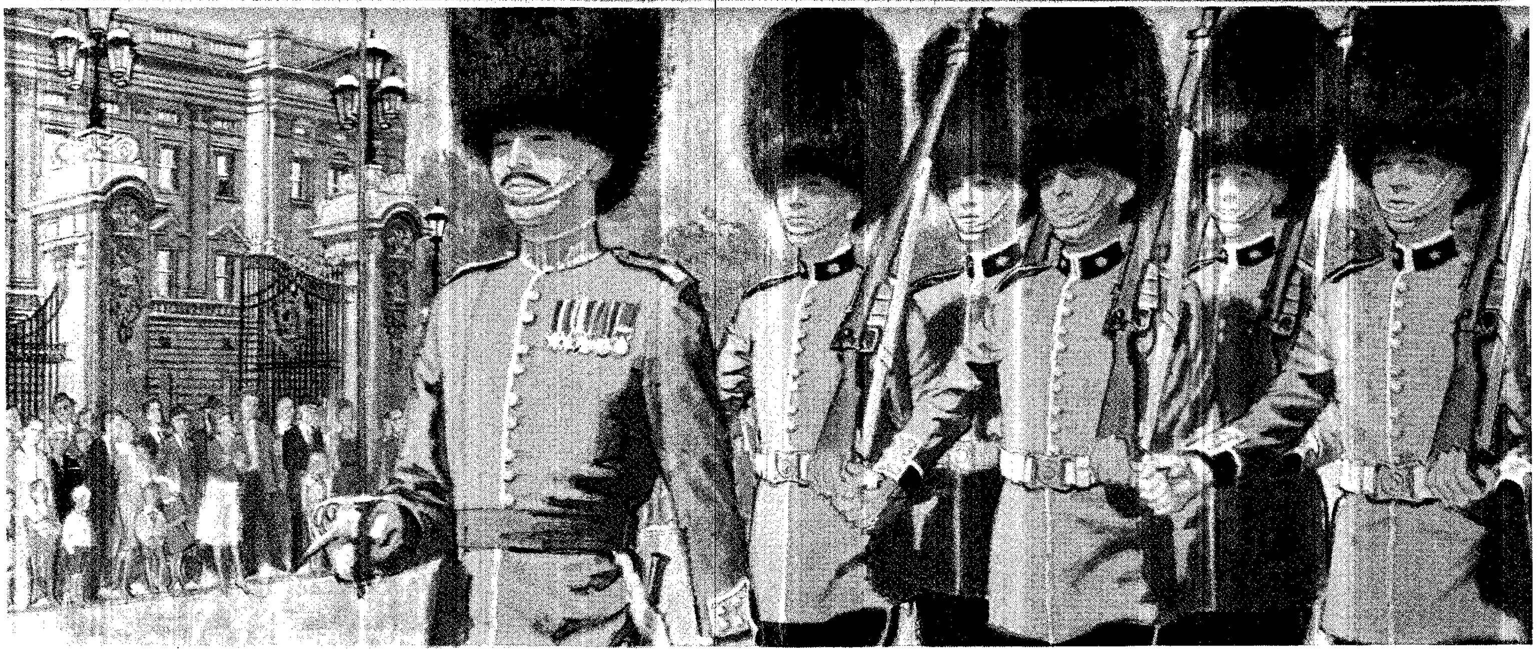
a glacier is really a river of ice, discharging into the sea. Taku, in the manner of glaciers, was sulking in its tent and taking its own sweet time about discharging into the sea; it needed prodding. Accordingly, Mr. Snow was called on to stir things up. He hurried to the bridge with his elephant gun and opened fire on Taku, while Sydney, in the whaleboat, cranked away at his camera. Nothing happened. For about an hour, there was desultory fire from the bridge while the passengers hung expectantly at the rail. Then they wearied of the spectacle of a reluctant glacier, and most of them drifted away toward the dining saloon. A few minutes before noon, whether from rifle fire or from sheer readiness, a piece of ice did fall into the sea. It made a fine splash. Passengers who had deserted the deck rushed back but were, of course, too late.

As I stood at the rail studying Taku Glacier, I was joined by the Buford's storekeeper, a solemn, thoughtful man. For a few moments he stared quietly at the great wall of ice. "How do you like it?" I asked, between volleys. He took my question seriously and his answer was slow in coming. "I don't care for it," he replied, at last, and walked aft to resume his duties. As our voyage progressed and we ventured farther and farther into nowhere, with sea and sky and fog and ice and the white wings of gulls for our backdrop, the storekeeper's measured words became more and more expressive of the inner feelings of many of the tourists; they did not care for it.

At Juneau, I watched one of the Brown Brothers fishing in the rain, and wrote an unrhymed poem: "Grapefruit and oranges in the green water off Juneau dock—grapefruit and oranges, part of the ship's scum." Sandburg had me by the throat in those days. Alaskan towns, I reported in my journal, "are just murmurings at the foot of mountains."

ONE of the faintest of these murmurings was Skagway, where my ticket ran out. The Buford tied up at the dock there on the last day of July. My search for a job on board had been vain. I put my Corona in its case, packed my bag, and went on deck to sit awhile in sorrow and in fear, delaying until the last possible moment my walk down the plank and into the forlorn street of Skagway—a prospector twenty-five years late and not even primarily interested in gold.

While I was sitting there on deck (my journal says I was "browsing"



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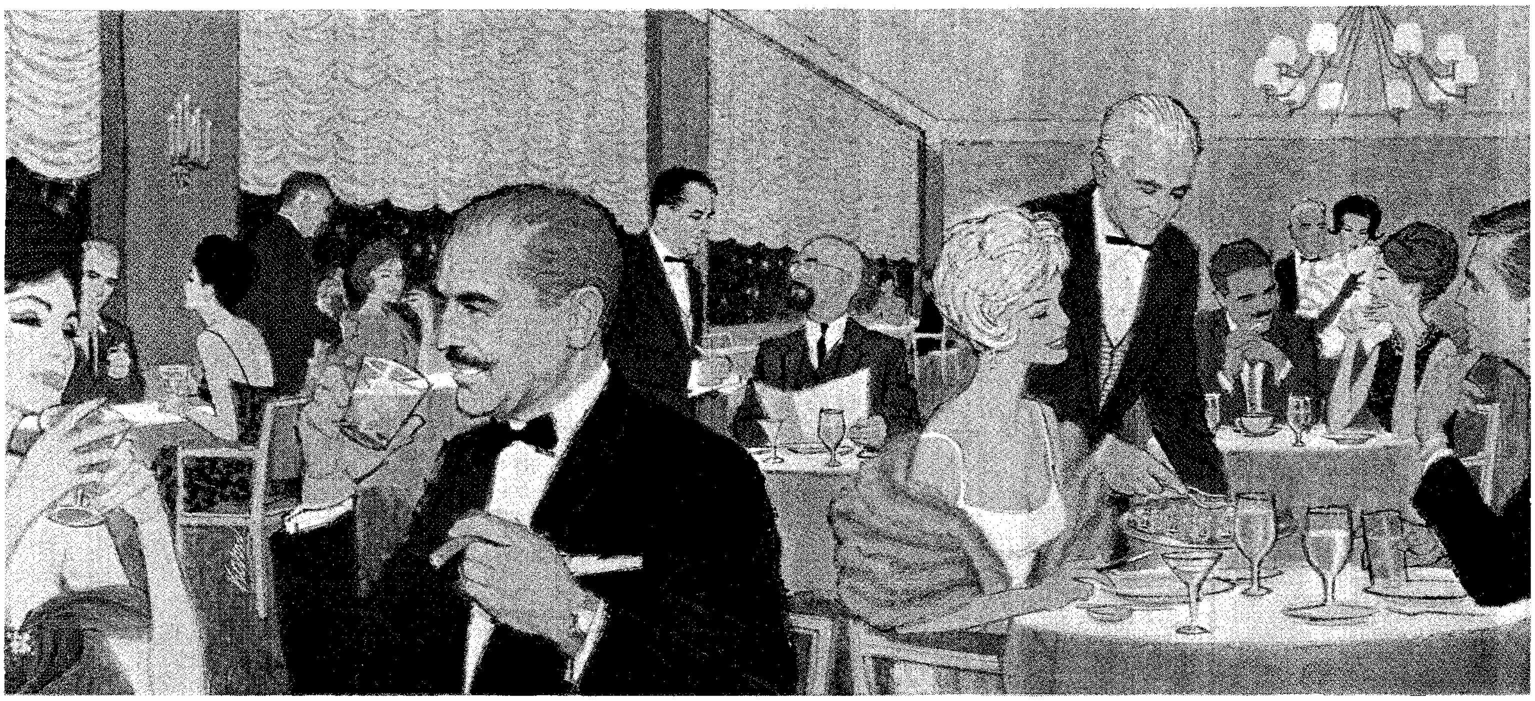

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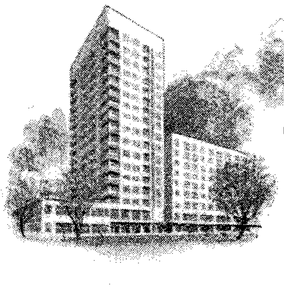

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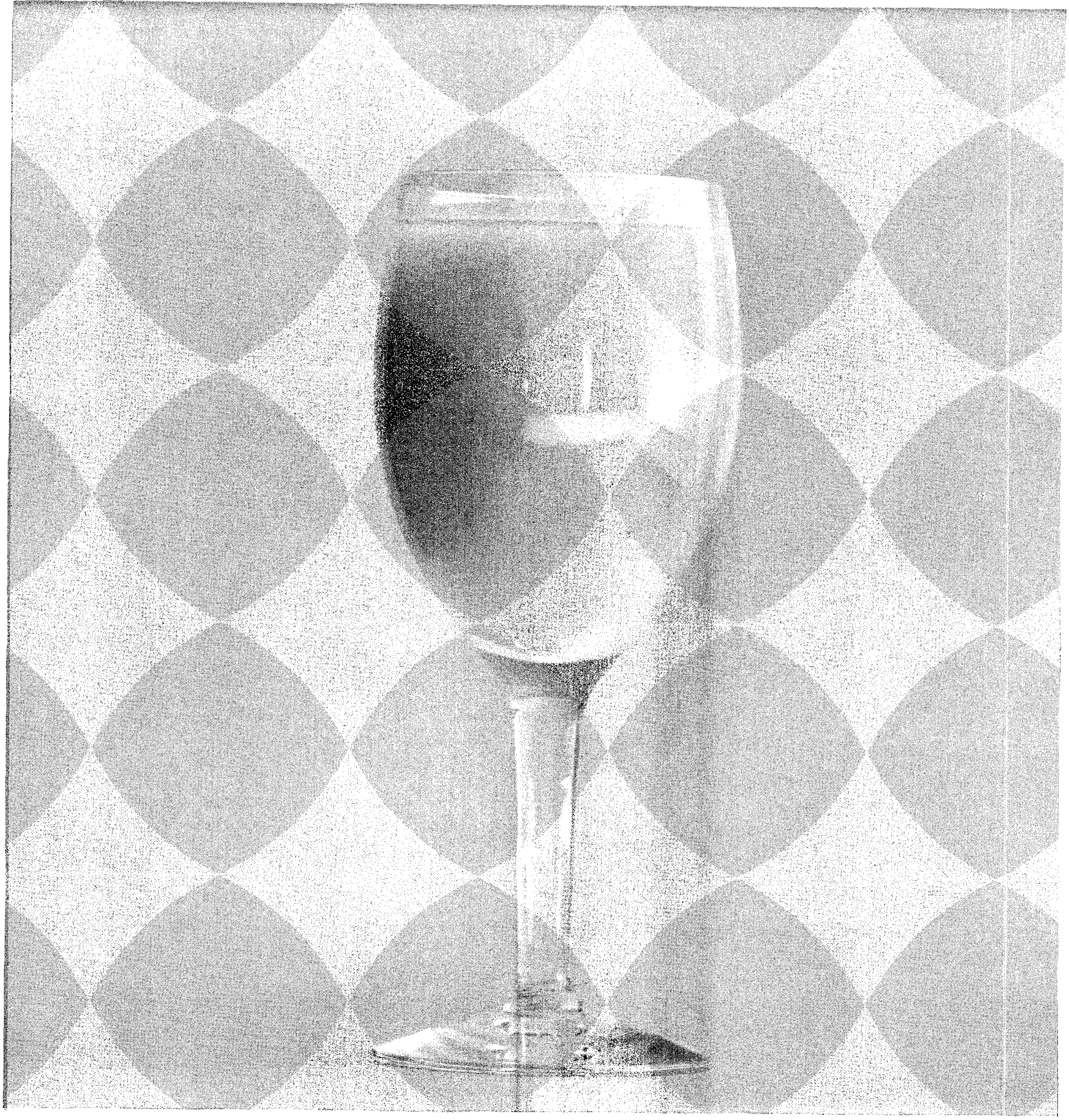

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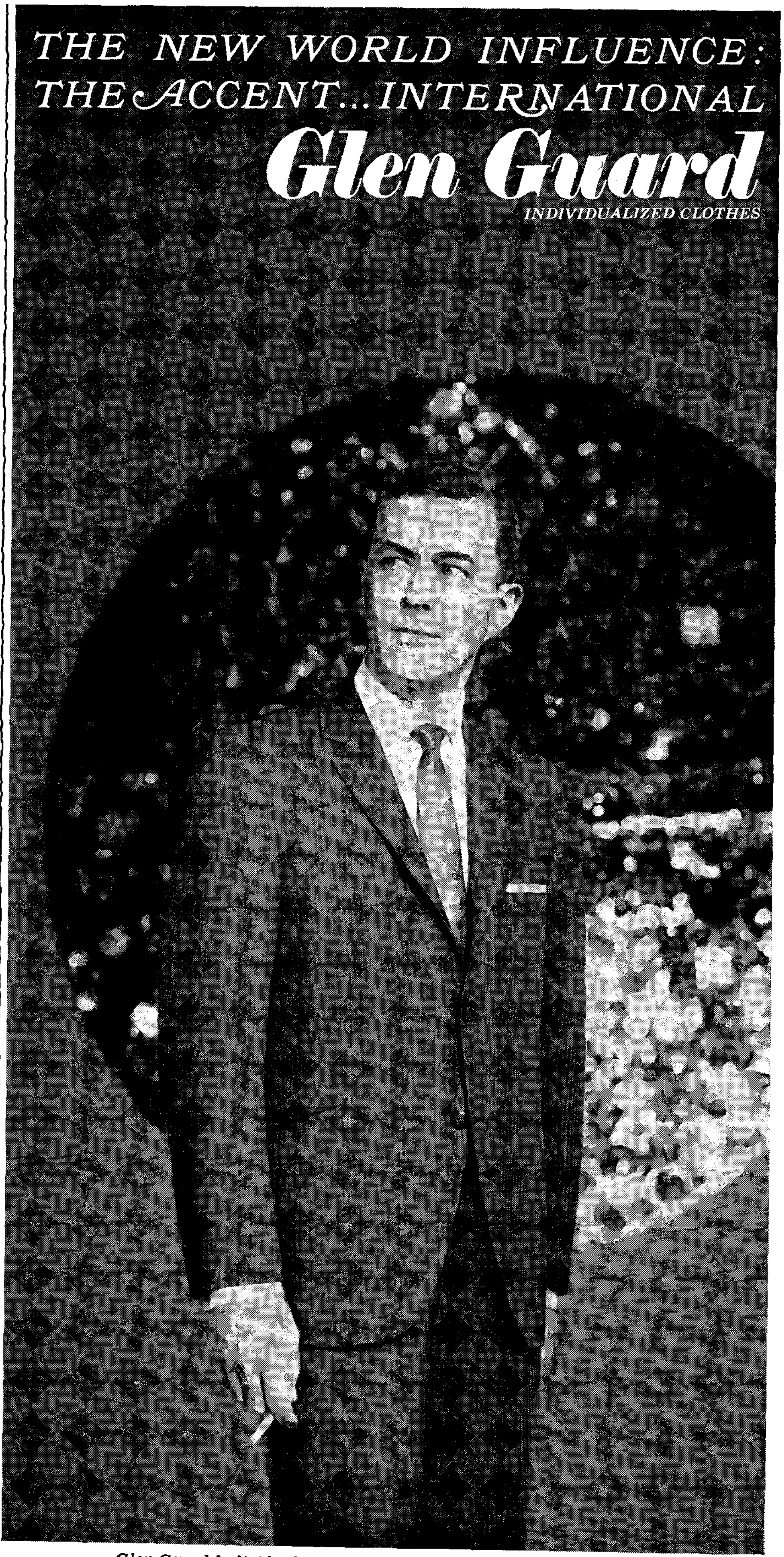
GENERAL WINE AND SPIRITS COMPANY, NEW YORK 22 there), trying to sort out my troubles and wondering how I had managed to get myself into this incredible mess, I received a summons to the bridge. A Miss Linderman, according to my account, presented herself to me and delivered the message. "The Captain wants to see you right away" was all she said. Oddly enough, I did not associate this summons with my job-hunting; I had no idea what was up, and felt like a schoolboy called to the principal's office. The message seemed ominous, but less ominous than the imminent trip down the gangplank into murmurous Skagway. I hustled to the bridge.

Captain Lane stared at me for a moment. Then he said, "We can put you on as night saloonsman for the remainder of the voyage—workaway passage. Is that satisfactory?"

"Yes, sir," I replied. I didn't know what a night saloonsman was, or a workaway passage, but I was in no mood for quibbling, and if Captain Lane had offered to tow me astern at the end of a long rope I would have grabbed the chance. I thanked my captain, reported to the second steward, and that night turned up in the dining saloon wearing a white jacket and carrying a napkin slung over my left forearm, in the manner of right-handed waiters the world over. The crisis of Skagway was behind me, and pretty soon Skagway was, too, as the Buford steamed west toward the Aleutians at her steady pace of eleven knots.

I cannot recall Miss Linderman—she is a name on a page, that is all—but among the handful of women who have distinguished themselves in some great way in my life she occupies a high position. I never found out exactly what happened; I never even tried to find out. This much is clear: the news that a job-hunter was loose on board finally reached the Captain, just as the news would have reached him that a harmless snake was loose in the hold, and he reluctantly disposed of the matter in the easiest way, as he settled many another small but pesky problem in the business of running that crazy tour.

(Since beginning this account, I've been looking into the files of the San Francisco *Chronicle* for 1923 for news of the Buford and its company. One of the owners of the line, it appears, was a Mr. John Linderman, and the passenger list shows the presence on board of several Linderman girls—his daughters, I suppose. So I guess I was bailed out of Skagway by the daughter of an owner. Inasmuch as Mr. Linderman and his partner Mr. Ogden were buy-



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Glen Guard
INDIVIDUALIZED CLOTHES

ing the ship on the installment plan, and had slim prospects of making the thing pay, I think the management was foolhardy to take on another mouth to feed. But I still value Miss Linderman highly.)

WORKING in a ship is a far better life than sailing in one as a passenger. Alaska, the sea, and the ship herself became real to me as soon as I was employed; before that, all three had suffered from a sort of insubstantiality. Passengers never really come to know a ship; too much is hidden from their sight, too little is demanded of them. They may love their ship, but without their participating in her operation the identification is not established. As saloonsman, I was a participant—at first a slightly sick participant. I worked from eight in the evening till six in the morning. I set tables, prepared late supper for thirty, served it (sometimes carrying a full tray in a beam sea), cleaned the tables, washed the dishes, stropped the glasses, swept down the companionway leading to the social hall, and shined brass. This was hard work, dull work, and, until my stomach adjusted to the ripe smell of the pantry, touchy work. But when, at around three o'clock, I stepped out onto the forward deck for a smoke, with the sky showing bright in the north and the mate pacing the bridge and the throaty snores of the passengers issuing from the staterooms, the ship would throb and tremble under me and she was *my* ship, all mine and right on course, alive and purposeful and exciting. No longer was the Buford merely taking me from one benighted port to another; now she was transporting me from all my yesterdays to all my tomorrows. It was I who seemed to make her go, almost as though I were a quartermaster with my hand on the wheel.

My metamorphosis from passenger to saloonsman took the passengers by surprise and created a certain awkwardness at the late supper. A few of the first-class people knew me by name and most of them knew me by sight; naturally they felt uneasy when they found me at their service. There was the matter of tipping. Should a girl with whom I had danced between Seattle and Skagway leave a coin for me when I handed her a cold cut between Skagway and Cordova? A delicate question. One elderly female, flustered at seeing me in saloonsman's garb, cried, "Goodness! How long have *you* been a waitress?" I regarded my change in status as extremely comical, played it deadpan, and

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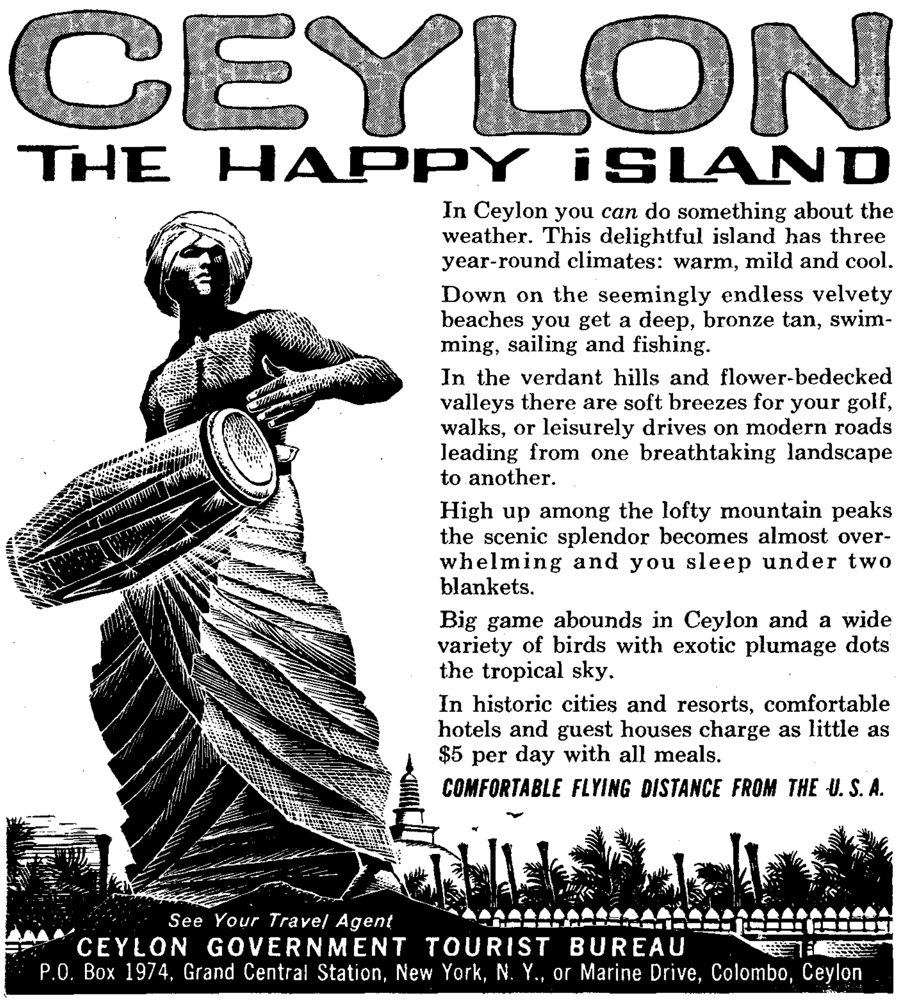

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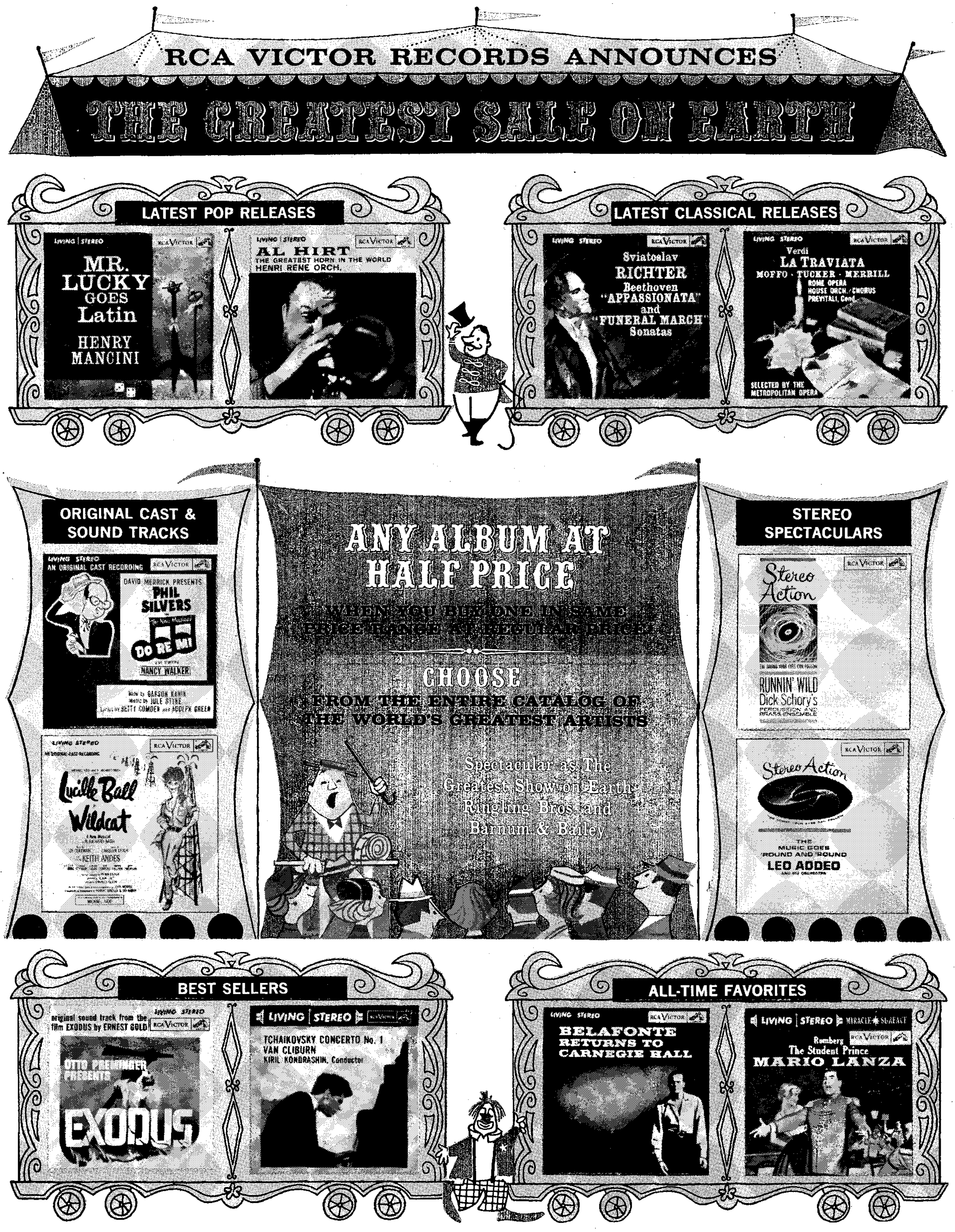

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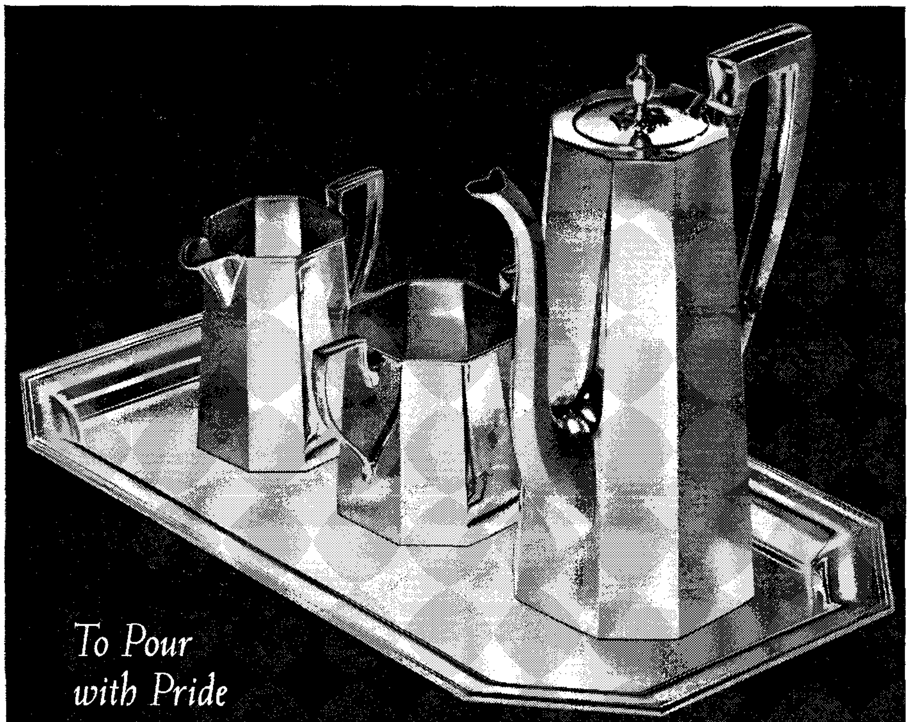

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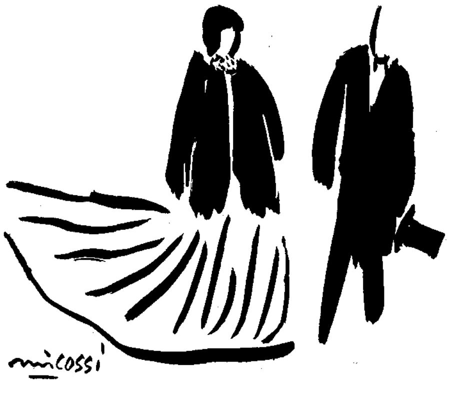
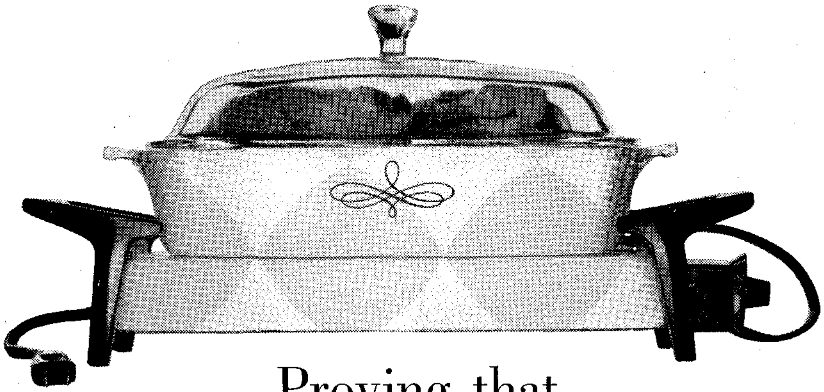
made quite a to-do about it in my journal, greatly exaggerating its comic value. Embarrassed at first, I soon felt an elevation of spirit and wore my white jacket like a plume. In my mouth was the taste of a fresh superiority over my fellow-man; not only was I leading a secret literary life among the mercantile crowd but I was now a busy, employed man, gainfully occupied among wastrels and idlers. Always hungry myself and indulging in snacks at every opportunity, I nevertheless adopted a patronizing air toward those who appeared for the prebedtime meal, regarding their appetite at that hour as gross and contemptible. The hardest part of the job for me was remembering orders; I would stand attentively listening to a group of four telling me what they wanted, and by the time I reached the pantry the whole recital would be gone from my head. As a member of the Steward Department, I was permitted by the rules to go on deck to catch some air but was not permitted to sit down while on deck. I ceased mingling with the passengers and joined the much juicier fraternity of pantrymen and cooks, denizens of the glory hole in the stern of the ship next to the steering engine—a noisy, aromatic place, traditional seat of intrigue and corruption. I joined the glory-hole crowd, but I was not shifted to the glory hole itself; instead, I was assigned a bunk in a small, airless inside room, first class, with a young man named J. Wilbur Wolf. Wilbur was the other night saloonsman, and, like me, was burdened with a college education and an immaculate past. The second steward, a cagey man, chose not to inject Wilbur and me into the glory hole, where we properly belonged. The second may have feared that our morals would be corrupted, but I think he simply did not wish to disturb the gamy society of the hole by introducing two young dudes of almost unparalleled innocence. It would have made him uneasy.

At Cordova, we received by radio the news of Harding's death, and I copied





Proving that an automatic skillet can be white-tie but not high-hat

. . . when it's this impeccable, gleaming white automatic skillet—the new Corning Ware Electromatic—that has an affinity for pheasant, Crêpes Suzette and champagne.

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Dazzling white, nonporous, easy to keep immaculate. Corning research for nose cones of guided missiles led to creation of a hitherto-unknown substance of a brilliant whiteness, and a smoothness almost like that of a diamond.

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Unmatched versatility. As you might expect, the Corning Ware Electromatic fries, bakes, stews and simmers with easily controlled heat, automatically.

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For weddings, anniversaries, house-warmings, birthdays, even business remembrances, few gifts will be so much enjoyed, so often used. In fine stores . . . $29.95.

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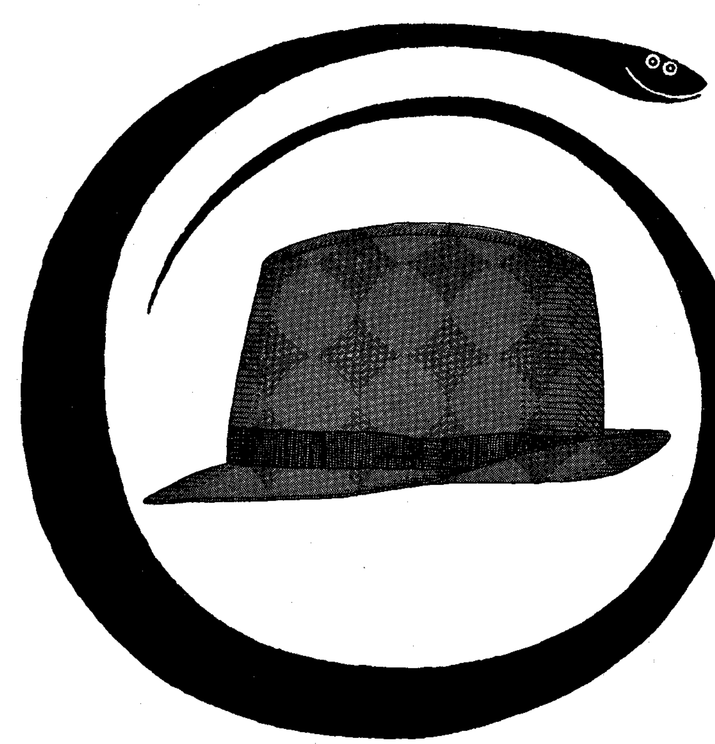

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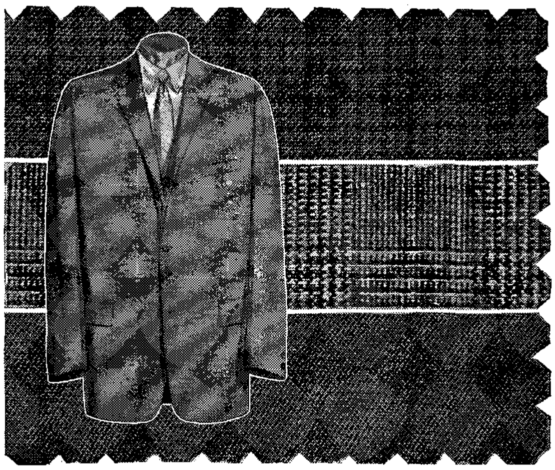

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into my journal the notice on the ship's bulletin board:

> SAN FRANCISCO
> President Warren G. Harding died here tonight at 7:30 o'clock. He was stricken without any warning. Mrs. Harding was with him at the last. See the second steward about your laundry.

"Here," I wrote in pensive vein, "is a very fine illustration of how the world jogs on, come what may." Apparently the realization that people would continue to have their dirty clothes washed after the death of Warren Gamaliel Harding struck me forcibly.

At all events, the Buford jogged on, come what might. As she glided up the wide aisle of Resurrection Bay toward Seward, the Brown Brothers gathered in the social hall and rehearsed suitable numbers for an impromptu memorial service. Hearing the sad sounds of their muted horns drifting out and mingling with the crying of gulls, I was afflicted with melancholy at the loss of my President—I felt bereft. Mr. Harding is not greatly mourned these days, but we of the Buford blew him a heartfelt tribute from Seward that night, on six jolly saxophones hastily converted to solemnity.

IN those northern waters in 1923, Captain Lane guided the Buford much in the manner of early aviators: he flew by the seat of his pants. Approaching Kodiak, we ran into thick weather. All afternoon the ship crept blindly through a cold, drizzly fog. We felt obliged to make Kodiak because we had a passenger to discharge, and for the newborn Alaskan-Siberian Navigation Company the discharge of even one passenger was an event of considerable moment, tending to add lustre and credibility to the trip. The passenger in this case was an Airedale terrier, but that didn't diminish the matter. With visibility close to zero, the Skipper became unsure of his position, and his uncertainty was magically transmitted to the passengers. I heard a couple of ladies nervously ask an officer whether we shouldn't just drop anchor and wait for the weather to clear. (This would probably have been one of the longest sea waits on record.) After a while, a fishing boat appeared under our bow, its crew gave us our position by shouting and pointing, and away we went on an altered course. Captain Lane went ashore that night after a hard day at the chart table. He did not get back to the ship till late. I was called to his cabin at three in the morning to clear away glasses and bottles. I find the

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following entry, written an hour earlier:

> Monday morning 4 bells Kodiak
> The brass is shined. The dishes are put away. Wilbur sits across the aisle, dozing at another table. In the pantry the coffee urn simmers and from the ceiling the steam drops in little globules. The Skipper is not aboard yet, as far as we can tell. At any rate he hasn't appeared for his coffee: we have a place neatly set for him with cold meats, bread, and relishes.

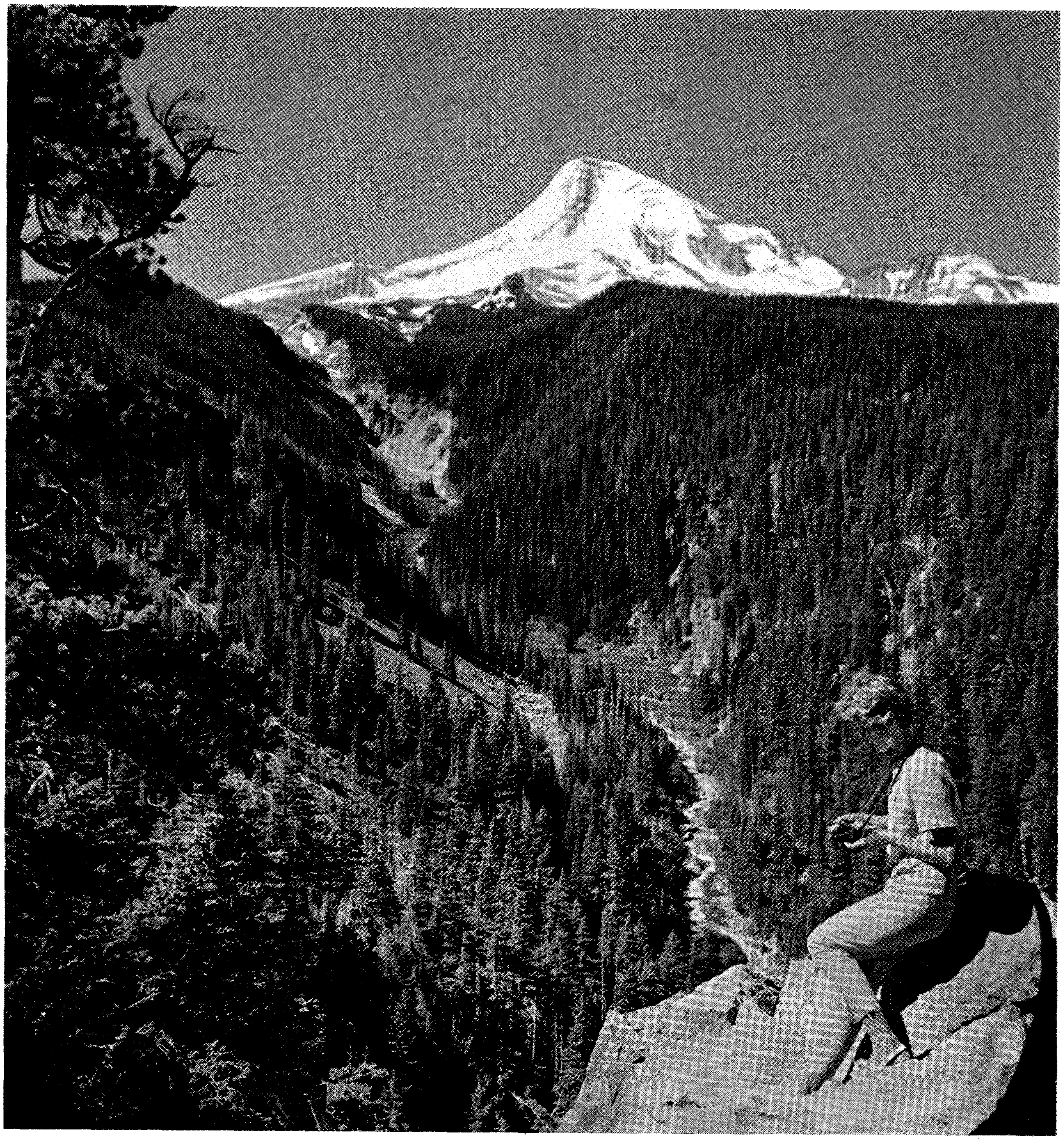
This entry bears the telltale mark of a writer at work. The sixth sentence first read, "At any rate he hasn't appeared for his coffee yet," and I edited it crossing out the word "yet," which was a sensible move, rhetorically, and shows that I was working away at a hard trade at a late hour. Wilbur, he who dozed, was also a diarist, although I didn't know it at the time. Two night saloonsmen, both of them diarists—a strange, unearthly ship in a strange, cold sea! A portion of Wilbur's diary is now in my possession. His widow recently sent it to me—a tiny notebook crammed with loathing for the menial life. "No more of this 'working your way' stuff—if I can't go first class I stay at home." Wilbur's urge to restore himself to a decent place in society was as compelling as my own urge to make my way farther down in the ship, sink to the depths, and try the rapture of human dereliction and drudgery.

My next entry is a poem called "Lament." It begins:

> Millions of songs are knocking round, back and forth, inside my head: songs of praise and of wonder. But I can not give birth even to one song.

An odd statement. I was giving birth almost continuously, like a hamster. None of the songs had any merit, but there was no lack of parturition.

The passengers' disappointment with the Territory of Alaska was often quite apparent. Dutch Harbor, our next stop, did nothing to lift their spirits. A few deserted houses, a family of Indians, a sow and her three young ones—hardly a place made to order for San Francisco ladies bent on sightseeing. I went ashore and followed a muddy path over a small hill and sat down in the grass where I could look across at Unalaska. This village, seen from that distance, was a picture-book place—a single row of white frame buildings, one of them a little Greek Orthodox church with two green onion spires. Behind the town, rising out of the sea in soft and billowing folds, were green treeless hills draped in swirls of drifting fog. They seemed incredibly lofty and massive, those hills—a backdrop for a dream se-



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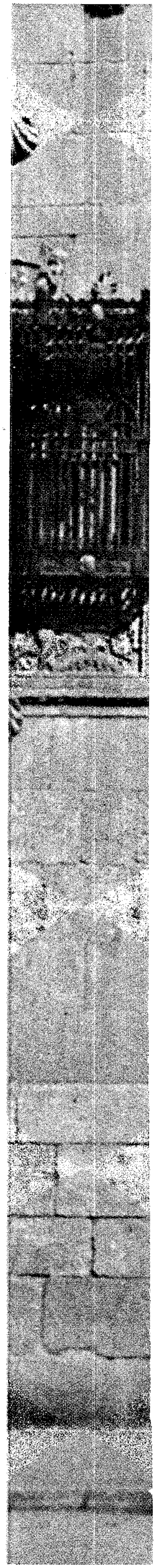

"Palace of the Shells," Salamanca, Spain ▶

Why a whole wall of Scallop Shells?

● It was not just the whim of a sixteenth century architect.

The idea of adorning this wall with some five hundred shells came from the Spanish grandee whose wealth built this Salamanca palace. He used the shell symbol to proclaim that one of his ancestors was among the medieval pilgrims who journeyed to St. James's shrine in Compostella wearing the scallop badge on their hats.

Pilgrimage, voyage, quest—each has been symbolized, since earliest times, by the scallop. It was identified with Venus, born of the sea. It was the badge of the pilgrims to Compostella and of the Crusaders to the Holy Land. And, appropriately, in a later day, it came to be the name and trademark of the Shell Companies.

Under the familiar scallop trademark, Shell men are probing for oil in rain forest and desert, and even under the ocean's floor. But these are only the forerunners of hundreds of other explorers who search in Shell laboratories the world over for new and better products from petroleum.

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When you see the sign of the shell, think of it as the symbol of the quest for new ideas, new products, and new ways to serve you. *The Shell Companies: Shell Oil Company; Shell Chemical Company; Shell Pipeline Corporation; Shell Development Company; Shell Oil Company of Canada, Ltd.*

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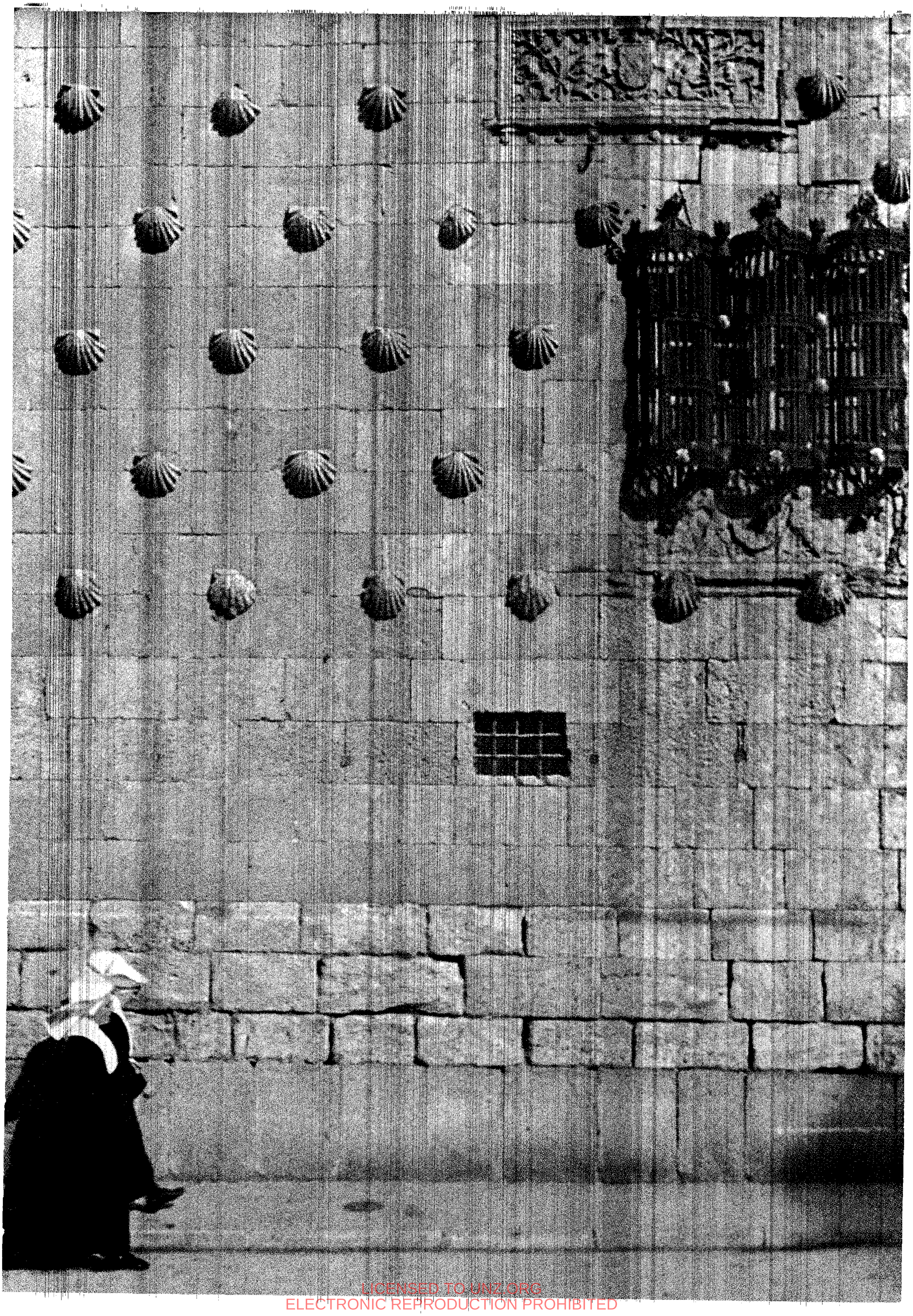
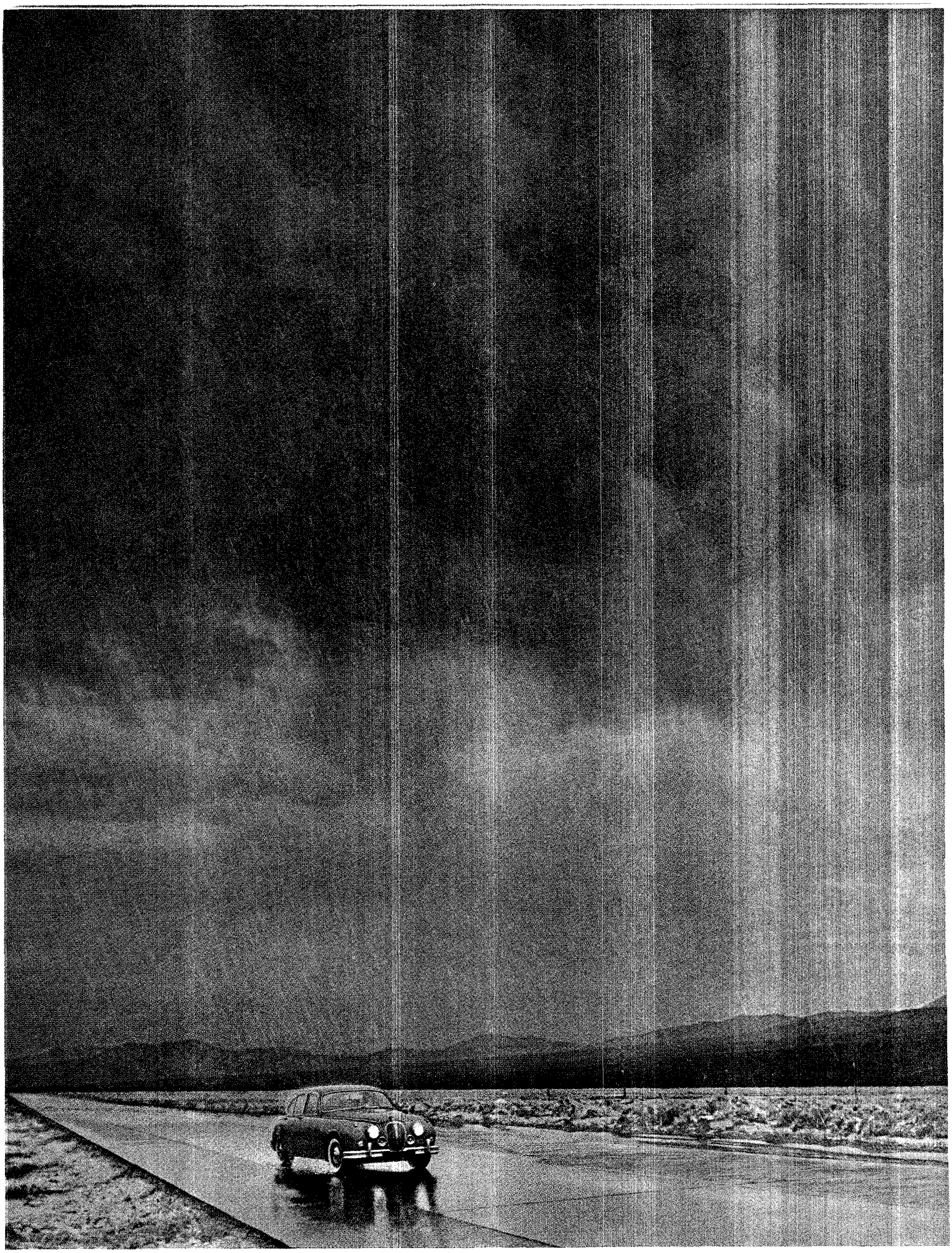
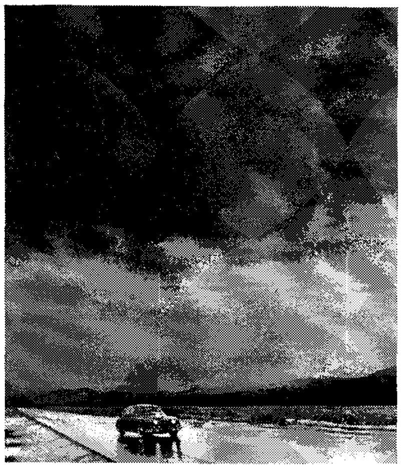




THE JAGUAR 3.8 FIVE-PASSENGER SEDAN—WHAT'S THE SECRET OF ITS SPLENDID INDIFFERENCE?

JAGUAR

JAGUAR



What's the secret of its splendid indifference?

In the automotive world, where conformity is a way of life, it takes a bit of courage to be different. Today, many automobiles, in the interests of "style," have sacrificed motoring's most important consideration. That is, an automobile is meant to be driven.

However, the Jaguar 3.8 five-passenger sedan has been engineered *without compromising motoring excellence.* Under the hood of the 3.8, Jaguar has fitted the famed XK engine — a direct descendant of the power plants that have won international laurels. Power-assisted Dunlop disc brakes stop the car safely, surely, without pitch or sway. Power steering and automatic transmission are quick and responsive. A rugged "four-square" suspension system holds the car on an even keel under the most adverse driving conditions.

The Jaguar 3.8 Sedan is elegant without affectation, distinctive but not self-conscious—reflecting typical British good taste. Interior appointments are impeccable, with upholstery of fine glove leather; paneling and dash of polished walnut.

The 3.8 Sedan is at your Jaguar dealer's now. We cordially invite you to see and drive it soon. At the same time, we suggest you also investigate the other fine motor cars in the Jaguar line — the classic Mark IX Sedan (conservative, yet still a thoroughbred Jaguar) and the XK-150 convertible and hardtop coupe (recommended for the sports car fan with adventure in his veins).

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quence. I wanted desperately to visit Unalaska, but was not free to go, since I had duties on board.

While I sat there, staring, two ladies from the Buford came along and stopped in front of me.

"Is there anything over there worth seeing?" one of them asked, thinking I had been there. "From here, it looks to me as if it was pretty dead. If there's something special about that church, I want to go on, but otherwise, if there isn't anything special, I don't care about going. Do you, Kate?"

Kate shook her head. The two of them seemed ineffably sad and uprooted.

I told them I hadn't been to Unalaska but guessed there was nothing special. And on that report they turned listlessly back toward the ship.

Later on, I contrived to get over to the village; a boy in a small boat ferried me across. By some standards, the place could have been called dead, but, walking the length of Unalaska at the foot of the green, tumbled hills, alone and wonder-struck, I felt more alive than I had ever felt before in my life. I was about as far west as a man could conveniently get on this continent, I was a long, long way from home, songs of praise knocked in my head, and I felt a gush of exhilaration. Added to my cup of pleasure was the knowledge that when I returned to the ship I could go to bed instead of having to work all night; my job had changed abruptly. For the remainder of the voyage, I was to be messboy to the firemen.

At dawn that day, the second steward, my boss, had appeared in the pantry, where I was deep in dishes. "You can knock off," he said. "Tomorrow I'm putting you on as firemen's messboy—take care of eight men, firemen's mess, and you won't need the white coat. We'll sign you on the articles at fifty a month."

Although the second did not mention it, I had heard rumors of a fight below in the ship—someone had got knifed—and I was reasonably certain that my new job was connected with this affair. I figured I was the replacement for the knifee. This turned out to be correct. At any rate, I obeyed orders; I went to my room, fished my old flannel shirt and dirty trousers from my bag, and turned in, wondering why I was to receive fifty dollars for feeding eight people when I had been receiving nothing but my passage for feeding about thirty. I knew there was a catch in it somewhere, but I dropped off to sleep. At six the following morning, I reported for work. This was the true beginning of

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the voyage for me; I was below at last, where the ship's heartbeat was audible and her body odor undispersed.

Why did I long to be below? I don't know. I just remember that I did and that this descent seemed a difficult but necessary step up life's ladder. The whole Alaskan experience was a subconscious attempt to escape from the world, to put off whatever was in store for me; the farther down inside a ship I went, the better the hiding place. Moreover, I wanted to test myself—throw myself into any flame that was handy, to see if I could stand the heat.

The firemen's messroom proved to be a dandy crucible. No young man could have asked for a more direct exposure to heat, fumes, toil, and trouble. The room was small and rank-smelling, with a porthole a few feet above the waterline. When I close my eyes these days and think of Alaska, the picture always comes to me in a round frame, for I viewed much of our future forty-ninth state through the porthole of the firemen's mess, and the picture has a special smell—a blend of cabbage, garbage, steam, filth, fuel oil, engine oil, exhausted air, exhausted men. It is a smell you get nowhere but in a ship.

At one end of the room was a warming table through which live steam passed, a little of it always escaping in whispers and causing the room to overheat. In the center stood the mess table, flanked by two benches. On the side away from the porthole were a sink, a garbage can, and our shrine—the coffee urn. This urn was hooked up to the ship's steam lines. It had an intake valve, an exhaust valve, and a glass gauge in which the coffee slowly rose and fell with the motion of the ship. I soon learned to tell the Buford's angle of heel by glancing at my gauge. Filth set the tone of the room, and the smell was steady and reliable. Filth had accumulated in subtle ways: bits of tired soap stashed away in tin cans, morsels of rotten meat tucked between the pipes overhead, slices of raisin bread that had been deflowered and left to die, cheese that had been placed in safekeeping behind the urn—everywhere trinkets and keepsakes. The former messboy, like so many millions of people on land and on sea, had saved against a rainy day. It was easy to see why the firemen had taken matters into their own hands, finally, and brought his regime to a bloody close. But I think untidiness was only part of the story.

As I stood there on an empty stomach at six o'clock on that first morning and received my instructions from the sec-

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ond steward, I felt dizzy, sick, and scared. The instructions were sketchy, and the second acted as though he wanted to get away while I was still conscious and willing. He told me I was to carry the firemen's grub down from the main galley, serve it, clean up afterward, make the bunks in the forecastle, empty the garbage into a chute in the ship's side, keep the coffee always fresh and hot, keep the toilets clean, and do what the men said. "You take care of them—you do what they tell you," he said. "I'm still your boss, and if you get into any bad trouble, let me know. But they're the ones you have to satisfy." Then he introduced me curtly to my opposite number, a Puerto Rican youth named Luis, who was the sailors' messboy, and who would show me the ropes. The second then departed. I don't recall that he ever showed up again in the small world I now inhabited.

Luis was a twitchy youth swathed in a long, dirty sweater dangling to his knees. He had two eyes, but only one of them was on duty; the other peered straight ahead into another—and, I think, better—world.

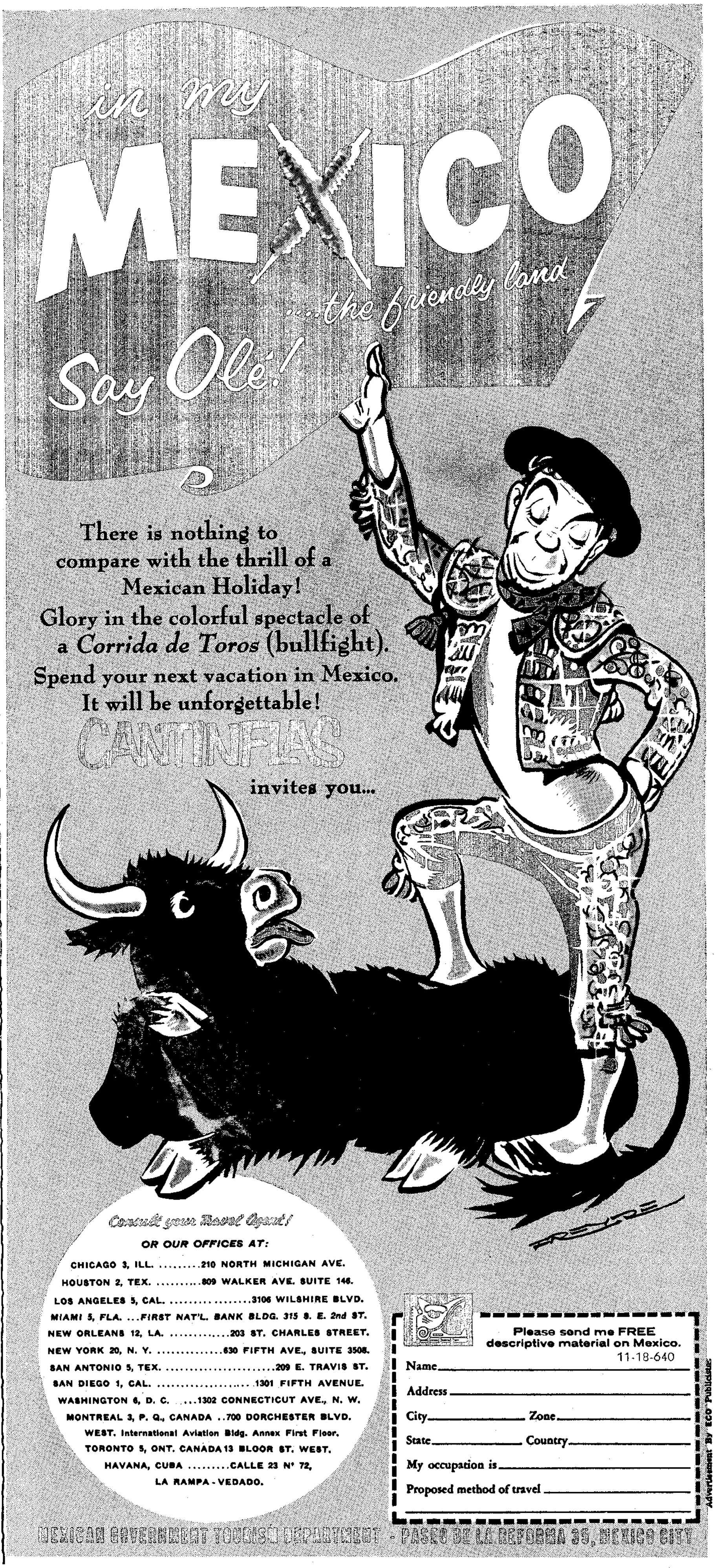
"What job you come from?" he asked.

"Night saloon," I answered.

"Ahhh! Then you know how to steal. That is good." He seemed vastly relieved. My men, he explained, would expect delicacies obtainable only by the light-fingered.

Being shown the ropes by Luis turned out to be a dizzying experience—like being taught to fly a plane by a bright child. "Come ong, boy!" he said, and started out on the run, singing "Rock of Ages" in Spanish. Luis was evanescent, volatile, and loaded with interesting fancies and misconceptions, many of which did not pertain to the mess. He thought seals could fly, and he thought Harding had just been married, not buried. Steam valves mystified and excited him, and he couldn't keep his hands off them. As he scampered here and there, with me tagging along, he warned me about the low state to which I had fallen. The black gang, he said, were the lowest bunch in the ship, and I would be their servant, which made me low man. He described the firemen as having conceits and passions that were incredibly irregular and troublesome. And he warned me about the language in the messroom and forecastle. "Gee, boy," he said sorrowfully, "they use awfool language. Sonna mon beetsch, it is terrible the way they talk, those bastards."

I wasn't worried about any naughty



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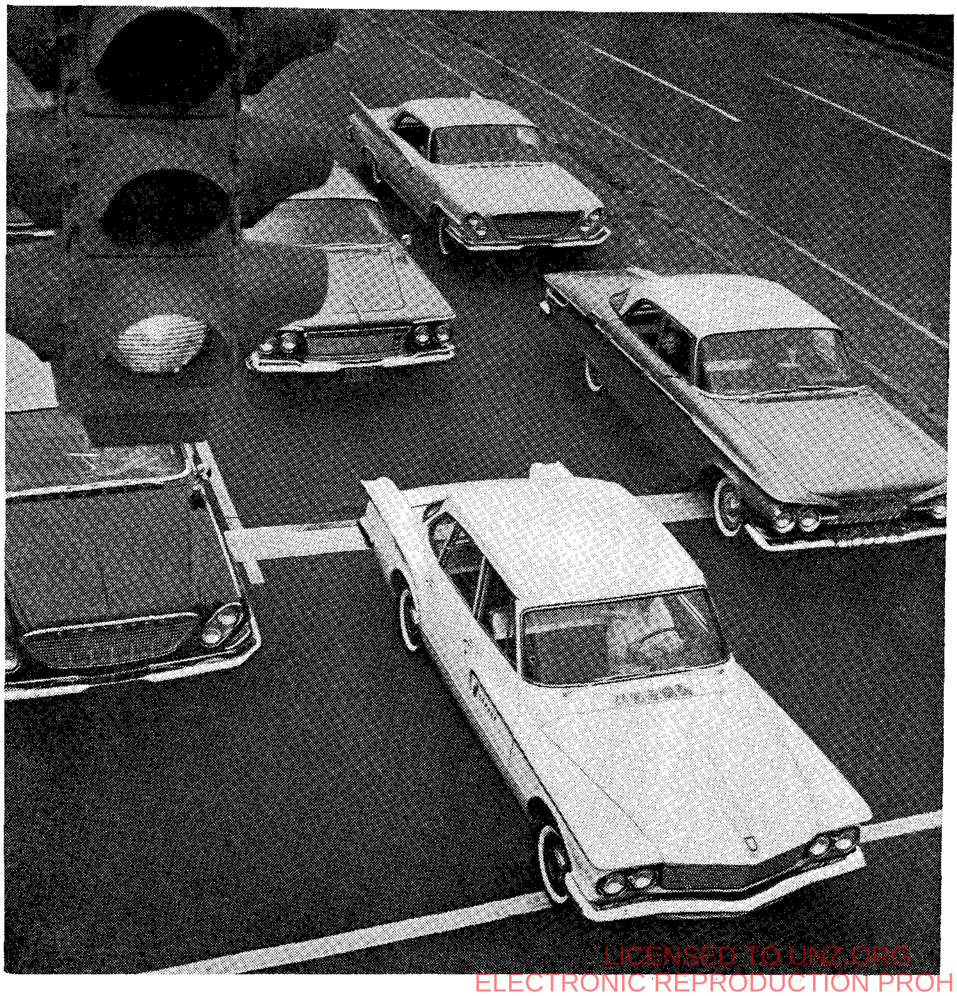
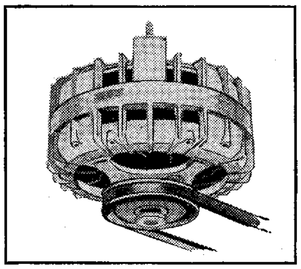


Six newsmen shave with Alternator's power. Just before the batteryless car left Detroit, six automobile writers hooked up electric razors and proceeded to shave—all at the same time—all with electricity provided by the Alternator. Another dramatic demonstration of how the Alternator keeps turning out power even when the engine's idling.

◀ ***Even in heavy traffic,*** the amazing new Alternator keeps your battery fully charged.

Plymouth—Traveled 328 miles without a battery. Alternator is standard on 1961 Chrysler Corporation cars.

without a battery



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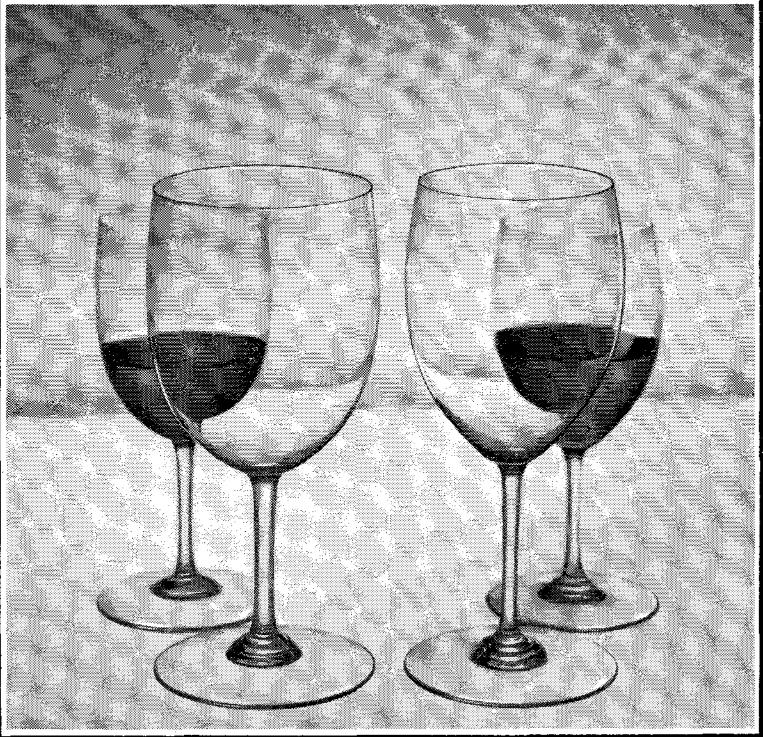

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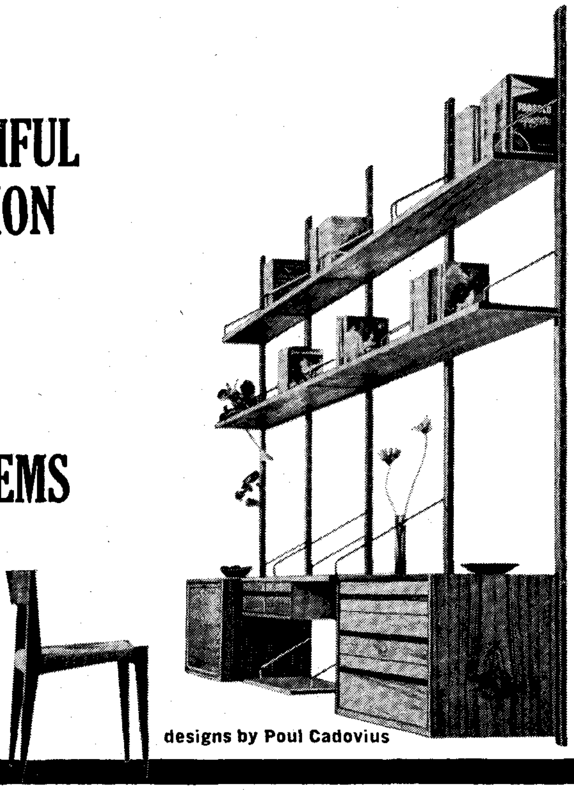

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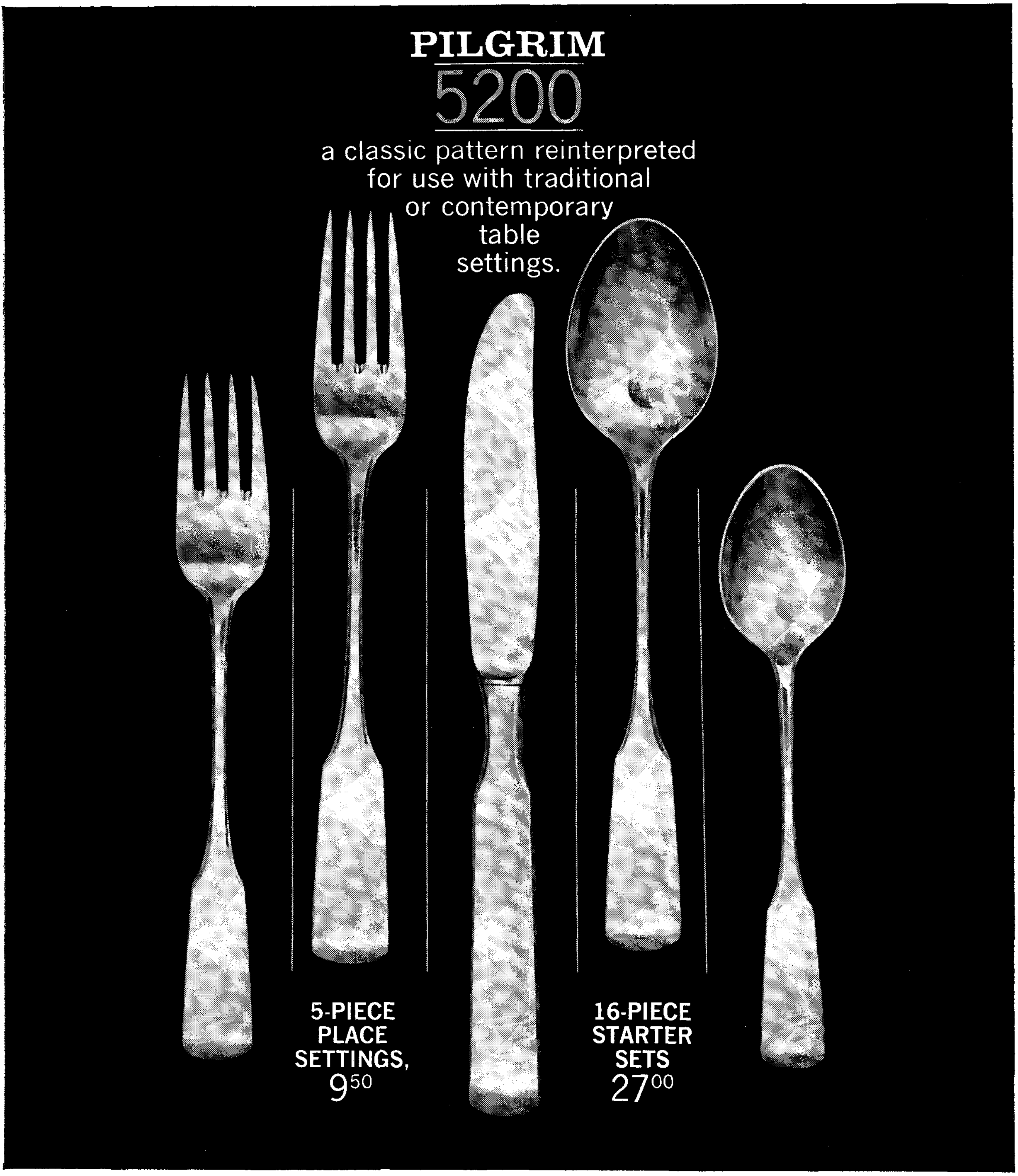
words I might hear, but I had other worries. I knew I was a lamb set down among wolves, and I was greatly concerned lest the firemen, my masters, remember my face as belonging to first class and find out about my past, which was too dainty for a messroom. I was marred by gentility and stained with education. Worst of all, I had come aboard first class, and, thanks to the caprice of the second steward, I still occupied part of a first-class cabin. I knew well enough that these incriminating facts would have to be concealed if I were to survive. I felt like a man who has committed some monstrous crime in the past, one he will have to live down by good conduct. Stealing seemed my golden chance to redeem myself from my early infamy. I determined to be very brave and steal carefully and well. I decided to do my work, give good service, and keep my trap shut. My assets were that I was wearing a two-day beard and clothes that bore the clear imprint of toil.

The first breakfast was crucial and was served in a dense cloud of live steam. Luis had flipped the valves of my coffee urn in passing, the urn had erupted, and the room had become a Turkish bath. I could barely see the men's faces through the murk, blackened and stained as they were with engine-room oil and dirt. But they couldn't see mine, either, which was a break. They complained angrily about the steam bath, and when they found a new boy serving them, their curiosity was aroused, and I was required to answer questions and fill them in on my past. This I did in broad strokes, using place names and dismal events, always derogatory to management. Everywhere I had worked I had got fired, I said. The men were pleased with this familiar indignity, and they loved place names. (I was well fixed for names, as I had spent the previous summer crossing the continent, working at odd jobs.) In Cody, I said, I had sandpapered an open-air dance floor all day for a lousy three bucks. In Minneapolis, I had peddled roach powder, door to door. In Big Timber, I had worked as a hay hand. And everywhere I had got sacked. This was my simple card of admission. Sight unseen, the men hated all my past employers. I was now their boy. As I dodged about, dishing up oatmeal and trying to subdue the urn, my courage began to return. After the first loud outburst, the men settled into a dull guzzle and the question period came to an end. One or two of the faces looked positively amiable. Two of my fellows, I later found out, had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been in jail, which I regarded as adventurous and laudable, and one of them was suffering from a venereal disease, which I found disquieting and worrisome. The memory of the famous Army film "Fit to Fight" was still fresh, and I assumed that I would soon contract the disease merely from using the same cutlery.

My name, I discovered, was Mess. "Get me an orange tonight, Mess!" one of the wipers said as he left the room after my début. I knew from the sound of his voice that this was a direct order. I perceived, too, that the wiper was less interested in the sweetness of an orange than in the sweetness of having a personal servant to bedevil. Below decks, fresh fruit was not part of the diet; to get an orange, you had to either grow one or steal one. In the days that followed, I learned to pinch goodies at the source, or from staterooms with their doors left open. This was part of the routine at sea. I became a floating Robin Hood, providing my men with delicacies by robbing the rich. It was part of the stratagem of survival, theirs and mine, and I laid my snares for a dill pickle as artfully as a trapper for a mink. The men themselves were not unreasonable. While I was carrying out my first assignment, I was in a cold sweat, fearing that the sight of one orange in the messroom might lead to a demand for oranges right across the board. This proved not to be the case. My firemen did not crowd their luck. And except in rough weather, when their deranged stomachs caused them to delve into the vast lore of seasick remedies and dreams of miracle cures effected by combining the most rare and unlikely substances, they asked of me only tasks I could humanly perform. Thanks to my former job in the saloon, I had valuable contacts in vital supply centers. In Wilbur Wolf I had an actual confederate, who saved odds and ends from the night buffet and turned them over to me as slyly as though we were pushing dope. Never knowing when a fireman would strike, I kept goodies always on hand in a hiding place by my bunk, as a man in rattler country keeps a snake-bite kit at the ready.

After breakfast the first morning, as the firemen drifted off to their duties and the Buford steamed north into the Bering Sea, I scrubbed the room, threw out the foul trophies, washed the cloth bag in the coffee urn, and stole an orange. The first day passed without mishap. I went on deck just long enough to see the Buford dive into a wall of cold white fog. A lookout had

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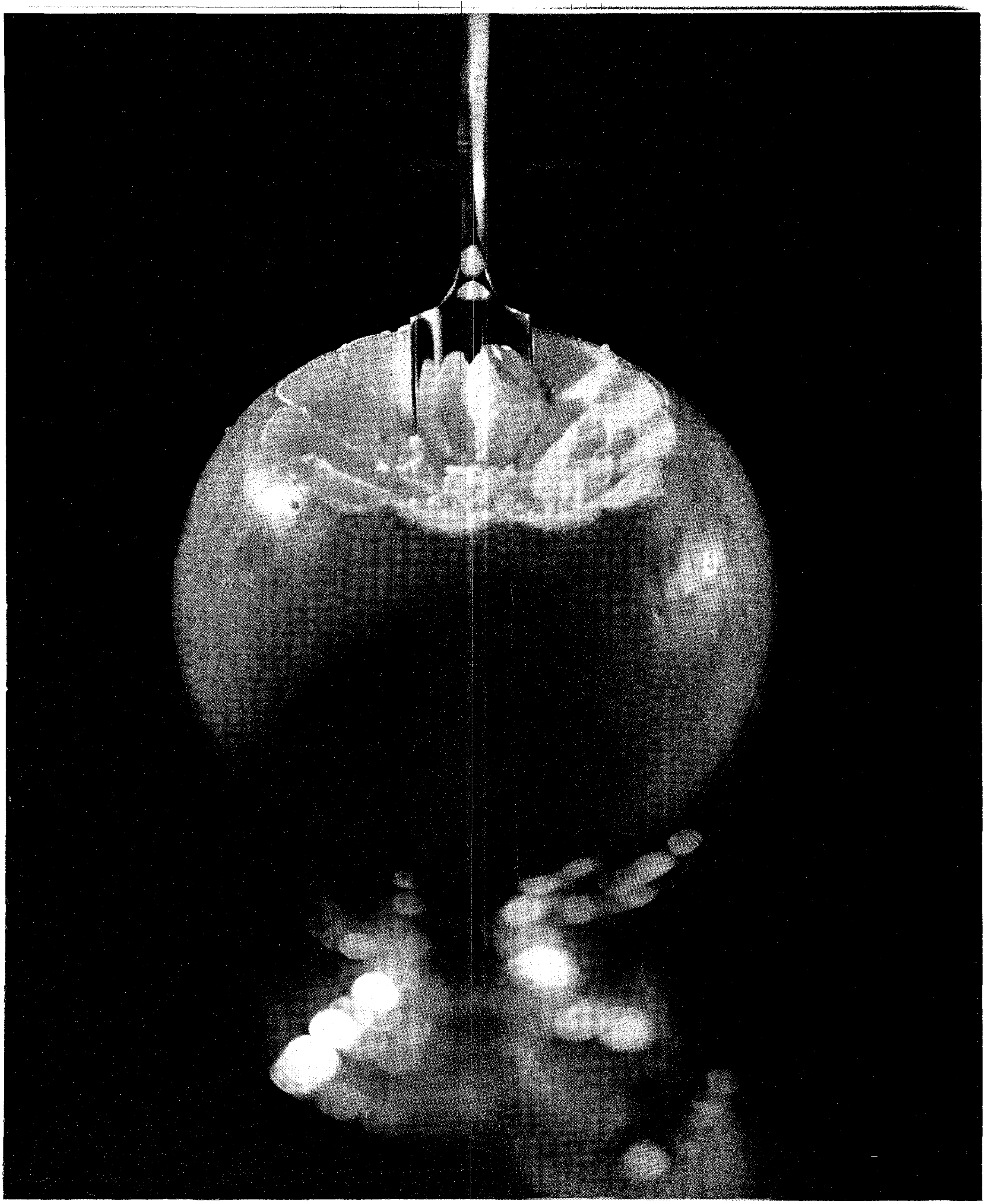

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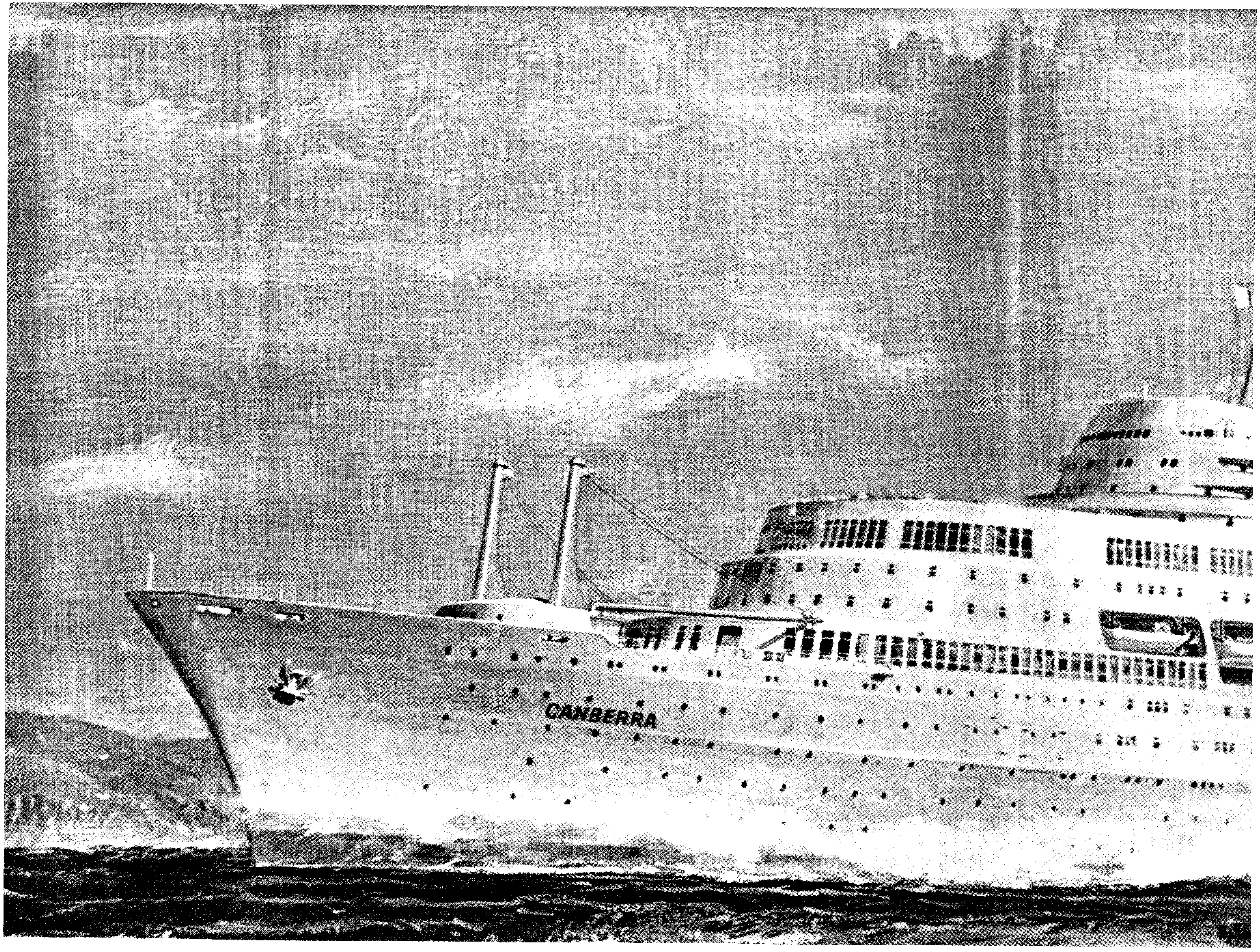

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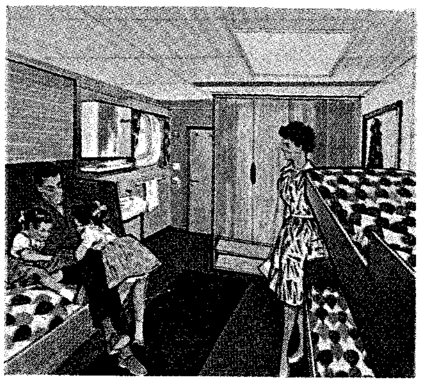

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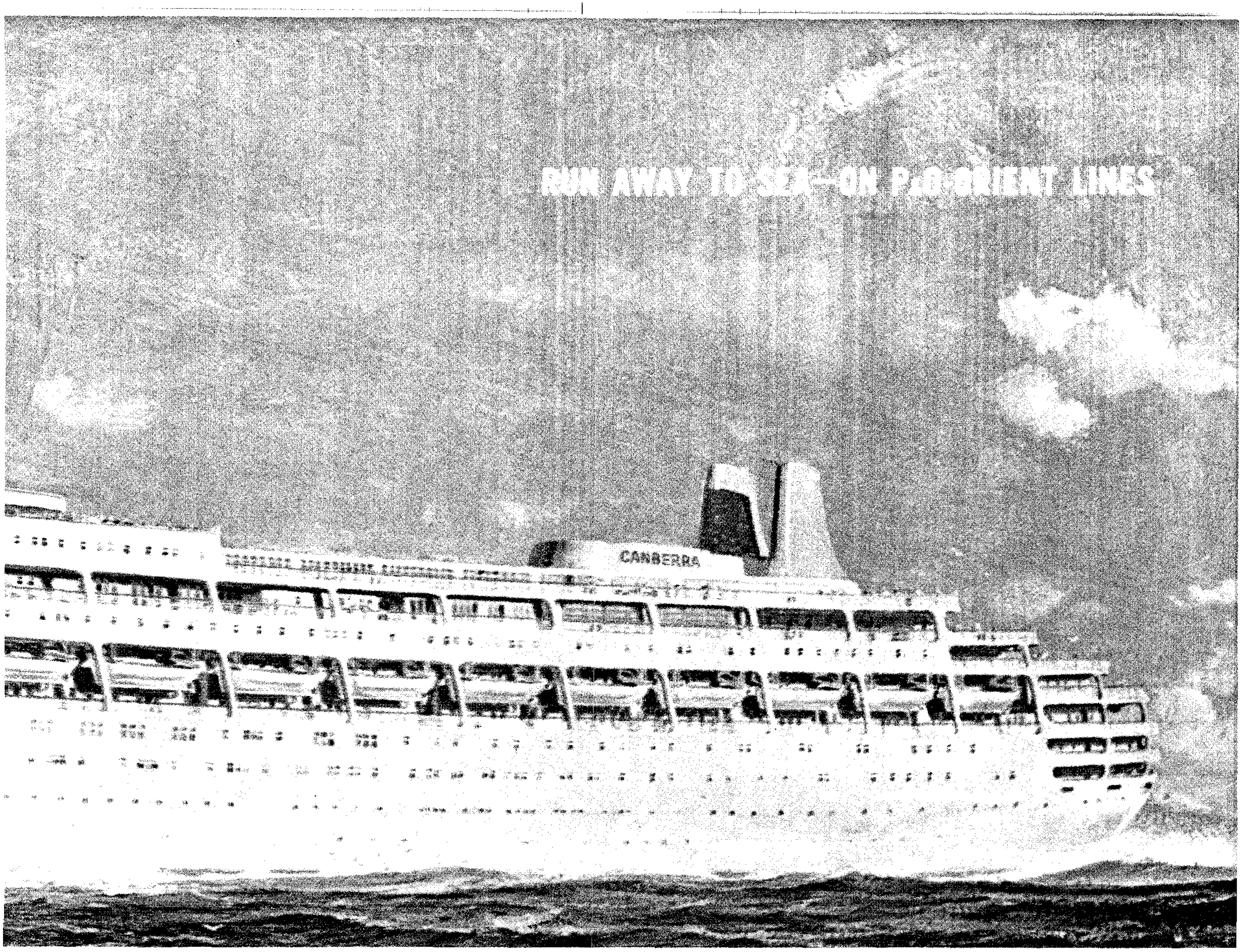
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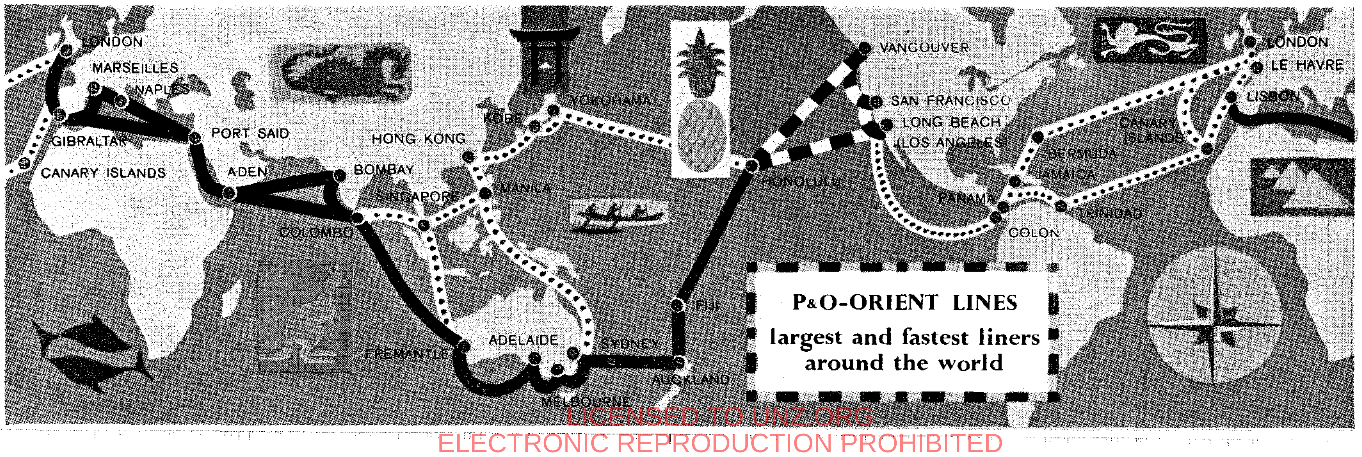
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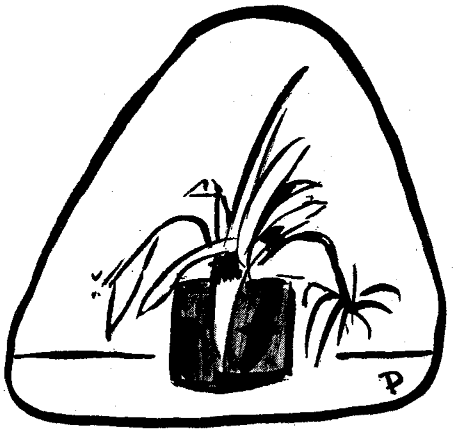
been placed on the forecastlehead, and Tony, the giant Negro watchman, was heaving the lead. Although I was busy getting squared away in my new job, my journal for that date contains a long, fancy description of the heaving of the lead. I was tired, but not too tired for a burst of showy prose.

The task of carrying the big stewpots of food down the almost vertical ladder from the galley proved to be the most formidable part of a messboy's job—far more ticklish than stealing. These caldrons were as big as a bushel basket. They had two opposing handles riveted to the rim. Even when empty they were heavy, and when full of stew they were very, very heavy, as well as piping hot, and they required, of course, the use of both hands, leaving no hand for oneself. In a smooth sea, the trip down the ladder with one of these pots was, for a novice, sobering. In a rough sea, with the ship pitching and rolling, the descent appeared at first glance impossible. The ladder would lose its slant in mid-journey; slowly it would approach the perpendicular, then it would achieve the perpendicular. In a really heavy sea, it would go right past the perpendicular. Luis showed me how to get down. The trick was to wait at the top, stewpot gripped tightly, until the ladder presented a favorable angle for descent. Then you started down cautiously, gaining a round or two. As the ladder began straightening under you, you quickly poked one foot back between the rounds and hooked your toe around the side of the ladder, as an acrobat supports himself when hanging by his feet from a trapeze. As soon as the ladder's cycle was complete and it started back toward a favorable angle, you disengaged your foot and gained another couple of rounds, and so on down until the trip was completed. Those moments of being suspended between decks with a heavy pot full of hot stew and with the combined weight of body and stew supported by one leg and a ter-



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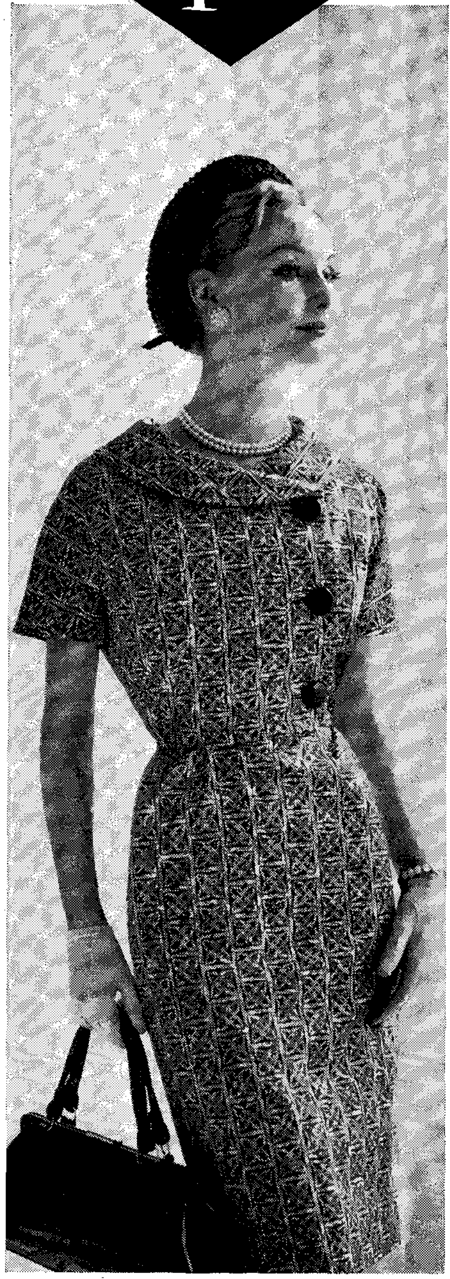
Peck and Peck



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rible strain on the other leg seemed interminable. But I was young, and my ankles were as strong as my opinions. Fortunately, I mastered the ladder trick before the Buford ran into a whole gale in the North Pacific on her way home. By that time, I was an accomplished artist.

IN the Buford, the sailors and the firemen were two distinct societies; they lived apart, ate apart, and thought apart. A ship is no melting pot; it hardens its class distinctions until the social bones are ankylosed. Fireman scorns sailor, sailor derides fireman, on general principles. This is, I guess, traditional, and helps keep everyone toned up. In dress and appearance, the Buford's sailors were a cut above the firemen; they shaved oftener and kept their clothes clean, thus by personal daintiness further arousing the scorn of the firemen. Each group took entire credit for making the ship go and vehemently denied that the work of the other group had any nautical significance whatever. This argument—who makes the ship go?—was pursued endlessly, until logic reeled. I heard it discussed by the hour in my mess as I stood dunking dishes. My men were, in fact, nourished more on argument than on stew meat; the most trivial subject awakened their forensic powers and stirred their passions. I recall one of these arguments clearly. It took place on a day when rice pudding was the dessert. During this course, one of the oilers rose and walked out of the room, with parting instructions to leave his pudding alone; he would be right back to finish it. As soon as he was out of sight, the man next to his place leaned over the unguarded bowl and blew his nose vigorously into the pudding. This nasty jape was greeted with roars of approval by two or three of the company and with equally loud dissent by the rest, who attacked the gesture not on ethical grounds but on the ground that it constituted a simple breach of etiquette. The quick division of the room into two serious factions, with right and wrong submerged in the more ruly sea of social convention, lent the occasion an unexpected significance and a kind of intellectual splendor. I was tempted to remove the contaminated pudding and substitute a fresh portion, but I lacked the nerve. For all I knew, the act would have been a serious breach of etiquette on *my* part, punishable with the knife. I'm not sure what the upshot of the joke was, but I seem to remember that when the oiler got back to the room, he was warned

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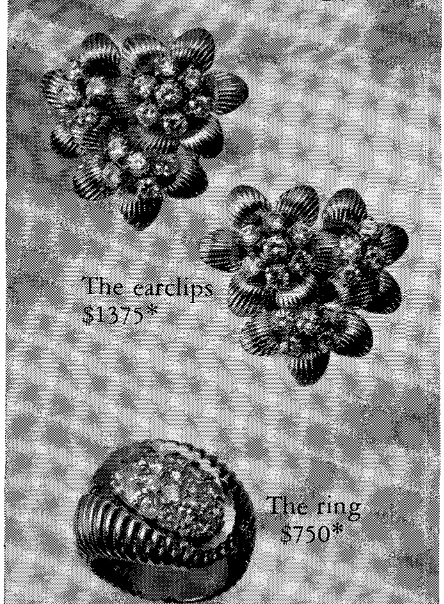

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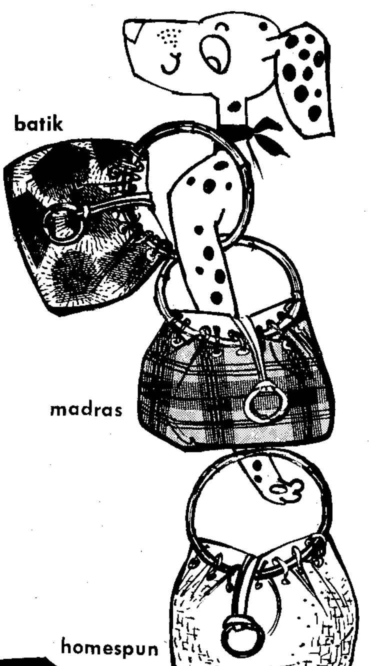

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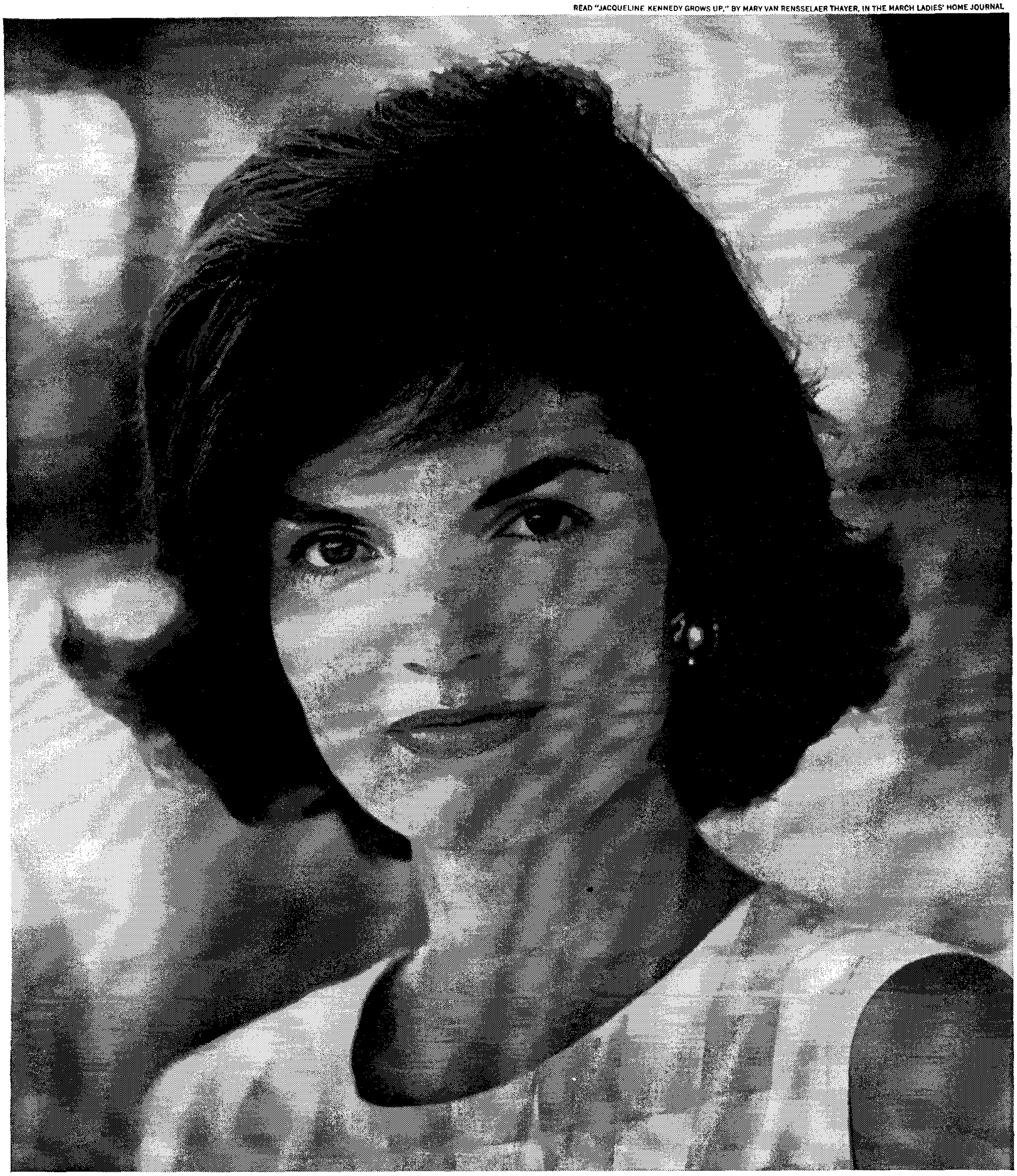

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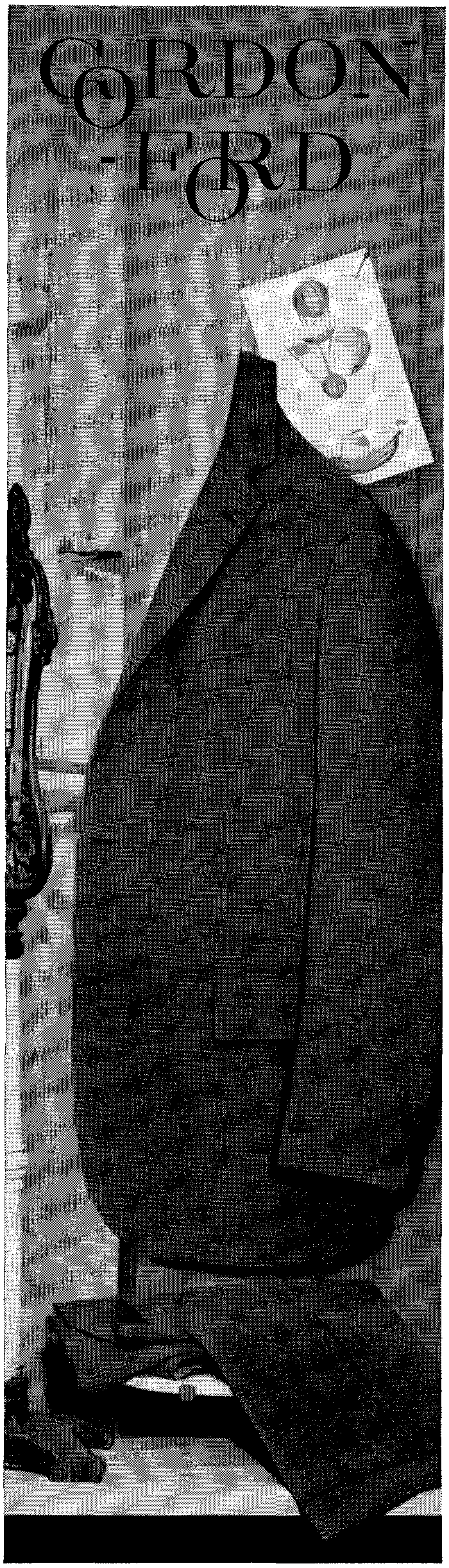
WHEN THE JOURNAL SPEAKS—WOMEN LISTEN



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of the state of the pudding by the group who were sticklers for the social niceties.

At St. Paul, in the Pribilof Islands, I went ashore during a lull in the mess, trotted out to the rookery, and watched the seals. Each big bull was surrounded by his harem. Many of the cows had had their pups, and the place was like a gay, foul-smelling nursery during a children's party, with fights breaking out among the elders. I could have watched the fun for days but had to hurry back to my urn. Luis was dispirited when I reported that seals could not fly. He was filling a ketchup jar—a moment of high drama complicated by this saddening piece of news.

At St. Lawrence Island, we anchored off the village of Gambell and set a missionary and his wife ashore, a Mr. and Mrs. Nickerson. It was the end of the voyage for them. Twenty Eskimos came aboard, loaded with ivory goods and sealskin objects. They spoke no English except for a few key phrases like "seventy-five cents," which they uttered clearly and firmly. They could also say "napkin ring" and "paper knife" very nicely. The ladies of San Francisco, starving for loot and long absent from the bazaars, clutched wildly for the prizes and bid loudly against each other. I watched from a vantage point while a pair of sealskin slippers was bid up from a dollar to six-fifty. The Eskimo hesitated. At this moment, one of my firemen stuck his head up from a companionway, caught the fellow's eye, and beckoned to him. The Eskimo left the ladies and walked over to my man, who thereupon produced from his shirt two dirty cakes of soap and a roll of toilet paper. These items were accepted instantly and the slippers changed hands—a severe setback for the trail blazers of the San Francisco Chamber of Commerce. The ladies were furious. A few of the more alert and energetic ones rushed off to their staterooms and returned with soap and tissue, but trade between San Francisco, Alaska, and Siberia had taken an ugly turn, and the Buford's high purpose seemed momentarily clouded. At noon, Luis and I served lunch to the Eskimos in the sailors' mess, Luis fairly transported by contact with savages in a strange land. Later, the six Brown Brothers unlimbered their horns, and the Eskimos danced, with surprising frenzy. None of them had ever heard a sax, and the sound made them drunk.

At St. Michael, we loaded fish. "All day long barrels of fish went across the sky with a rattle," ran my poem for August 15th, "Swung up from the

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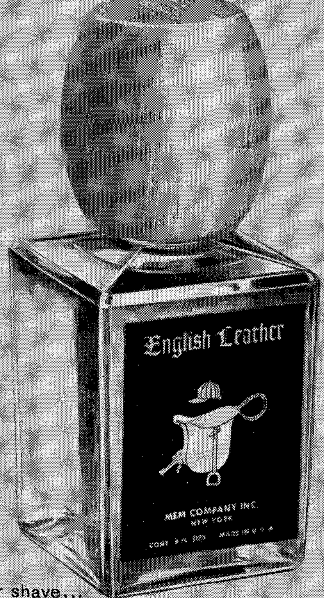

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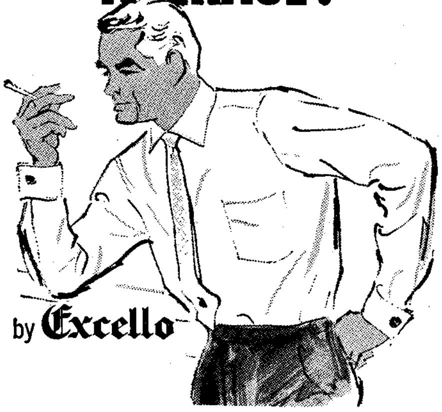

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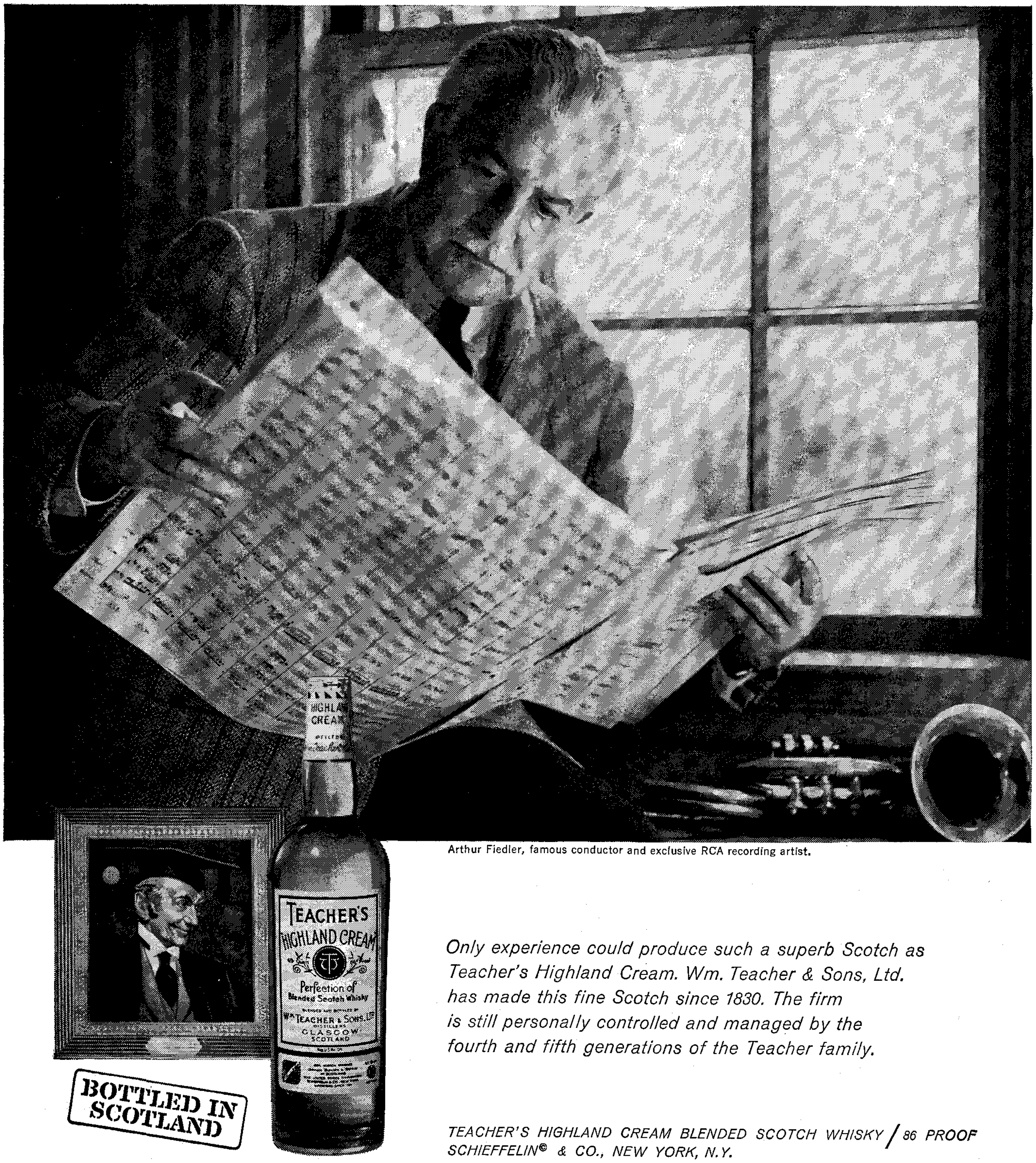

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Elizabeth Arden

lighter across the sky and down into the hold of the vessel./ The quartermaster had square shoulders and he drove the winches—all day long./ And at evening, when the sky got orange, and gray clouds mustered for a sunset, the fair-haired girl came and stood at the rail to watch the square-shouldered quartermaster./ She's his girl, I said. They'll get married, and the boys will grow up to be square-shouldered like the father./ A sea gull lifted itself from the water and glided peacefully into the orange west."

The quality of my verse plunged steadily down as the Buford plunged steadily north. One trouble the poet had was sheer fatigue; he was a mighty tired poet at the end of a day.

On Friday, August 17th, the Buford anchored off Nome; we had reached the gateway to the top of the world. The sea was rough, and for a while we were unable to unload cargo. All sorts of rumors were astir—that we were low on water, that we were low on oil, that we would not go to the ice pack, that we would be a week late getting back to the States. The tug Genevieve came alongside, and with some others I went down a ladder and got a ride ashore. Genevieve made hard work of it, and two ladies were stricken with nausea and were in bad shape when they set foot on the beach. On Saturday night, at about nine o'clock, I stood outside the office of the Nome *Nugget*, across from the Nome Tailoring Company, and watched the first copies of that weekly paper come off the press. The *Nugget* office was full of men and dogs. I bought a copy for twenty-five cents and read the streamer head: "GREAT FUTURE ASSURED NOME; NOME-SAN FRANCISCO JOIN HANDS NORTH OF 53." It was an eerie moment in mercantile history, this joining of San Francisco and Nome. The ship was dressed in flags, and the local population of the dreary little town was delighted to see visitors come ashore, even if they vomited on arrival. I do not know how fruitful the occasion turned out to be in the world of trade; the only fruit I saw with my own eyes was in the window of Mrs. Wanger's shop, where a classy new line of fall hats and dresses that had been hustled ashore from the Buford was on display. I strolled about the ghostly town in the bright night and took in the sights—the North Pole Bakery, the Nome Sheet Metal Works, the Dream Theatre, Andrew Box's Elite Baths & Hotel (Steam-Heated Rooms), and Mrs. Wanger's red-hot finery.

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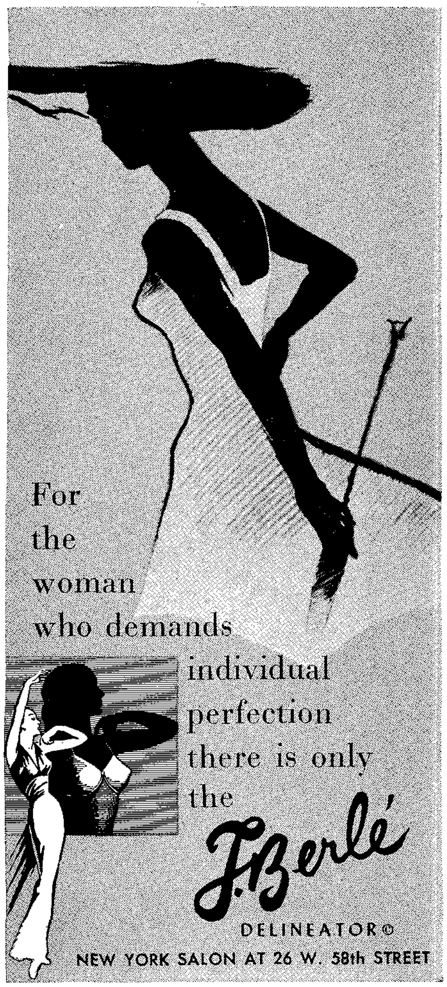

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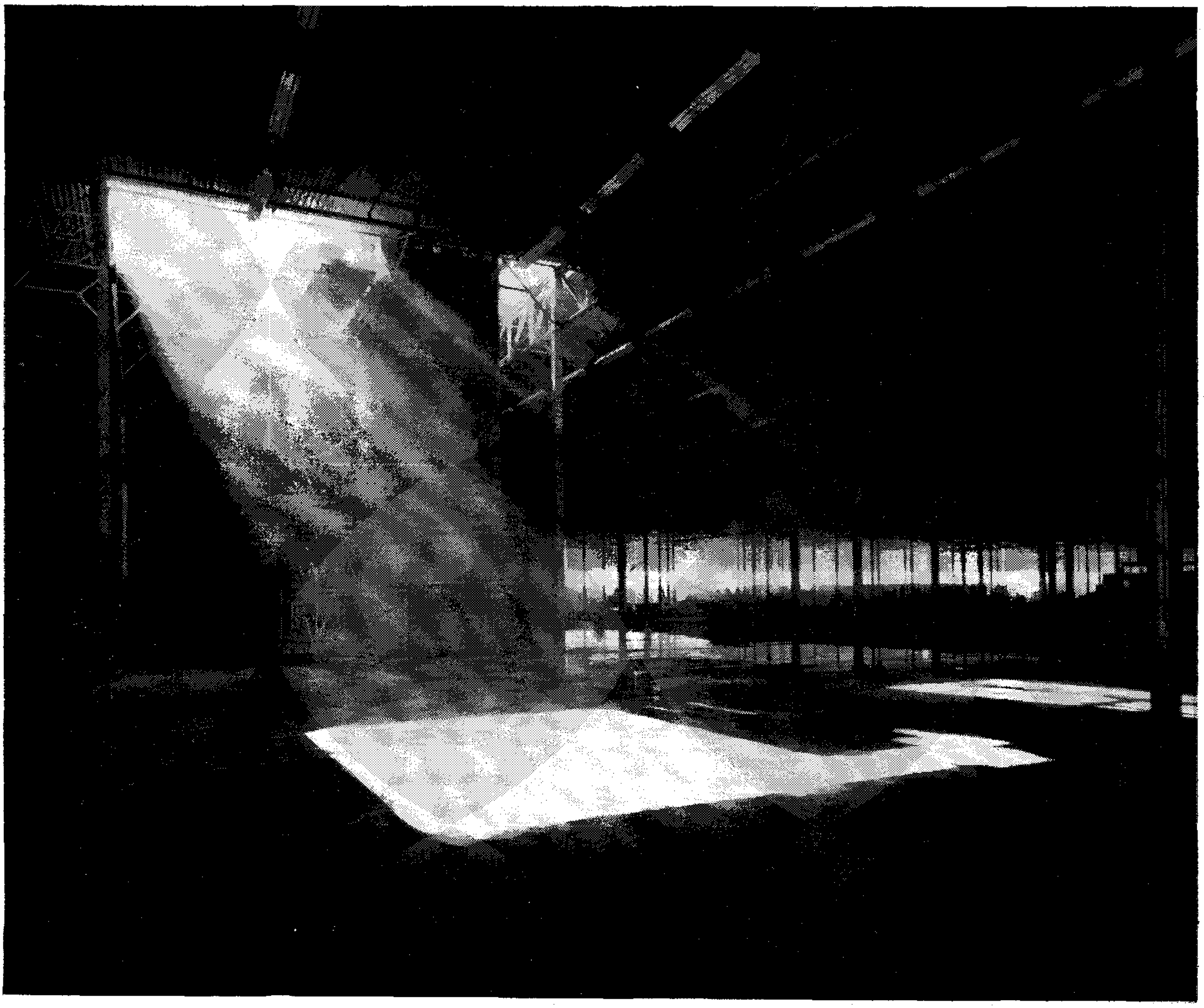

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event with a special four-page supplement dedicated to amity and trade. On the editorial page appeared an apology:

> To Our Patrons Regards the Delay of the Paper
>
> We wish to take this opportunity to say to the readers of the Nugget that due to the fact that we have added another four pages to today's edition we feel that an explanation is in order for our delay in having the paper out on time. In order to add this amount to the paper we worked all night Friday night not going to bed at all.

The "we" of this notice was George S. Maynard, owner and publisher of the *Nugget* and Mayor of Nome, a real night owl.

I've often wondered how San Francisco's business giants felt when they glimpsed those tumbledown, almost deserted hamlets of the North. Nome must have been a particularly heavy shock. Nome's rickety houses were strung out in a long line fronting the main street. Everybody in Nome lived out of tin cans, and the disposal system was simple and direct; the empties got heaved out of rear windows, and landed on the beach. The beach was an enormous dump, with the accumulated pile of cans comparing favorably with the buildings themselves as an architectural mass. I'll say this for Nome, though: at a certain hour of the day, when the sun hit the place just right, the dump produced an extraordinary phenomenon. The top layer of cans would suddenly catch the sun's rays, and when this happened the crescent beach, viewed from the deck of a ship in the roadstead, would appear to burst into flames, and the down-at-heel gold town for a few breathtaking moments would wear a circlet of fire.

My strongest memory of Nome is of the close shave I had while there. I went to my garbage chute one morning and dumped a big load of slops overside, not knowing that a lighter had tied up to the ship during the night. The garbage took one of the lightermen fairly in the head. He was a big man, and he came aboard bellowing that he would kill whoever had done it. I rushed up to first class and hid, and he never found me. The episode gave me quite a turn, though. I can still see him, with all that stuff in his hair and blood in his eye, coming up the ladder to get me.

From Nome, the Buford steamed to Teller, where about a dozen white men remained from a gold-rush population of ten thousand, and then passed through Bering Strait and headed for the ice pack through quiet seas. We were the first passenger ship to invade this part of the world. Here in the Arctic, I began to

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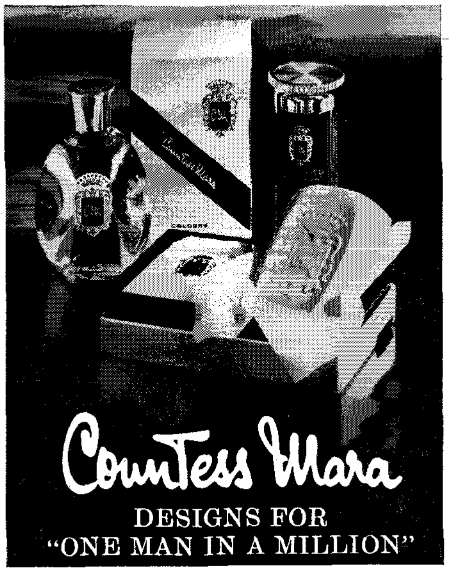

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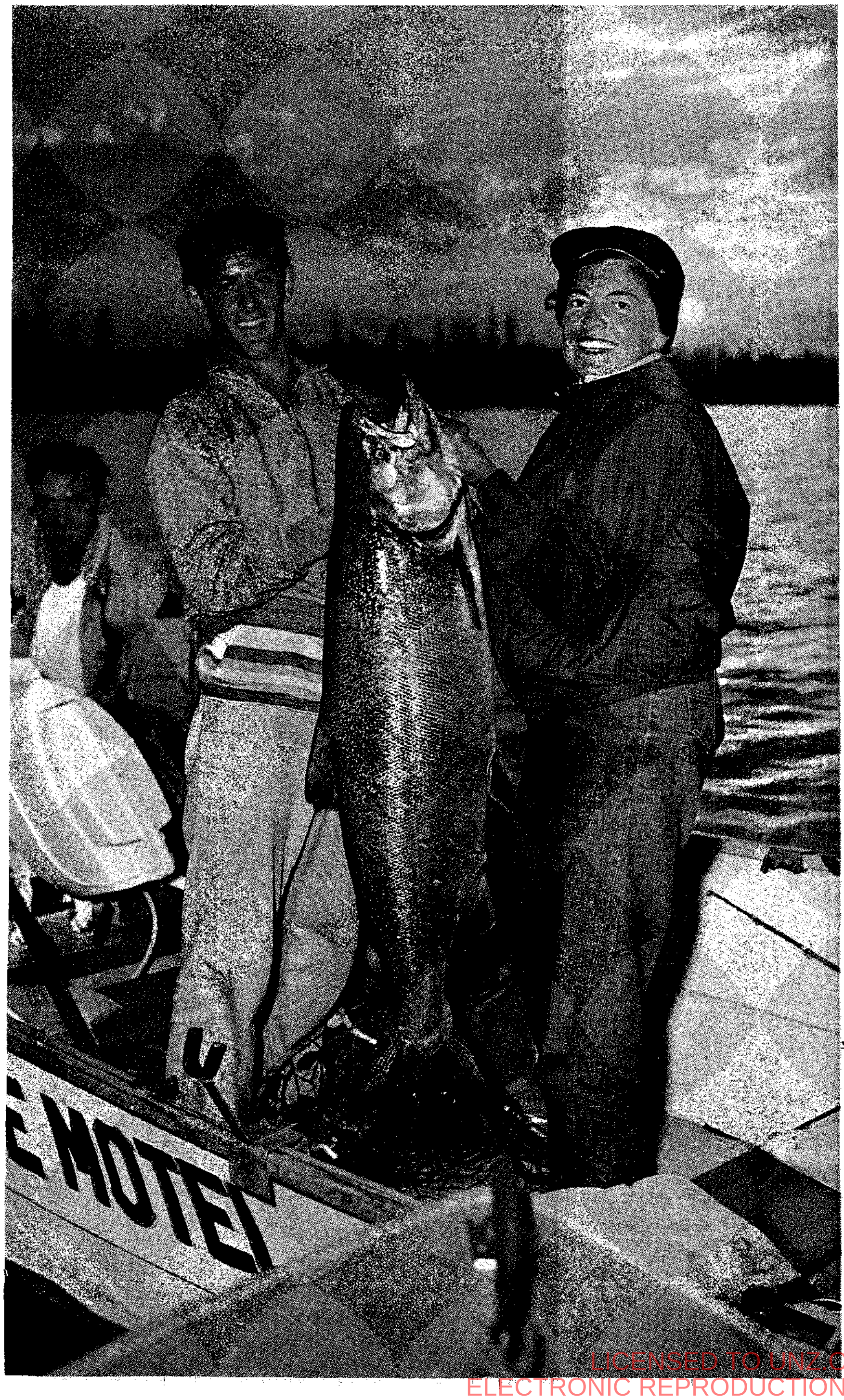

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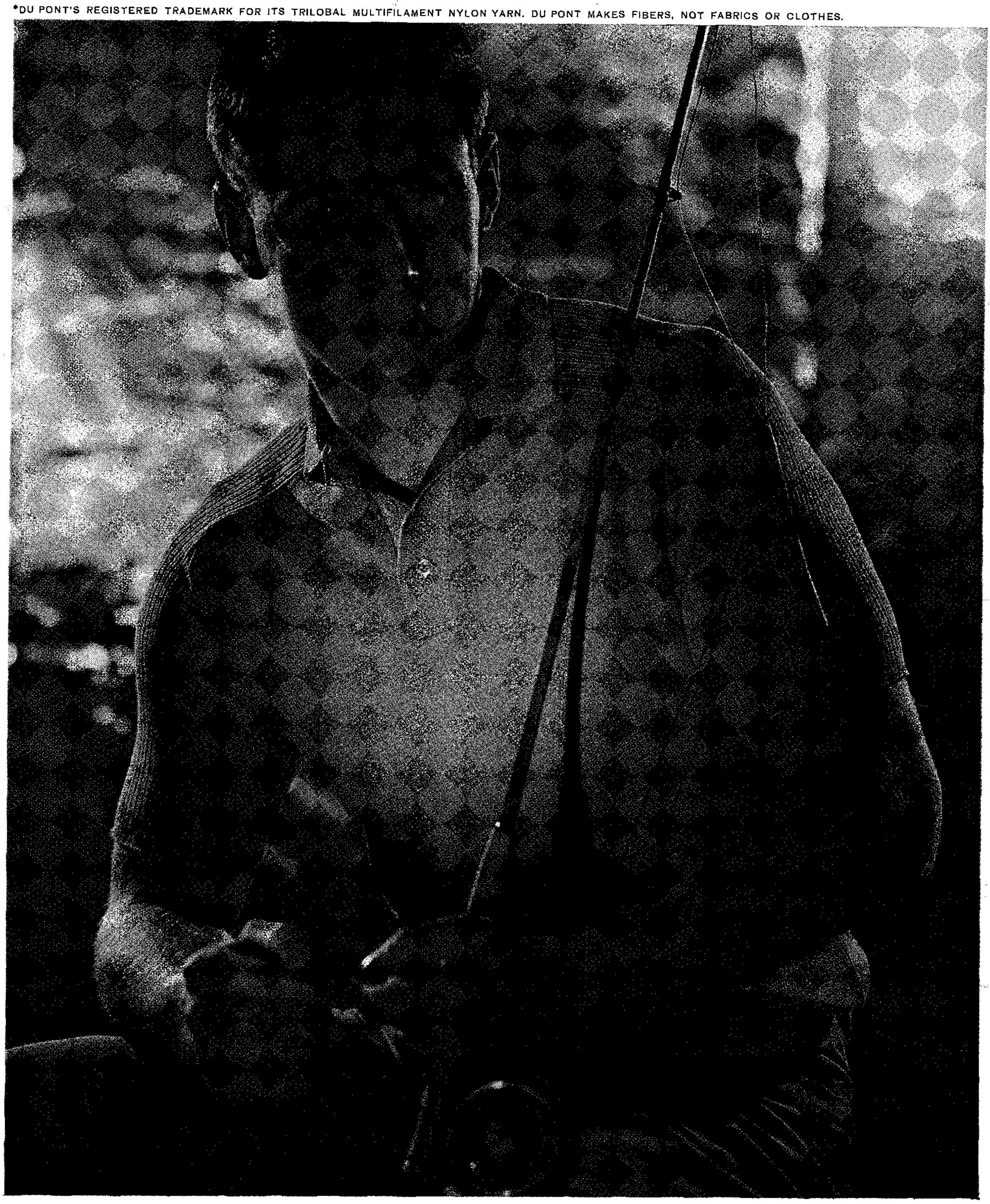

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feel the inadequacy of my wardrobe; I hadn't even brought along a pair of wool socks. Nights were cold and bright; the ship proceeded without running lights. One of our missions was to touch at Wrangell Island and take off two men stranded there. There had been a lot of talk about this, but the whole business fell through; at 70° North Latitude our path was blocked by ice, and we never reached Wrangell. Instead, we hunted walrus.

When the ice was sighted, Captain Lane went aloft in the shrouds and peered ahead through binoculars while the passengers watched admiringly from the deck. Soon our captain came down and ordered the ship stopped. Then, to my great surprise, he left us. With ice closing in all around us, he simply beat it—went off for a hunt in a double kayak with three Eskimos we had taken aboard at Nome. It gave everybody an uneasy feeling—the ship nuzzled by ice, and no captain on board. The hunting party was gone a long while. The passengers, alert and interested at first, grew weary of watching and waiting, and when the hunters finally returned, empty-handed, everyone felt let down. Next day, the hunters had better luck; seven walruses were shot. They were swung aboard by the boom tackle and dumped on the forward deck, where they immediately began to ripen. These huge corpses stayed with us for days; the heads and skins fetched up at last in the Oakland Museum, whose curator, if the wind was right, must have known long in advance that they were coming. My whole account of the trip in the Arctic Ocean follows:

> Wed. Aug. 22. The walrus hunt. Consensus of opinion among ladies was that the icebergs were beautiful but the walruses were disgusting. Mr. Snow, sitting on walrus and thinking of funny sayings. Luis, the sailors' mess—"Surely this world it is a beautiful thing." The bob-haired girl went on deck just long enough to find out what walrus looked like, and then went back to the chief engineer's room to play cards.

(There was always a card game in the chief's room—that is one of the few things I remember about Alaska. I also remember seeing a polar bear in its natural habitat. Luis was right; surely this world it is a beautiful thing.)

At about three o'clock in the afternoon of the twenty-third, Luis darted into my messroom, flipped all valves, and made an announcement: "Come ong, boy! Come quick, quick! Assia!" He drew the name out lingeringly—"Ass-ee-a." He was all dolled up in a

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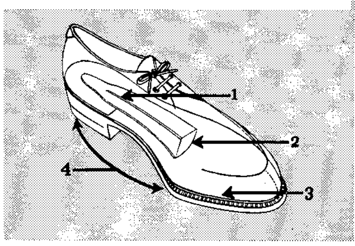

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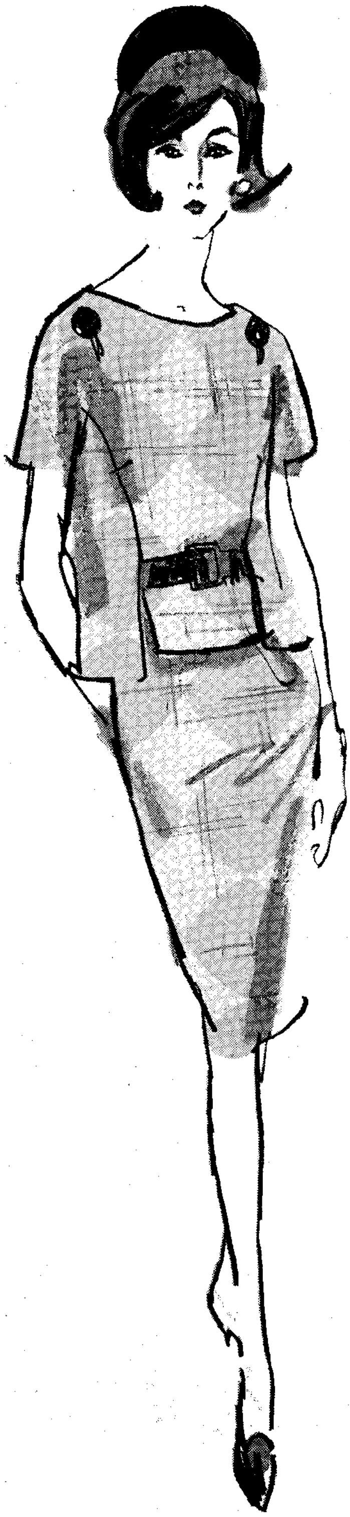

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clean shirt, ready to go ashore and send postcards. Together we rushed on deck, and there it was—Asia, a bleak headland called Cape Serdze, with patches of snow spotting the ground. Whales were all around us as we closed with the land; they blew and slapped their flukes. All over the deck lay the stinking walruses, the massive carcasses slashed and gouged by the knives of our hungry Eskimos, who gnawed at the raw trophies as you might work away at a cheese if you were in need of a snack. Blood leaked from the mutilated animals. It spread in rivulets across the deck and responded to the slight roll of the ship. The passengers, for their part, responded to the name Siberia; it was our Arctic pièce de résistance, justifying the trip and putting the authentic touch on the name Alaskan-Siberian Navigation Company. Mr. Snow went forward to the forecastlehead and cracked jokes about the Bolsheviki.

"No one knew what to expect," I wrote. "There was a good deal of speculation at first about whether the ship would be fired on. In a general way, the passengers felt that there was something hostile about Russia." Hostile or not, the San Francisco Chamber of Commerce was experiencing its most adventurous hour, and possibly its most footless, and I don't doubt that if we had been fired on, Mr. Snow would have returned the fire with what ammunition remained after our assaults on Taku and on the walruses. Mr. Hubbard, wandering gingerly among pools of blood, saw that Siberia was represented by a couple of dozen furry Eskimos and one squaw man; they came aboard from a skin boat as soon as the Buford dropped her hook. On shore we could see dogs curled up asleep among patches of tired snow. At this point, I shall quote from that other diarist of the Buford, J. Wilbur Wolf. Wilbur managed to get ashore. "Here," he wrote, "I witnessed the first real Eskimo huts. How shy the natives are, and how unsanitary."

Wilbur traded a few pieces of silver for a Siberian gun holster, Mr. Snow traded an old cap for a polar-bear skin, and we were off for East Cape, which proved to be a repetition of Serdze—headlands, a gray beach, a gray shack flying a small red flag, skin dwellings, vagrant fogs, snow in patches along the shore, and low hills hinting at the vast continent that lay beyond the fog and beyond the power of the imagination. (It may have been memories of the utter drabness of Siberia that caused the Buford's co-owner Mr. Ogden to seek

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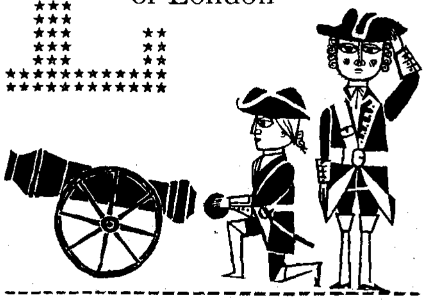

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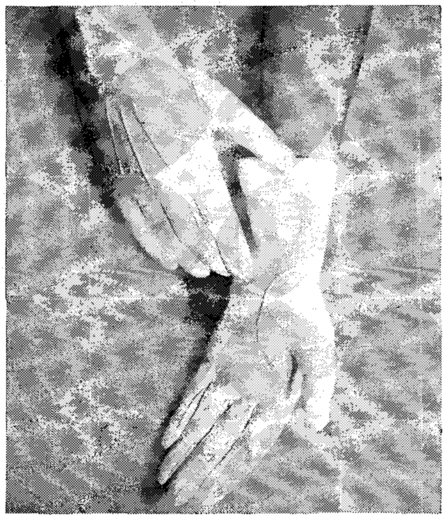

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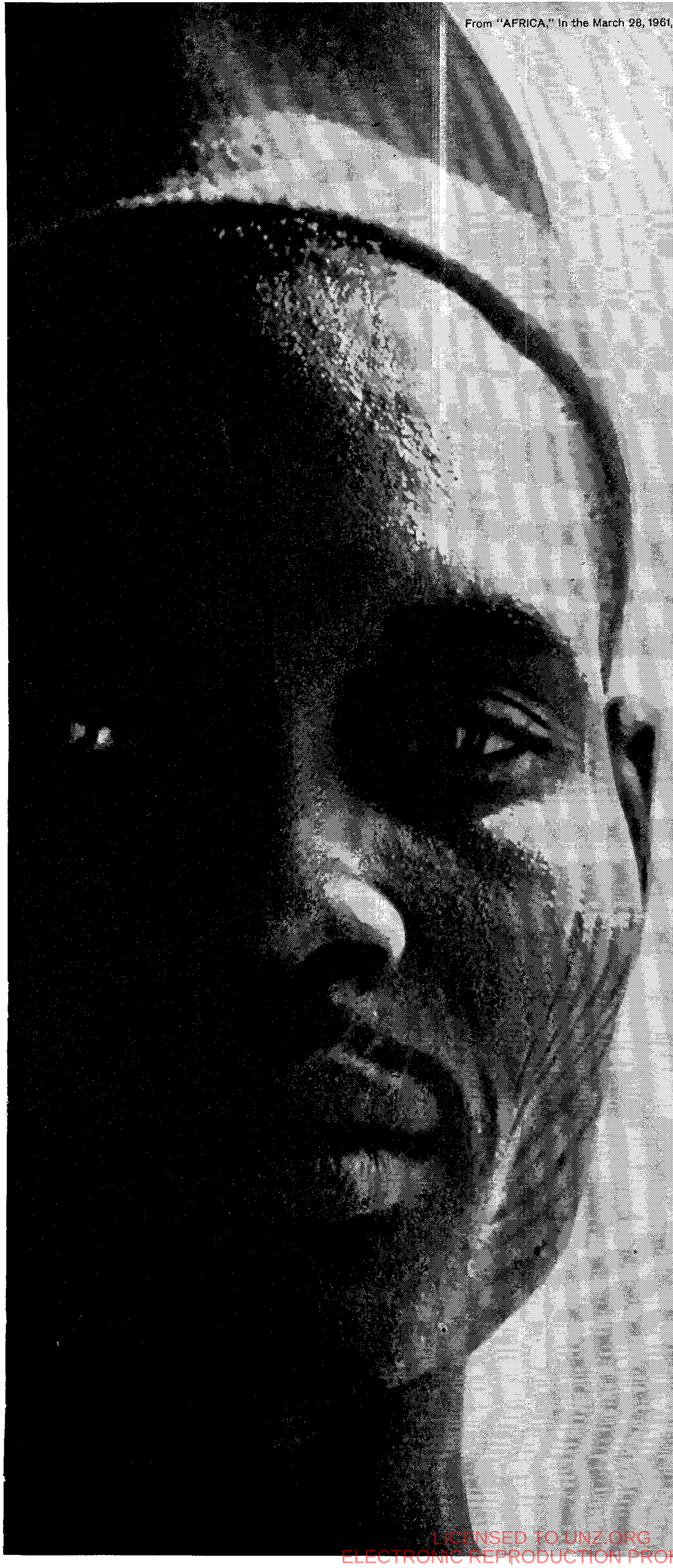

From "AFRICA," in the March 28, 1961, LOOK

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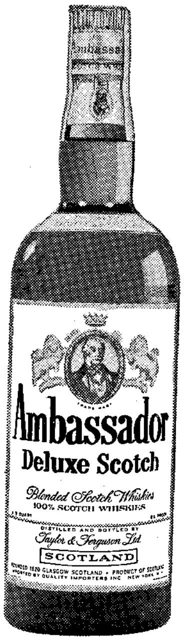

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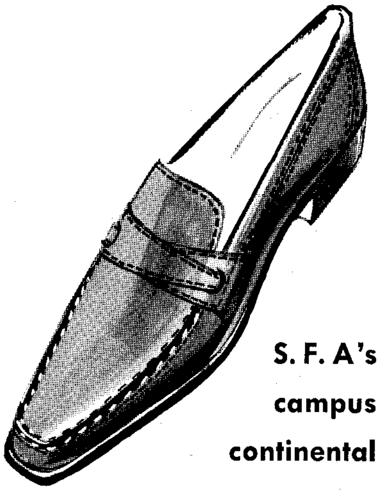
greener pastures for his boat; her next excursion was to Samoa and the Marquesas—a financial bust like the Siberian affair, but at least a languorous one.) Emotionally, the Buford and her passengers had had it; we were ready for home. Captain Lane guided his ship across the Strait, called again at Nome, just long enough to take on ten passengers, and then started the homeward journey, with parting salutes from the Coast Guard cutter Bear, the tug Genevieve, the Hudson's Bay Company's ship, and a whistle ashore. We steamed to False Pass, took aboard some workers from the cannery, and struck boldly out across the North Pacific in a direct line for Seattle. We had not been at sea long when the gale hit.

The new passengers at Nome had put a strain on the Buford's accommodations, and Wilbur and I had been the first to feel the squeeze. We had been booted out of first class. There seemed to be no place to put us until some genius in the Steward Department remembered the ship's prison. This was a tiny steel cell, six feet by six feet, containing two hard, narrow bunks, one above the other—a cute little poky, well off the beaten track. It was located in the 'tween-decks, and Wilbur and I, after the surprise had worn off, were well pleased with it. For my part, I was glad to move into the brig because it relieved me of my fear of being discovered in first class by a fireman. Wilbur liked our new home because it was an outside room. "Somehow or other," he wrote in his diary, "a person can always adapt himself to new environment."

The gayest feature of our new environment was a large, noisy soil pipe running vertically through the room from a very popular toilet on the deck above. We arranged our clothes, wrapped in a sheet, behind this pipe. The door of our cell was heavy steel, and there was a steel sill about a foot high that you stepped over to get in or out. "We have fitted the cell out like a palace," wrote Wilbur in the first fine flush of nest-building. "Advantages: more secrecy [this was for hiding stolen food]; more light, outside room; better air, and more independence. The disadvantages will loom up later, I suppose."

They weren't long looming up. Our pint-sized palace felt the impact of the gale as soon as the Buford took her first big roll. The deadlight was leaky; it kept air out but let sea water in, in the mysterious manner of deadlights. Trapped by the high sill, the water in the room built up to a mean depth of



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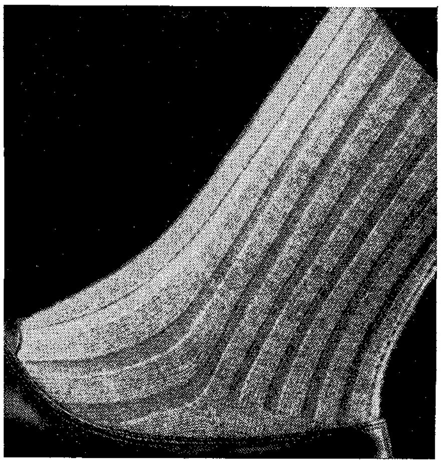

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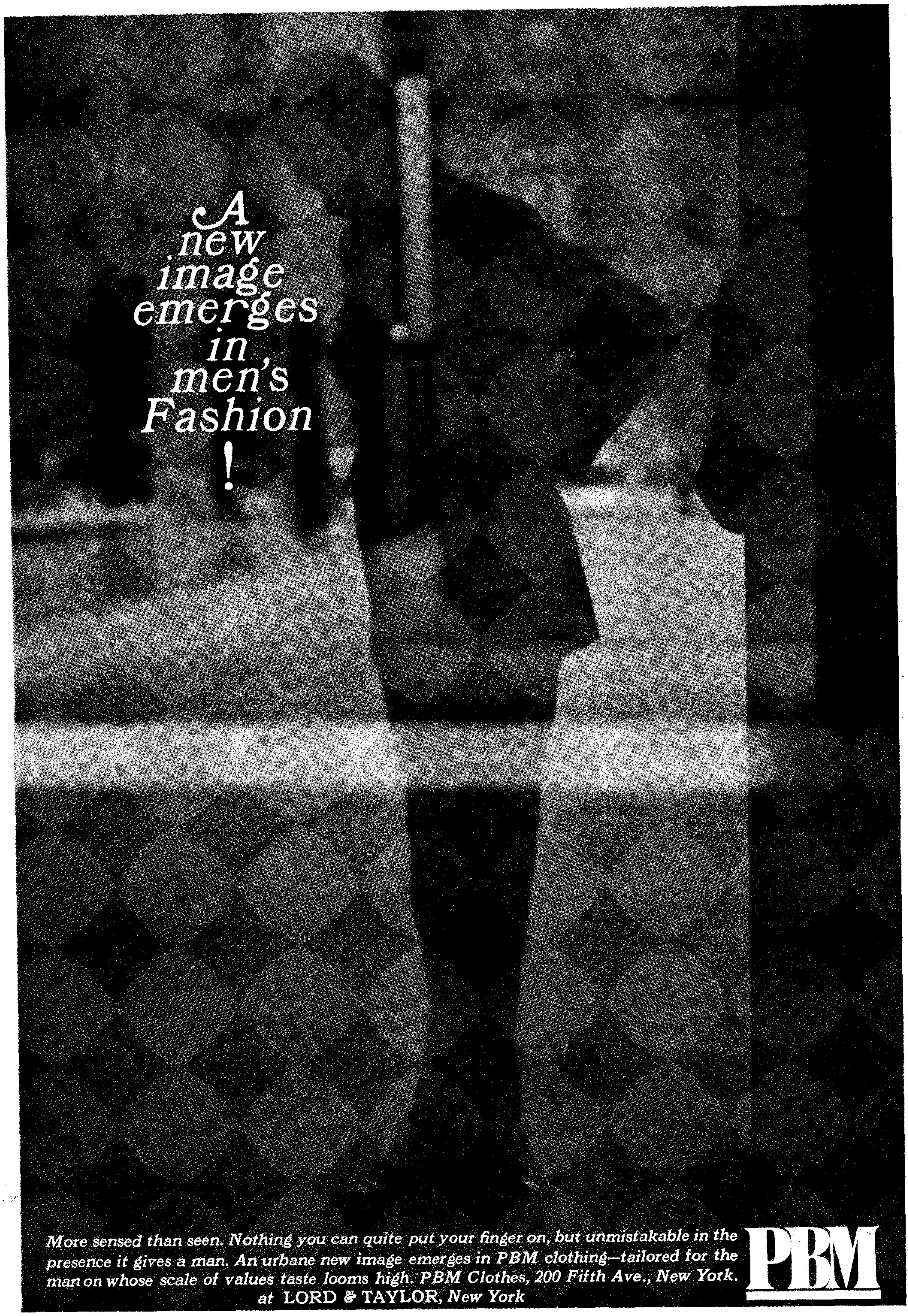
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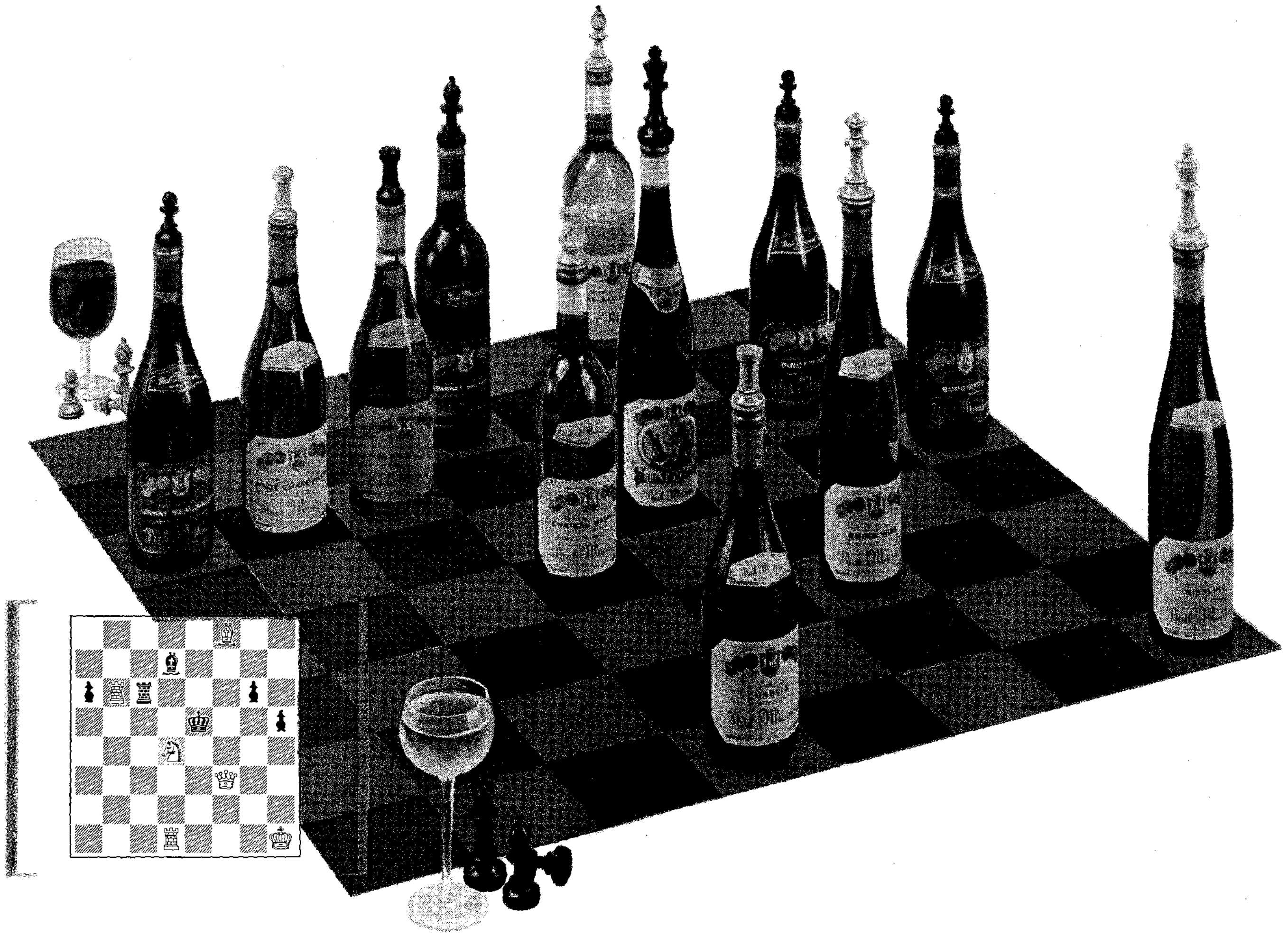

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[The chess problem above was worked out for us by George Koltanowski, Author and blindfold Chess Champion; White to play and mate in two moves. If you'd like to match wits with him fill out part 2 of the coupon below; if not just stick to part 1. Either way it's your move.]

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about ten inches. Wilbur's stomach collapsed with the first roll of the ship, and he went to bed in the lower bunk, where he lay for three days *in extremis*, his groans blending with the mighty complaints of the soil pipe, his bunk awash like some bleak outer ledge, subject to the incessant rising and falling of our interior tides.

Most of the Buford's passengers, from long days and nights of wining and dining, fell horribly ill. More than half the crew were sick. My messroom was almost deserted, but as a matter of routine I had to set food on the table, regardless of the men's ability to retain it. I was also very busy mixing the extraordinary cocktails by which my men hoped to get relief from their agonies—pineapple ice cream laced with piccalilli, prune juice and tomato juice in equal parts with a sprinkle of mace, soft-boiled egg and marinated carrot, ginger snaps with ketchup.

On the second day of the storm, I had no sooner got the table set for lunch than the Buford rolled everything off onto the deck. The ship, which had been so quiet in the Arctic, set up a frightful banging. Down in the hold, the cargo shifted, and the sailors—those that could still stand—worked all one night getting it back in place. Barrels of fish, loose in the cold room, thrashed around and broke the refrigeration pipes, letting brine out all over the deck. On the main deck forward, some Husky dogs that were being brought back to the States by the more enterprising of our souvenir hunters took an awful beating from the storm. Two, I think, were washed overboard. Others got loose and wandered into the paint room, and soon were beyond recognition. Two of my firemen showed up in my messroom and engaged in a long, closely reasoned argument about whether one of them was sick and had vomited. During the storm, Luis lost his job—I never learned why.

For most of the passengers, the voyage ended on a note of nausea and gloom. For me, it ended on a note of triumph. The three gale-tossed days gave me a feeling of elation and well-being; it seemed exciting to be up and about, busily tending the sick and doing my duty. I felt victorious and hearty. My stomach held together and I was able to watch my first great storm at sea unimpaired. Even when a heavy mess bench fell on my foot and broke one toe, the accident and the pain failed to quiet my enthusiasm for the life of a messboy in a full gale. I was drunk with power, the Florence Nightingale

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of the mess and the brig, and this sensation of drunkenness was heightened by a trick I invented as an anti-sickness device; instead of bracing myself against the lurches of the ship, I let myself go and yielded to her every pitch and roll, on the theory that bodily resistance is—in part, at least—the true cause of nausea. There may have been nothing to this eccentric notion of mine, but for three days in the wild North Pacific I reeled crazily through the corridors, responding to the sea physically, as though the sea were a dancing partner whose lead I followed.

In a matter of hours, my long, evasive excursion to the Far North would be over. I was headed now toward the south and the east, toward unemployment and the insoluble problem of what to do with myself. My spice route to nowhere was behind me; I would soon be host again to the spectre that I commonly entertained—the shape of a desk in an office, the dreaded tick of the nine-to-five day, the joyless afternoons of a Sunday suburb, the endless and ineffectual escapes that unemployed young men practice (a trip to the zoo, a walk in the night, the opium pipe of a dark cinema). The shape was amorphous—I seldom attempted to fill in the outlines; it hung above me like a bird of death. But in the final hours of the Buford the gale granted me a reprieve. In the fury of the storm, thought was impossible; the future was expunged by wind and water; I lived at last in the present, and the present was magnificent—rich and beautiful and awesome. It gave me all the things I wanted from life, and it was as though I drank each towering wave as it came aboard, as though I would ever after be athirst. At last I had adjusted, temporarily, to a difficult world and had conquered it; others were sick, I bloomed with health. In the noise of battle, all the sad silences of my brooding and foreboding were lost. I had always feared and loved the sea, and this gale was my bride and we had a three-day honeymoon, a violent, tumultuous time of undreamed-of ecstasy and satisfaction. Youth is almost always in deep trouble—of the mind, the heart, the flesh. And as a youth I think I managed to heap myself with more than my share. It took an upheaval of the elements and a job at the lowest level to give me the relief I craved.

The honeymoon was soon over; the wind abated, the Buford recovered her poise. On September 4th, we docked at Seattle. I collected my pay and went ashore. My next entry is dated Septem-

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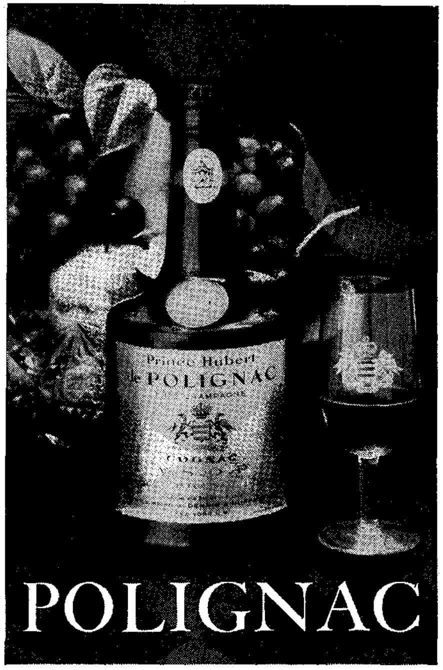

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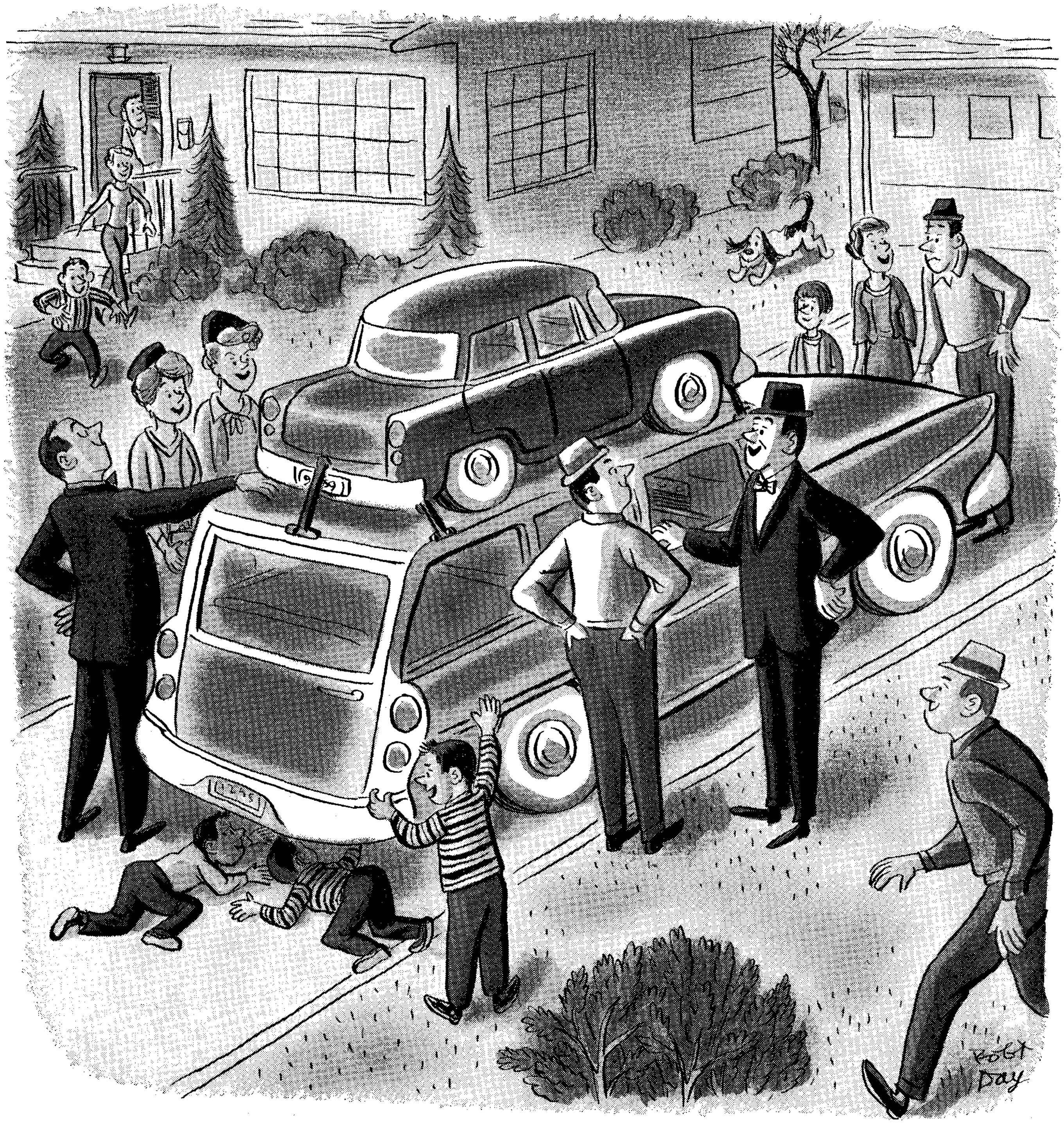

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ber 6th, from a room in the Frye Hotel—a poem called "Chantecler."

How many orders of beef have you passed
over the counter,
Girl with white arms, since I've been
gone?
How many times have you said,
"Gravy?"

Your arms are still white,
And you're still the thing in all the room
That transcends foodstuffs.

By standing there
You make the restaurant part of September,
And September, girl, is part of the world—
A sad-voiced, beautiful part.

How many orders of beef have you passed
over the counter,
Girl with white arms, since I've been
gone?

Like so many other questions that stirred in me in those years of wonder and of wandering, this one was to go forever unanswered. —E. B. WHITE

•

AXELROD WINS THROUGH, CHILDREN SAVED AGAIN

[*From the Times*]

HOLLYWOOD, CALIF.—At first glance, Truman Capote's "Breakfast at Tiffany's" might seem to pose serious problems for anyone who wanted to transform it into a movie that would be both commercial and acceptable to the movie industry's Production Code.

The heroine, Holly Golightly, is immoral to the point of promiscuity. The novelette has no love story, and it has an unhappy ending.

But at the Paramount Studios, where Audrey Hepburn is creating the cinematic Holly, with George Peppard as her co-star, adjustments have been made.

"In the movie," said Blake Edwards, the director of the picture, "we don't say exactly what Holly's morals are. In a sense, she can be considered an escort service for men. If you are adult and willing to accept the facts of life, you will certainly see that she is far from virginal, though this is never stated or shown."

Dialogue that is too risqué has been deleted or changed, said the director. She no longer discusses her experiences with men in detail.

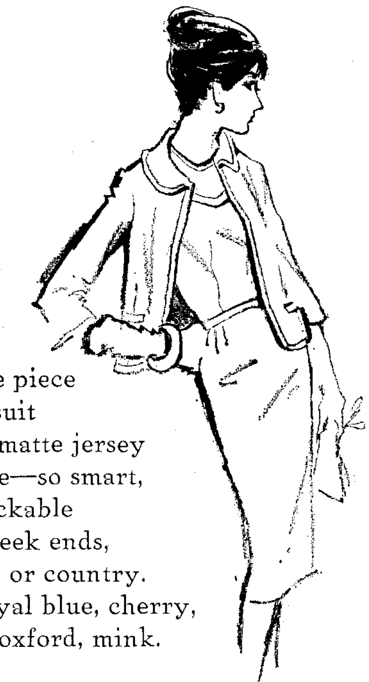
Other than that, Mr. Edwards reported, Holly still retains the character of a dreamer who is frightened, always running away and possessed of "a rather profound set of values." She is now fey, rather than immoral.

"I don't expect this movie to be called exceptional fare for children," said Mr. Edwards. "At the same time, it will not be morally detrimental to children."

Holly is now a sort of Robin Hood of culture. The money she obtains from men—by methods left to the imagination—she uses to subsidize struggling writers, painters and other creative personalities.

"She is a patroness of the arts," said Mr. Edwards. He said this gimmick was devised by George Axelrod, the playwright who adapted the Capote novelette for the screen.

"FASHIONED SO SLENDERLY YOUNG AND SO FAIR!"



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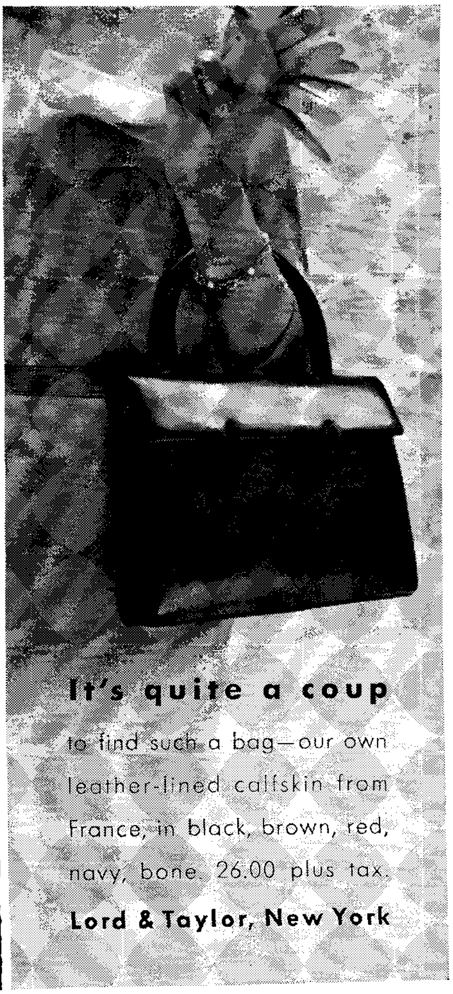

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THE THEATRE

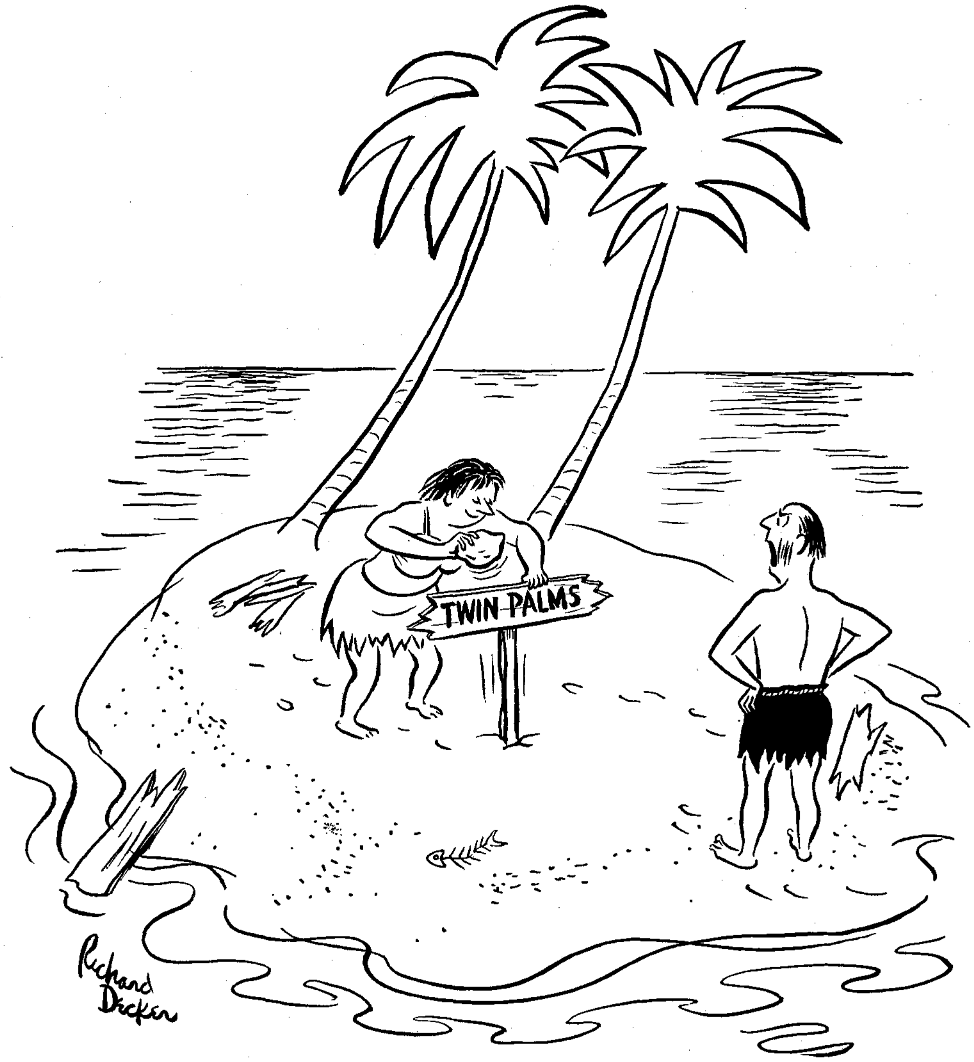
TURBID AQUARIUM

A NUMBER of capable actors are now assembled at the ANTA Theatre, where they are trying to divert us with portrayals of an assortment of seedy characters in a comedy by Hugh Wheeler called "Big Fish, Little Fish." They do not succeed, for the good reason that Mr. Wheeler never gives them any sound dramatic basis for imposing upon our sympathies. The actors are further handicapped by the fact that the script is full of pseudo-sophistication of the kind that high-school boys acquire on first looking into Krafft-Ebing. It seems to be an established convention among some of our playwrights this season that extraneous references to Lesbianism, homosexuality, adultery, and such will compel the attention of a presumably mature audience. Actually, the convention is becoming awfully tiresome.

One of the actors in Mr. Wheeler's play remarks, ironically, "We are all fascinating people." Seldom has irony had more justification. The hero of the piece is a browbeaten, semi-alcoholic copyreader in the textbook department of a publishing house. He lives in a fleabag apartment in the East Thirties, and when we meet him he is preparing to celebrate his birthday there in the company of his friends. They are a sad lot, universally afflicted with logorrhea. One is a latent homosexual who teaches art at a girls' school in White Plains; another is a retired publisher who is a most querulous fellow; yet another is a floppy matron with whom our hero has been conducting a spiritless affair for twenty years; and, finally, there is a hugely successful young author who believes in the old canine code of dog-eat-dog. Eventually, it develops that the copyreader is a kind of St. Francis of Assisi to these rare birds, and also that he has been doing a long and dreary penance for having taken advantage of an adolescent girl many years ago at a college where he was an instructor in biology. Now the successful young author, at the suggestion of the latent homosexual, proposes that the hero take over the job of editing a scientific pocketbook series put out by a Swiss publisher. If he should accept the job, he would be required to move to Geneva, leaving his friends behind. Almost anybody in his right mind would find this an irresistible proposition, but our boy is full of doubts about the step, even though he has come to realize that his friends are really barnacles, leeches, little fish, and many other distressing creatures—the metaphors in the play being tossed about loosely. The dénouement of "Big Fish, Little Fish" demonstrates that little fish get eaten by bigger fish and that the repast does not always have salubrious results for the gobblers.

While "Big Fish, Little Fish" hardly held me entranced, I was impressed by the actors in it, and by the manner in which Sir John Gielgud, the director, put them through their paces. Jason Robards, Jr., as the copyreader; Hume Cronyn, as the art teacher; George Grizzard, as the author; Martin Gabel, as the retired publisher; Ruth White, as Mr. Robards' aging lady friend; Elizabeth Wilson, as an incidental member of the celebration; and George Voskovec, as the Swiss publisher—all do very well indeed. And yet even the best acting can't supply substance where there is only shadow.

Micheál Mac Liammóir, a highly talented Irishman, last week began a four-week engagement at the Lyceum to do readings from Oscar Wilde, to which he added astute comments of his own on the life and times of the author. Mr. Mac Liammóir's selections ranged from "The Harlot's House," through a scene from "The Importance of Being Earnest," to "The Ballad of Reading Gaol," and he was effective all the way along the line. Nevertheless, I'm afraid that "The Importance of Being Oscar," as the evening's entertainment is called, is the sort of one-man stand more suitable for the



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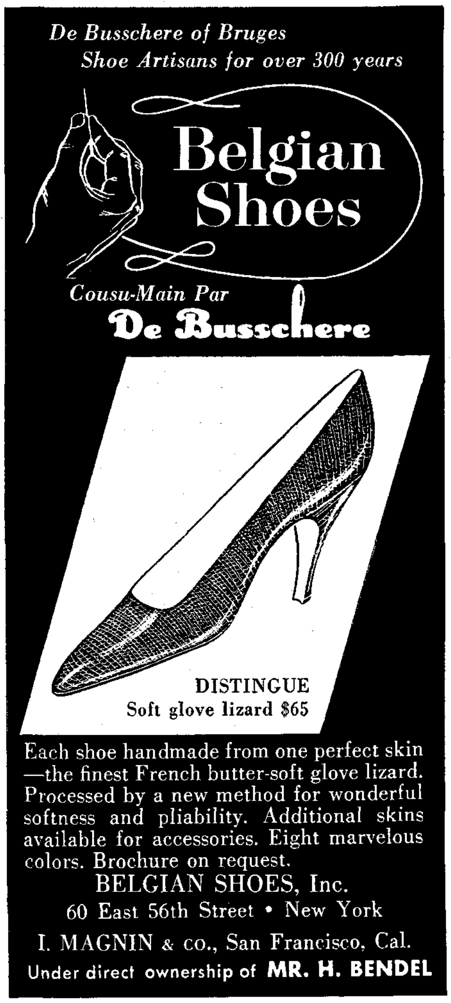
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confines of a university auditorium than for such a barn of a place as the Lyceum, and that despite Mr. Mac Liammóir's innumerable skills, his performance will of necessity appeal only to a fairly specialized audience.—JOHN McCARTEN

OFF BROADWAY

Graduation Party

ATTENDING "Hamlet" is like going to church: the greater one's sense of virtuous patience at the end, the more likely it is that the production has failed. The "Hamlet" at the Phoenix makes one feel pretty virtuous. "Hamlet" is, of course, a great reading play whose success on the stage depends entirely on its chief protagonist and his director. One of Shakespeare's least successful tragedies, it is also one of his most successful poems. Hamlet himself never possesses the supernal majesty of Lear or Coriolanus or even Macbeth; indeed, he rarely rises much above being a bright, well-bred person who takes on more than he can handle. The play is too long. It is diffuse and full of questionable motivations, and in places it is downright incomprehensible, like its contemporary and peer the King James Bible. These gratuities—or heresies—done with, let us see how the Phoenix's repertory company, Stuart Vaughan at the helm, handles these more or less insoluble problems. Vaughan, a director who believes that actors recite best while doing the hundred-yard dash, apparently now also believes in Faithfulness to the Original. (His disastrous added-comic-effects interpretation of "She Stoops to Conquer" earlier in the season led one into thinking just the reverse.) Very little has been omitted from his "Hamlet." Present and accounted for are the Bernardo-Francisco exchanges of banalities on the platform before the castle; all of Rosencrantz and Guildenstern, those remarkable transparencies; the gravedigging scene, minus one gravedigger; and the mad scene, which in the best of hands can twitter on and on like a cageful of parakeets. The results, particularly when Hamlet is on his way to England, are interminable. Vaughan, burning his candle at both ends, has attempted to inject speed into this marathon, but only in bursts and with curious results. Thus, the play within a play, which should move slowly and sinisterly toward its explosion, is blunted by the rapidity with which it is done and by Hamlet's you're-a-better-door-than-window dashing from one side of the stage to the other. Hamlet's interview with his mother is simply garbled instead of being painful and embarrassing, while his thoughts about the praying King meander like introductory remarks at a women's luncheon. The mad scene bulges with parakeets.

Donald Madden, who is only in his twenties, is Vaughan's Hamlet. Fitted out in a soft-focus blond wig and adopting the comportment of a fashion model—shoulders hunched, chest sucked in, legs buckling—he begins his performance like a petulant adolescent. (Hamlet, after all, may be thirty, an advanced age in his day.) But as the evening progresses he grows increasingly cheerful and athletic—rather than mature and wearied—so that in his tangle with Laertes he gives the impression of a lad doing handsprings at his first graduation party. But Madden has his moments. After a wobbly start with the "To be, or not to be" speech (a phrase as impossible, because of its familiarity, as the "rotten in Denmark" statement, which has been wisely dropped by Vaughan), he gets right inside the words and even carries their effect beyond the point, halfway through the soliloquy, at which their tenor suddenly changes and the poetry pales. He also drops much of his "Midsummer Night's Dream" air when he is called upon to demonstrate intelligence and bearing in relation to others, and he is most effective with the players, Ophelia, Polonius, the gravedigger, and Rosencrantz and Guildenstern. This is especially true in the duel scene, which does enormous credit to both Madden and Vaughan. Madden is by far the most impressive person onstage. Alexander Scourby, who can be nonpareil on the bridge of a British destroyer or behind a Scotland Yard desk, never quite plumbs the muddled, righteously evil nature of Claudius, and Patricia Falkenhain, as Gertrude, merely poses. John Heffernan plays Polonius as a clown rather than as an old fool, while Joyce Ebert, as Ophelia, resembles a disturbed milkmaid. Peter Wingate's set, a series of towering, arty Romanesque arches, has a bland, cathedral atmosphere that has nothing to do with dampness, rough-cut stone, bloody daggers, and an imagery choked with weeds, decay, and death.

"A WORM IN HORSERADISH," at the Maidman, is a comedy by Esther Kaufman about Jewish life on the lower

East Side in 1906 that will probably please only those unacquainted with Arthur Kober, Jerome Weidman, and Molly Goldberg, or those willing to undergo anything for still another glimpse of that dear dead life in the ghetto. If you belong to either of these groups, rather than the calloused one in between, here are the ritual goings on in Mrs. Kaufman's play, which is apparently based on her own dear dead childhood. Yonkel Feinberg, over from the old country, is a poor, overworked tailor whose two-room apartment is tenanted by his long-suffering wife, two well-mannered but eager-to-be-off children, various itinerant spongers, and a boarder. Feinberg is determined that his son shall be a doctor, but he quits school and enters real estate. Feinberg's daughter partially eases the pain of this misdemeanor when she becomes engaged to the boarder, who is already on his way toward medical eminence. Feinberg, a hot-tempered man of principle, eases the rest of his frustration by quitting his job over a wage disagreement and by getting arrested in Central Park after seizing a fistful of illegally picked flowers from a small child. However, on the wedding day he makes up with his son and decides to return to his job, and the play dissolves in still another round of proverbs, glasses of tea, visiting relatives, kisses, embraces, arguments, and the sort of low-class comedy that involves treating poison ivy with axle grease. The only reason Mrs. Kaufman's play, a laboriously homemade effort, doesn't disappear in its own clichés is Eli Mintz, who plays Feinberg as if he *were* Feinberg. A short, agile, exasperated-looking man, with a masterly slow burn, Mintz continually blots out his erratic cohorts by demonstrating what they are only emulating, and by implying, despite his materials, that life south of Fourteenth Street was often far more onerous than day-old bagels and lukewarm herb tea would suggest. A near-triumph of mime over matter.

—WHITNEY BALLIETT

•

SPRING COMES TO GLENS FALLS

[*From the Glens Falls* (*N.Y.*) *Post-Star*]

Glen Lake residents have substantial evidence that elusive spring is not long in coming. Miss Lynn Esther Aronson, seven-month-old daughter of Mr. and Mrs. David Aronson, was recently presented a bouquet of pussy willows by Ken Rich of Glen Lake. Mr. Rich picked the omens of good weather near Lake George, where he works.

Beside the bouquet of pussy willows, Miss Aronson can also boast 11 living grandparents.

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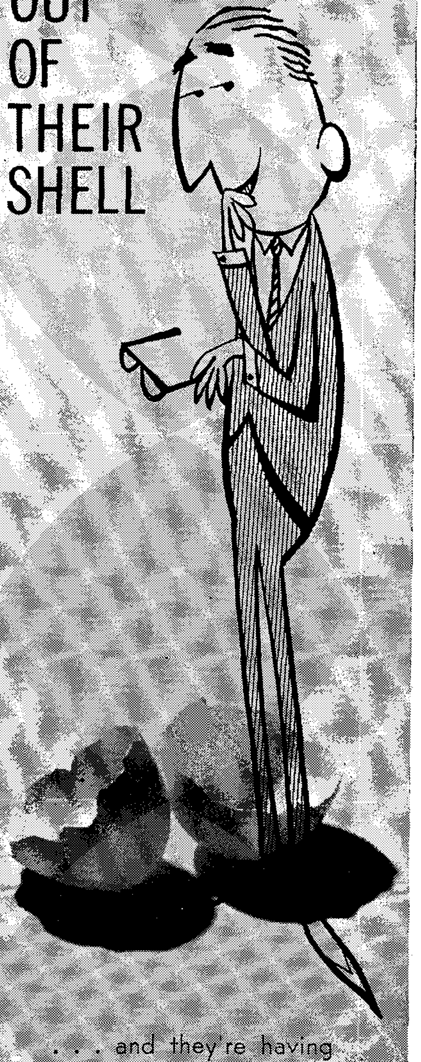

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MUSICAL EVENTS

Meagre Fare

IN general, it is not hard to understand why Giuseppe Verdi's less popular operas *are* less popular. The early ones that are still occasionally performed—"Nabucco," "Ernani," and "Macbeth"—suffer, to a greater or lesser extent, from inexpert or naïve librettos, from comparatively trivial musical content, and from the lack of a telling gift for characterization, the converse of all these being outstanding qualities of his mature work. I say "to a greater or lesser extent" because even in the early operas there are stunning passages that prefigure the mastery Verdi later attained. I am an admirer of "Nabucco," which contains more such stunning passages per act than the others, and I also admire the sleepwalking scene from "Macbeth." Still, there is something tentative and uneven about the early scores. They do not have the magnificent authority that shows in Verdi's work from "Rigoletto" onward.

The case of "Don Carlo" is entirely different. It is an opera of Verdi's mature period, having been written just prior to "Aïda" and revised even later than that, and its score is musically among the most fascinating that the Master turned out. Yet "Don Carlo" is unpopular, and its unpopularity, I think, is entirely attributable to the obscurity of its drama, which seeks to combine intricate elements of political history with a story of thwarted love, and does not quite succeed in making the complex motivations of its plot persuasive. The opera does, however, contain a couple of stupendous scenes—the one in the square before the cathedral, which ends the second act, and the scene in King Philip's study, which opens the third. The latter scene, in fact, has always struck me as perhaps the finest episode to be found in Verdi's entire output. King Philip's gloomy monologue; his harsh, forbidding dialogue with the Grand Inquisitor; the marvellous ensuing ensemble; and Princess Eboli's final aria, "O don fatale," constitute a sequence of musico-dramatic ideas and a succession of mounting theatrical tensions that would be difficult to match in operatic literature. Though "Don Carlo" as a whole is

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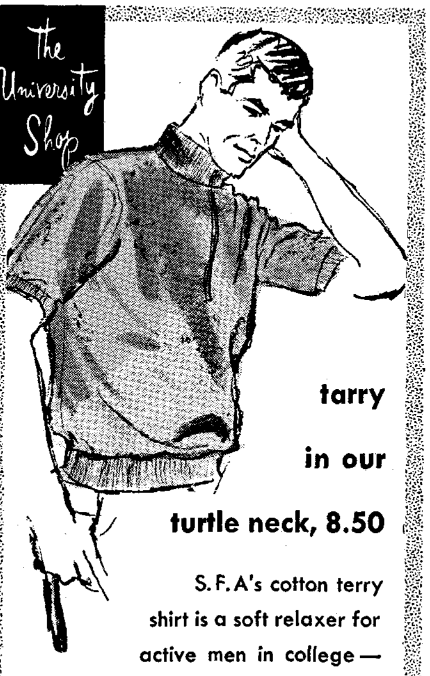

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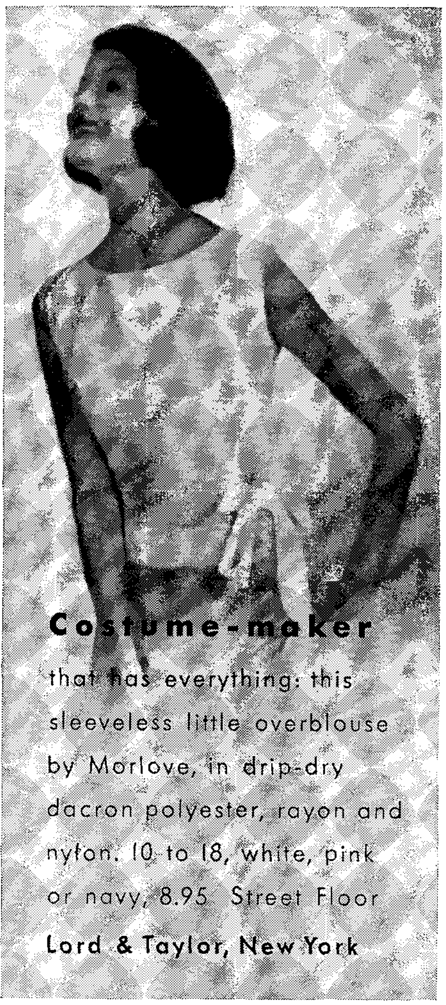
somewhat less than a masterpiece, this particular scene is a work of genius, and I am always more than willing to sit through the occasionally rather dull doings of the first part of the opera just to witness it.

In Thursday evening's revival of "Don Carlo" at the Metropolitan, the scene again exerted its magic, though it—and the rest of the opera as well—was presented in a somewhat slipshod manner. The conductor, Nino Verchi, did not manage to make a coherent whole out of the opera's musical ingredients. His tempos for the dialogue between King Philip and the Grand Inquisitor, with its miraculous *ostinato* figures for the cellos and trombones, were a shade hasty—just hasty enough to deprive the episode of its crushing air of power and to reduce it to something close to banality. Elsewhere, too, Mr. Verchi failed to lend the sort of dignity to the work that it had in the hands of Fritz Stiedry several years ago. The cast, moreover, sang the opera very unevenly. Giorgio Tozzi, nearly always a singer of flawless artistry, made an imposing King Philip, and proved to be the main bulwark of the performance, giving the role an unusual injection of vigor. He was closely seconded by Robert Merrill, who sang the part of Rodrigo with fire, and by William Wildermann, whose interpretation of the Grand Inquisitor was vocally superior to that of Hermann Uhde, though it lacked the sinister stage presence that the latter has brought to it. On the female side, however, things were less satisfying. Irene Dalis, as Princess Eboli, seemed not to be in her best vocal form, and Mary Curtis-Verna, though she went through her phrases efficiently, was a rather colorless Elizabeth of Valois. Margaret Webster's original staging, which was a work of art when the opera was first revived, several years ago, has now, I am afraid, been allowed to sag to the point of routine—and even downright awkwardness. All in all, I should say, it was an evening that might have been saved by fresher staging and by a firmer hand in the orchestra pit.

IN extenuation of a composition called Improvisation on Mallarmé, No. 2, "Une Dentelle S'Abolit," by the young Frenchman Pierre Boulez, which got its first American hearings at last week's Philharmonic concerts, the program annotator, Edward Downes, whose informative notes I usually admire, came up with what seems to me a very curious statement. "Perhaps the most elemen-



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Aboard a destroyer in the Pacific Burdick wrote his first short story. The Pacific is the background of his books, "The Ninth Wave" and "The Ugly American," and the subject of many of his Holiday articles. His 35,000-word "Journey Across the Pacific" keynoted the two issues Holiday devoted to the Pacific last fall that are now classics of magazine journalism. Eugene Burdick's sensuous portrait of San Francisco, America's gateway to the Pacific, is a highlight of the current Holiday.

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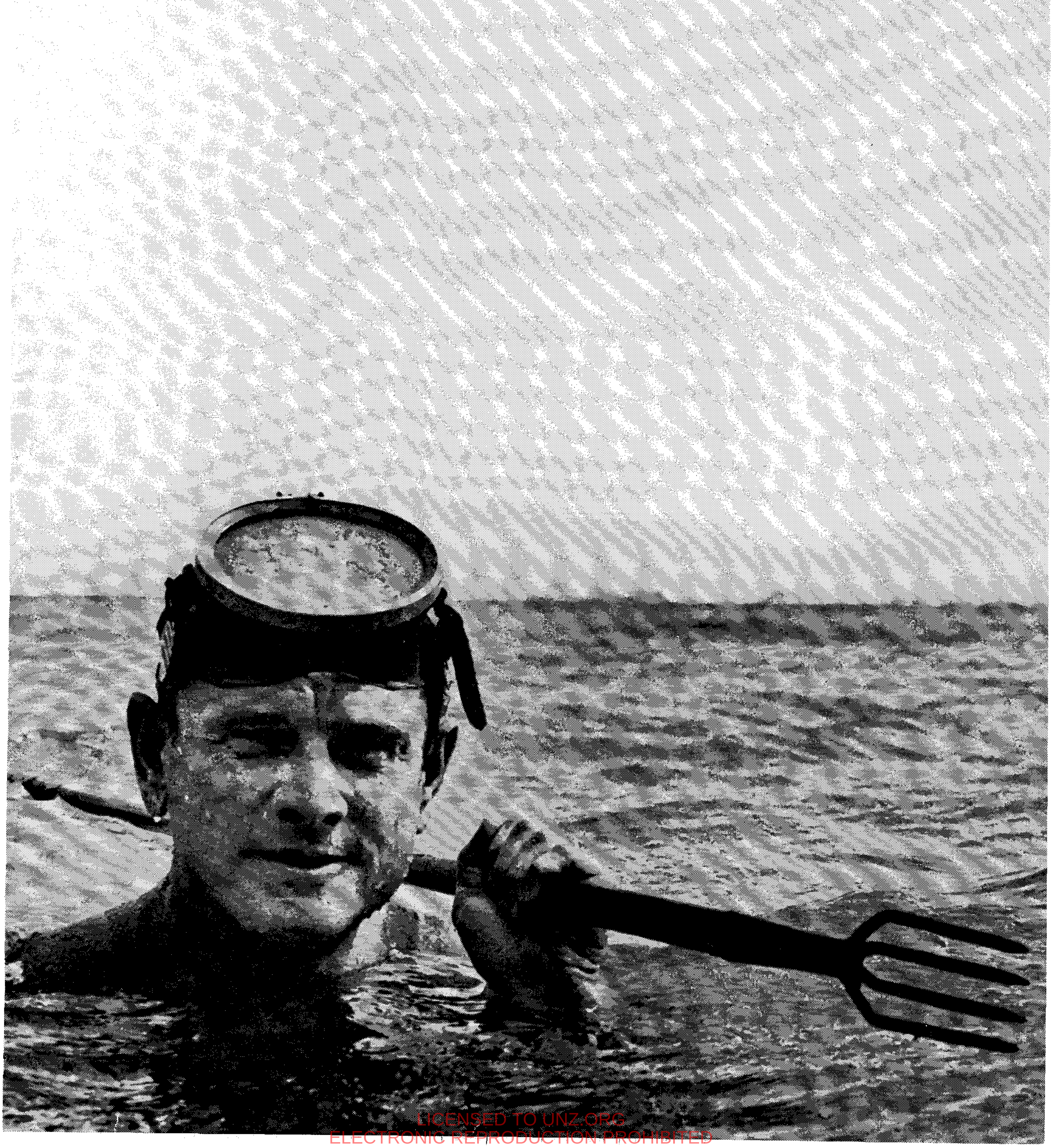

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tary demand that can be made of a piece of music," he wrote, "is that it make pretty sounds." I wonder. A church bell makes a pretty sound, but it is not music, and even the most rudimentary kinds of music, pretty sounds or not, are recognized as music because they have a certain formal coherence, which gives them the quality we know as musical meaning. Pretty sounds for their own sake have never yet made music, and they do not in Mr. Boulez's tinkling composition for an erratically freewheeling soprano and an aggregation of nine men manipulating bells, gongs, rattles, a harp, and a celesta. I found his effort a complete bore—such a bore that it is not even worth engaging in controversy about it. It was followed by Bartók's "Music for Strings, Percussion, and Celesta," a work that has often been performed recently and that, though it has never inflamed my emotions above the level of tepid interest, at least has qualities of musical logic independent of its sounds, which are often not pretty at all. After the intermission, Glenn Gould played the solo part of Beethoven's Fourth Piano Concerto. His interpretation of the work was, surprisingly for him, very much on the romantic side and, in spots, highly personal. But, to my mind, Mr. Gould has reached a stature as a pianist that entitles him to give a highly personal interpretation. I enjoyed his performance. It was technically impeccable and always deeply and sincerely musical, and though his deportment on the stage was full of the usual Gouldisms—slumping, crossing his legs, conducting with his left hand, and so on (he even took a sip from a glass of water at one point)—these eccentricities, as far as I was concerned, detracted nothing from his artistry. I wish Leonard Bernstein's orchestral accompaniment had matched Mr. Gould's solo in authority, but it did not.

—WINTHROP SARGEANT

•

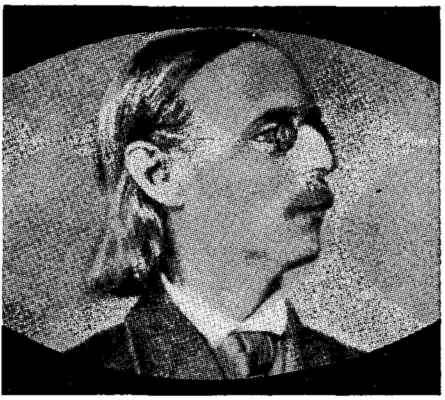
Kennedy delights in pricking the pompous. In the Senate he sometimes clipped the vainglorious remarks of his colleagues from the *Congressional Record* and mailed them to the *New Yorker* magazine for its "Wind on Capitol Hill Dept."—*Pasadena (Calif.) Independent Star-News.*

And now he's too busy. Just our luck.

•

The Spanish girl soon became the Baroness Pontabla and John McDonogh spun on his well-shod head—right into the arms of a Miss Johnson.—*Baltimore Sun.*

A girl has to be ready for anything.



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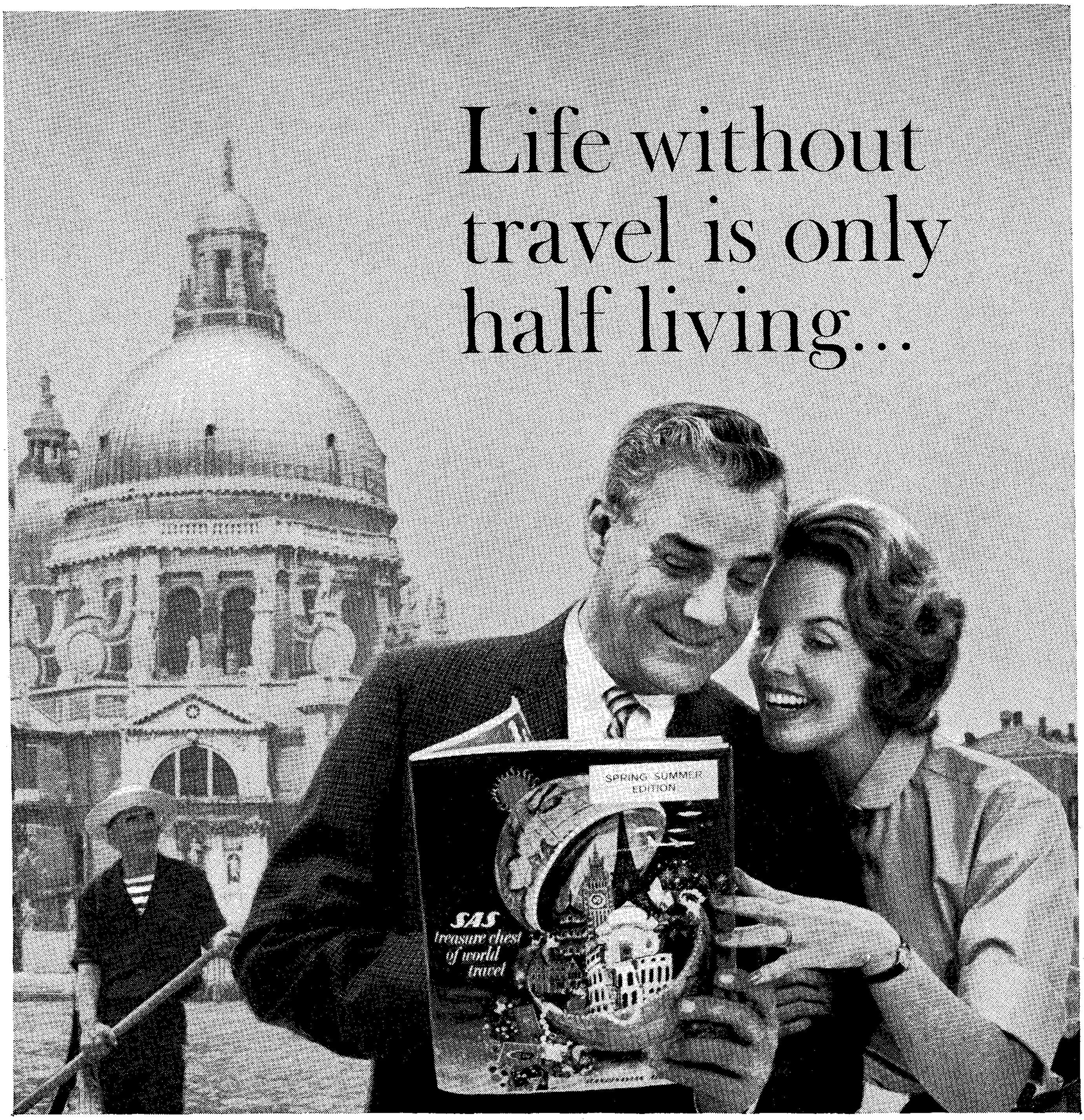
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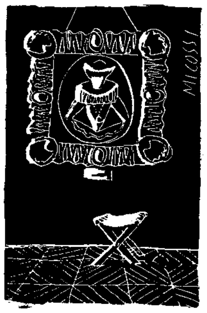
THE ART GALLERIES

The Splendid Century



THE seventeenth century in France has been called the Splendid Century by W. H. Lewis, the author of a book of that title, and now again by the Metropolitan Museum, in a large loan exhibition sponsored by the French government and currently on view there. To a great degree the title is justified. Yet there are a few flaws. One of the major disappointments of my life came in my young manhood, when I discovered that Marie Antoinette was not the raving beauty I had supposed her to be—frail, waxen-skinned, and so breathtakingly alluring that men were willing and even eager to risk death for the privilege of kissing her slim, smooth hand. I knew, or had read, that this wasn't so. But the force of the more romantic accounts of her was too strong for me, and it was not until I came upon some portraits of her—at the Metropolitan, too, as I recall—that I was forced to abandon the romantic image and substitute the dumpy, querulous, and sad little creature she really was. To be sure, I still had Mata Hari and Mary, Queen of Scots, to fall back on, but it is always tough to lose a cherished illusion, especially when one is young. Something of the same disenchantment colors the current exhibition. Splendid the century certainly was (the French call it Le Grand Siècle), and Louis XIV, whose long reign was its culmination, deserved his nicknames of Le Grand Monarque and Le Roi Soleil, for he was as imperious, energetic, and purposeful as many of his predecessors had been the opposite. Everything favored him. Under him, the court of France became the richest and most magnificent in Europe, with the King himself elevated to such a solitary peak of near-divinity that even his clothing partook a little of the godhead and courtiers doffed their hats, as they would in the King's presence, when the royal food was carried past them from the kitchens to his dining chamber. His armies, and his diplomacy, were for a long time victorious everywhere.

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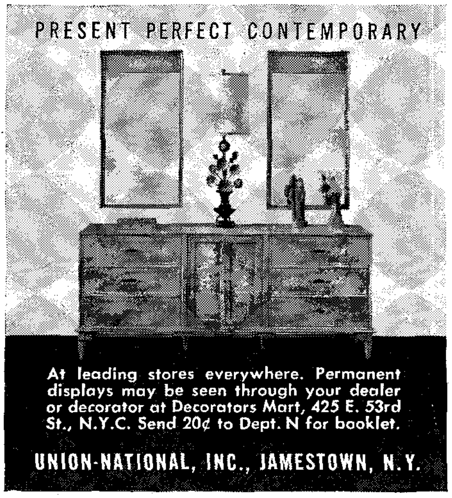

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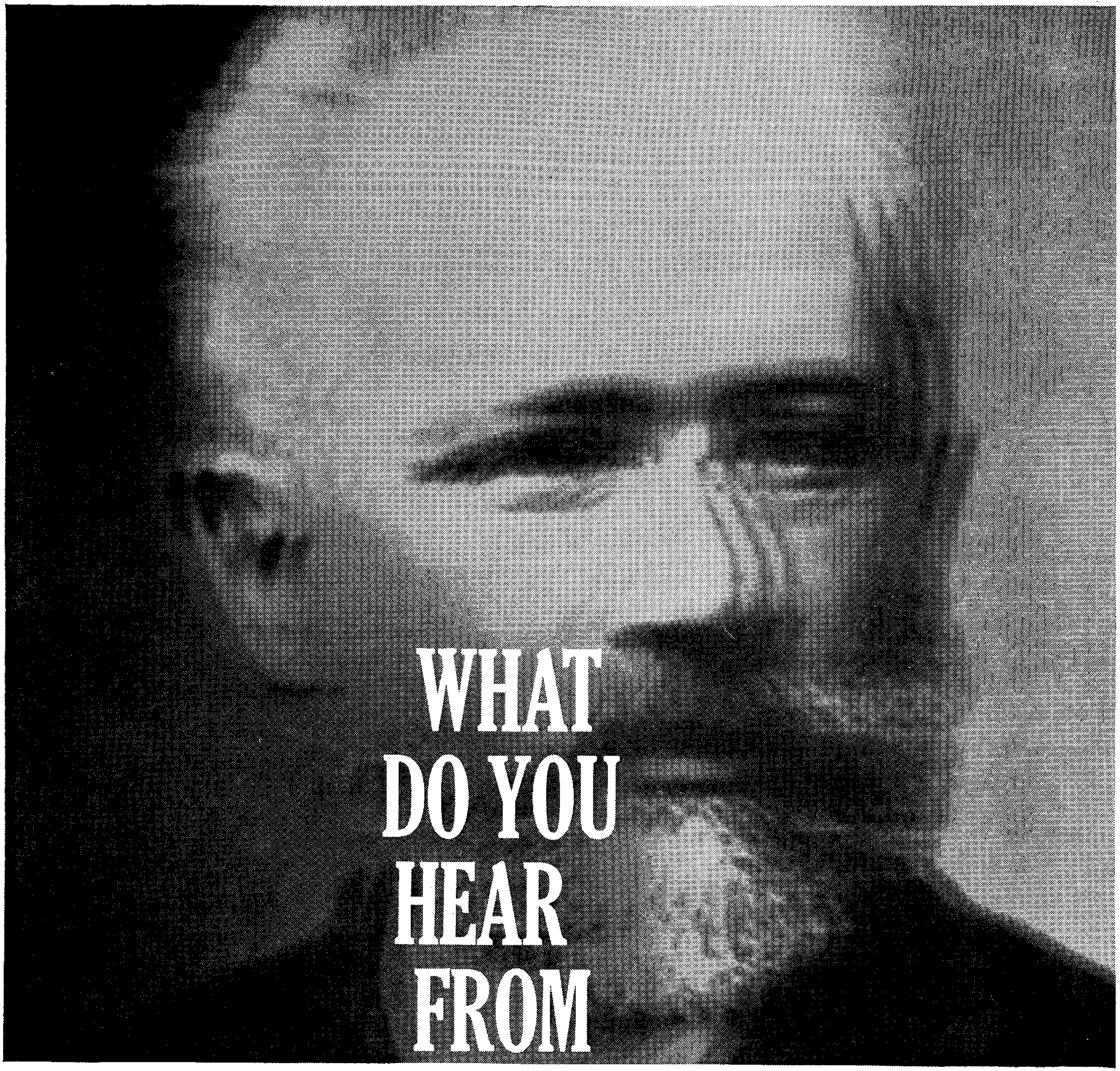

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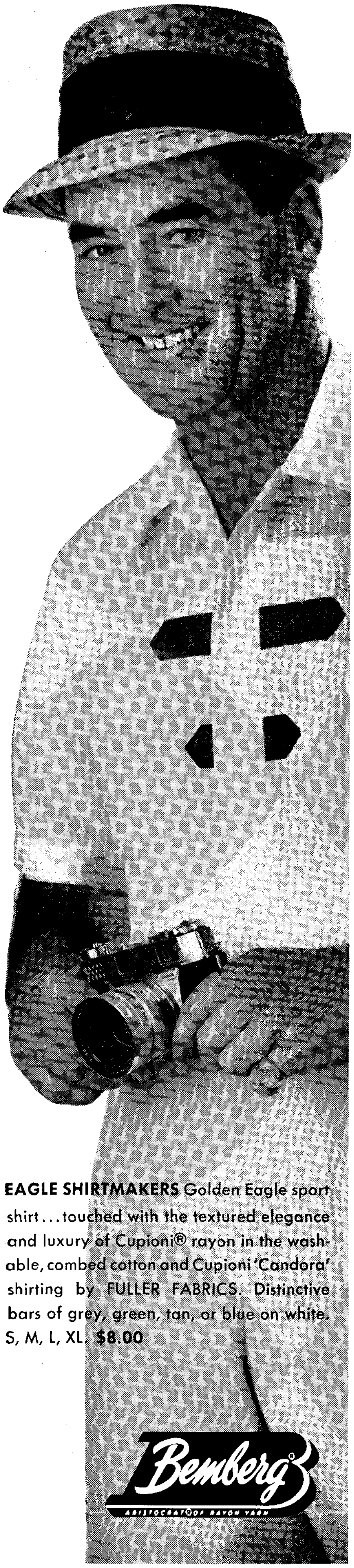

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the Huguenots, had its dubious side. His magnificence was costly, too. Not even he could build Versailles without drawing heavily on the nation's economy—especially since his Minister of Finance, Fouquet, was building almost as grand a palace for himself, out of pilferings from the treasury—and when a monarch ran into debt in those days the standard way out was to increase the taxes on his people, and so to foster their resentment. I am guessing a good deal here, for I am no authority on the economic background of France. It was actually a shaky period, too—the power for the first time divided between the king and the bourgeoisie, with the nobles and peasants left out. It was not till well on in the following century that Louis XV, the Sun King's successor, made his curiously prophetic remark, "After me, the deluge," and not till several decades later still that the deluge came. But history moves slowly, and I've a feeling that the springs which were to feed that flood were already beginning to build up their force under the surface of the Splendid Century.

Yet on the face of things it was a grandiose era, if not one of true grandeur, and while it had its seamy side (one remembers Saint-Simon's complaints about the frigidity of the rooms in the Louvre and the stink in the corridors, and the Louvre could hardly have been much different from Versailles), the exhibition overlooks it. The show for the most part stresses the shining façade. It's a big affair, with some hundred and sixty oils, sculptures, water colors, and other original works, augmented by a sizable number of prints, reproductions, and diagrams, and it is enhanced in value by the fact that no comparable collection has ever been exported from France before, or is likely to be again in the foreseeable future. The contents, unfortunately, are not quite so impressive. The century, in truth, was not propitious for great art. The real giants in France—Corneille, Racine, Molière, Pascal, La Rochefoucauld, and so on—were writers or philosophers. But, for all that, it saw painters like Poussin, Claude Lorrain, and Georges de La Tour, who, if not quite in the front rank of the Old Masters, would still be an ornament to any century, and the show contains a good share of examples by each, in addition to a greater number by the lesser figures of the era.

Poussin, with his crisp, flat color and sharply delineated classical figures, comes off especially well with such pieces as the delightfully melodramatic "Death of

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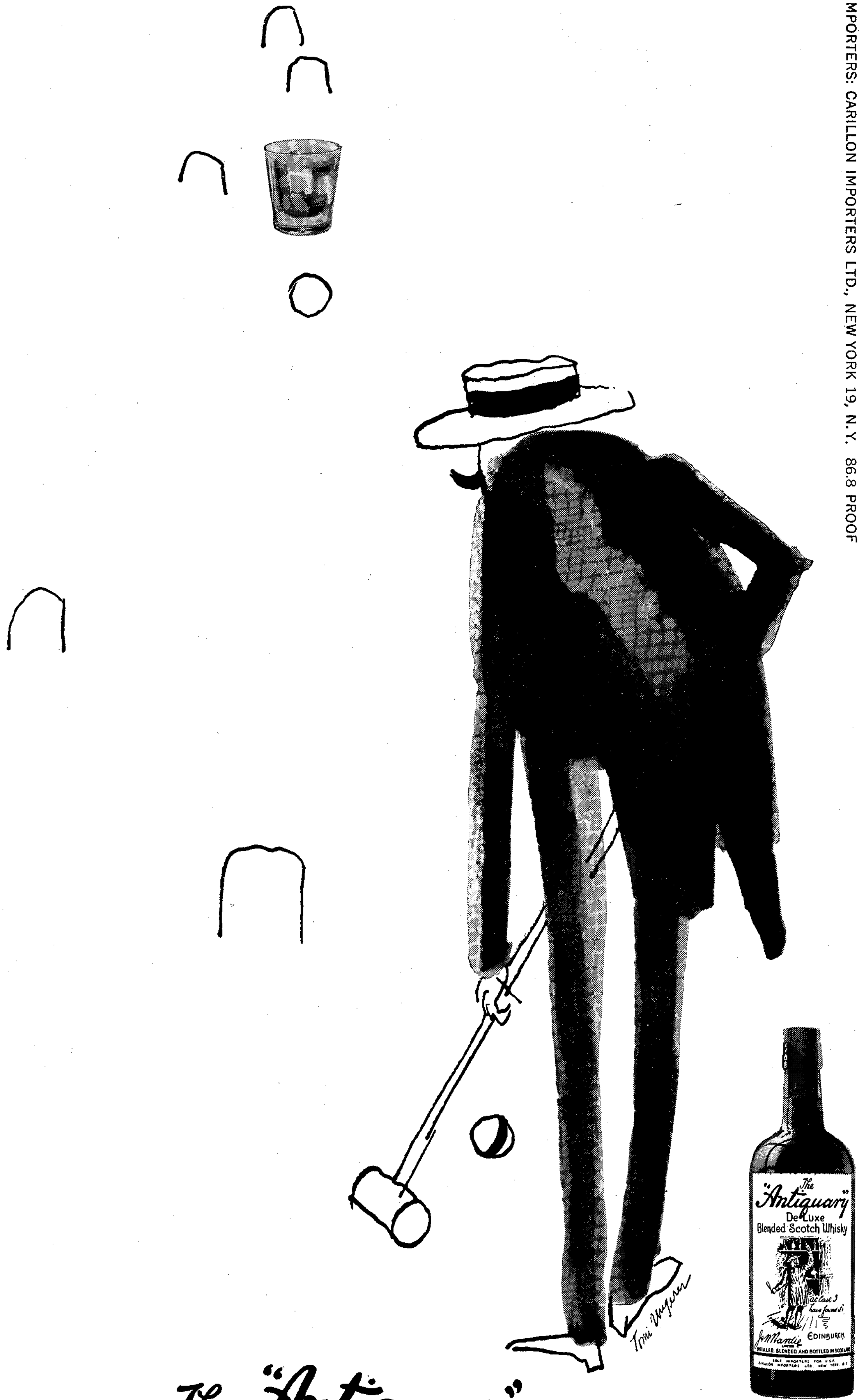
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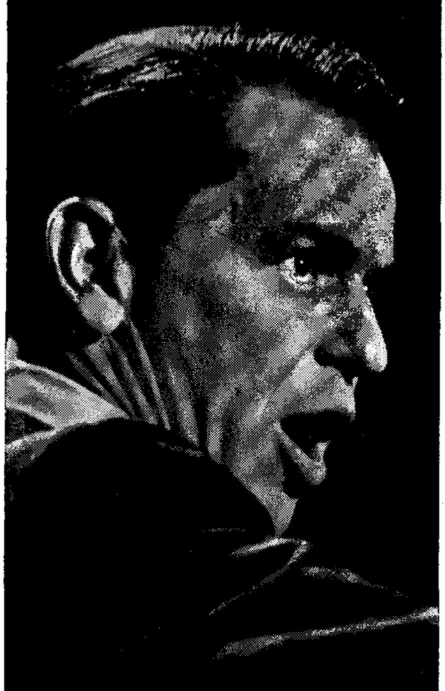

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Germanicus," the cool, sunlit "Rebecca and Eliezer," and the gentler, softer "Landscape with Diogenes"—the last two among the paintings lent by the Louvre for the exhibition. Of the Claudes, I liked most of all "A Harbor at Sunset," whose ruddy tonality and head-on treatment of the lighting make one wonder if Turner may not have been influenced by it; the darker, suaver "Landscape with the Temple of the Sibyl at Tivoli;" and the charmingly romantic landscape fantasy called "Parnassus." There are also a number of etchings and water colors revealing his grace and facility with smaller subjects.

Georges de La Tour was in many respects an artistic freak for his times, since his work, with its severely simplified contours and its centralized lighting (almost all his paintings derive their illumination from a single candle, often shaded), is peculiarly "modern" in inspiration. He is still not widely known in this country, and for this reason his group, which consists of six or seven canvases, is particularly worth while. I'd note especially the genre study called "A Woman with a Flea," "The Young Jesus and Saint Joseph in the Carpenter's Shop" (also genre in essence, despite its Biblical subject, for Jesus is portrayed as a chubby-faced, simply clad boy, definitely unhaloed, and his father as a huge, amiable workman), and the tense, truly moving "The Ecstasy of Saint Francis."

The down-to-earth quality that appears in La Tour (most of all, of course, in "A Woman with a Flea," who is sitting in a ragged shift, inspecting the garment by candlelight) is echoed in the paintings of the brothers Le Nain—Louis, Mathieu, and Antoine—who, like the della Robbias of a century earlier, formed a compact little art-producing combine of their own. The same quality appears elsewhere in the collection, and it is in sharp and perhaps significant contrast with the baroque flamboyance that colors so much of the rest of the show. Artists are the most sensitive of people, and this divergence of interests might mark the beginning of that split in the whole body of France. But I preferred to avoid such speculations and just prowl about, noting—amid all the rodomontade—such excellent items as the portrait "Mère Agnès" and the mannered but attractive "The Flight Into Egypt," both by Philippe de Champaigne (another man somewhat overlooked in this country); the lively Jean Tassel "The Sawyers;" the completely winning portrait of two formidably dressed-up children called "Mademoiselle de Béthisy and Her

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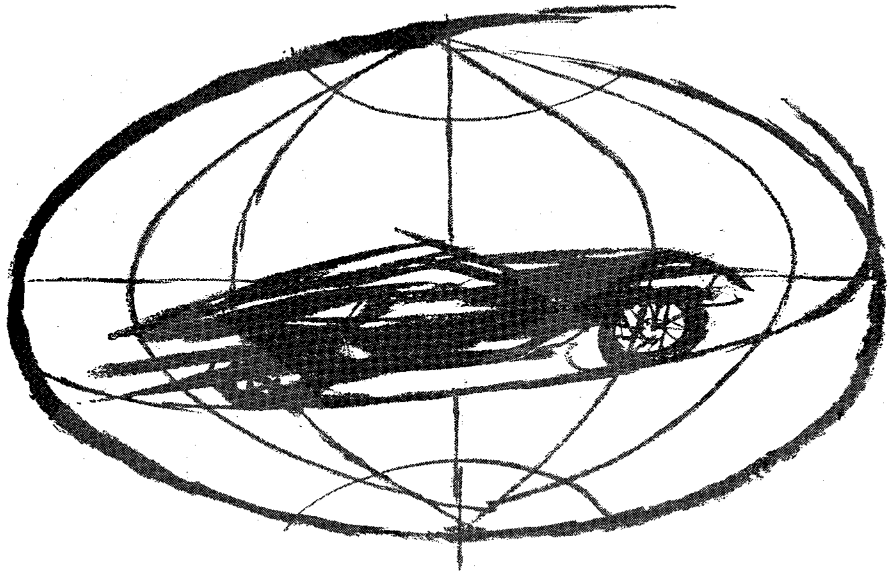

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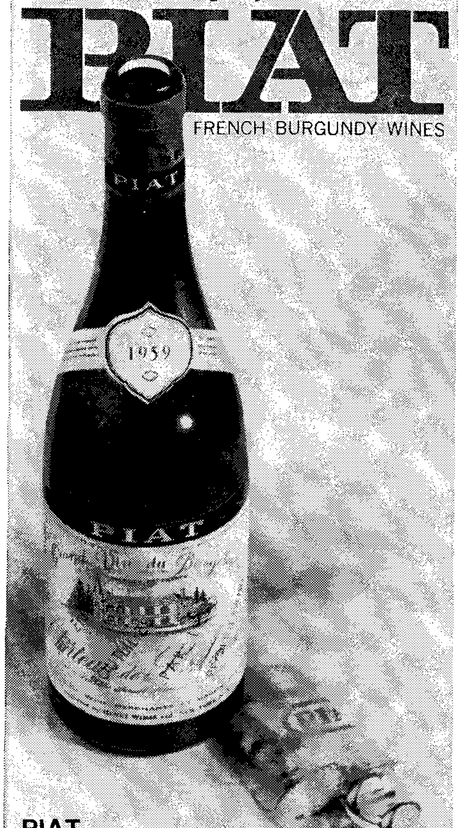

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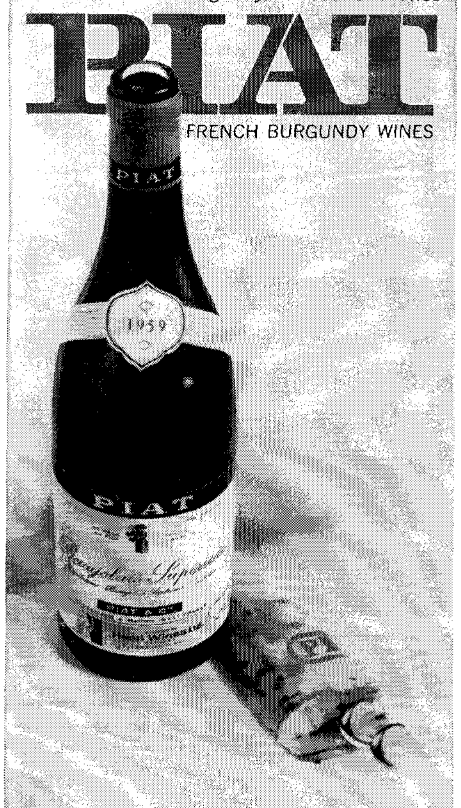

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Brother," by Alexis Simon Belle; and—as an example of how far grandiloquence can go—the portrait of the Marquis de Dangeau, one of the court favorites of the time, by Hyacinthe Rigaud.

HANS HOFMANN is celebrating his eighty-first birthday with a showing of new oils at the Kootz, and to say that his vigor remains undiminished is understating the case, for the seventeen paintings on view are not only bigger in scale than much of his past work but also, in a curious way, more emphatic—this in spite of a diminution of what might be called tonal pyrotechnics in the new pieces. Hofmann always has been primarily a colorist, and the fact that his interest still lies mainly in color is evidenced by such paintings as "Tourbillon" (with its foaming, flowering design), "Aquatic Garden," and "Lava," in which the design forms a sort of slow cascade of purples and yellows down the canvas. Lately, though—as in the green-and-red "Elysium," the "Olive Grove," and the sparkling "Snow White"—his course has been in the direction of greater control over his compositional factors. In most of these works, he has employed the device of introducing squares and rectangles of flat color, superposed on the more Expressionist areas, and the effect is both to vary the textures agreeably and to compact the design. I found them the most impressive in the exhibition, which closes this Saturday.

—ROBERT M. COATES

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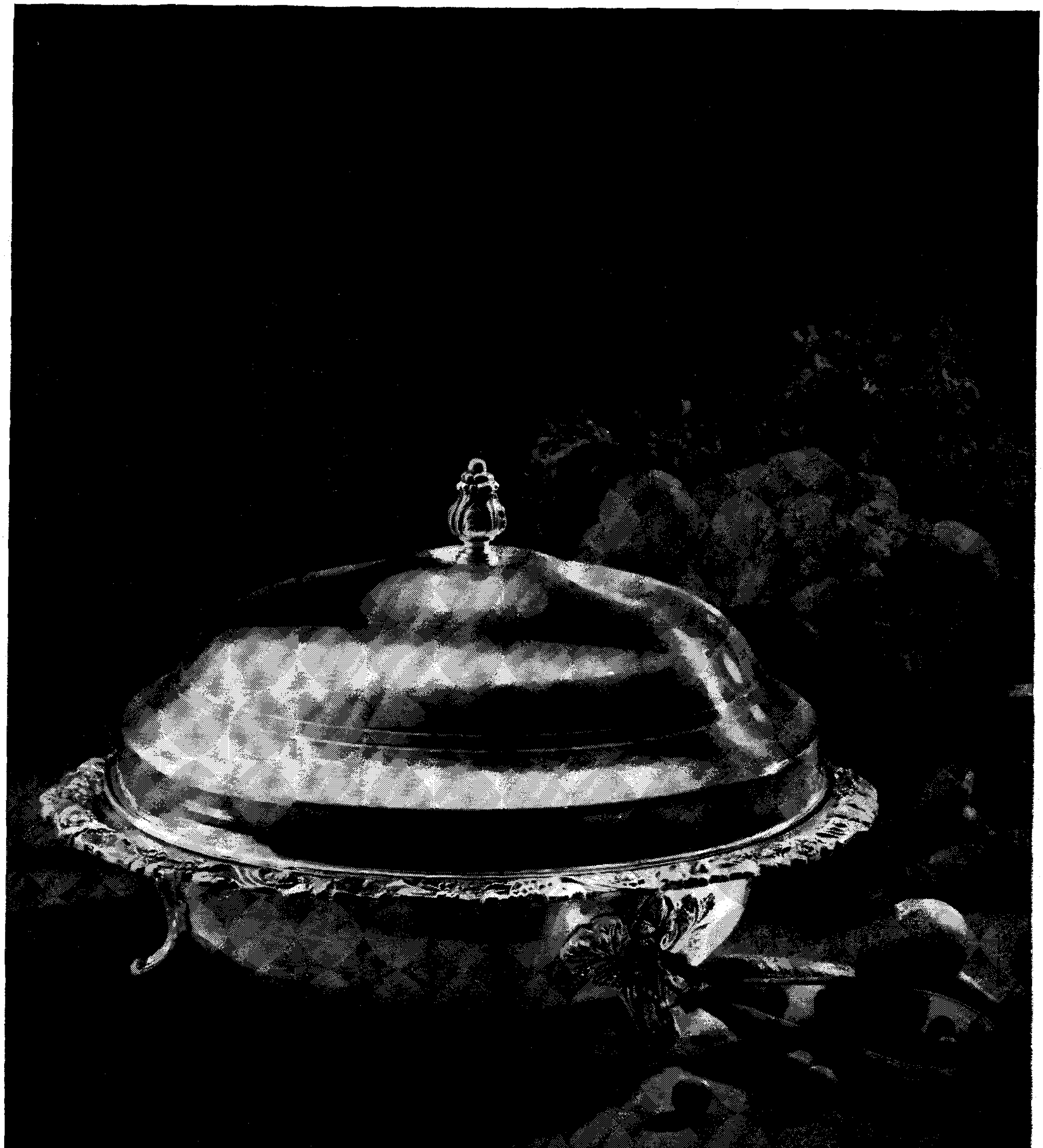

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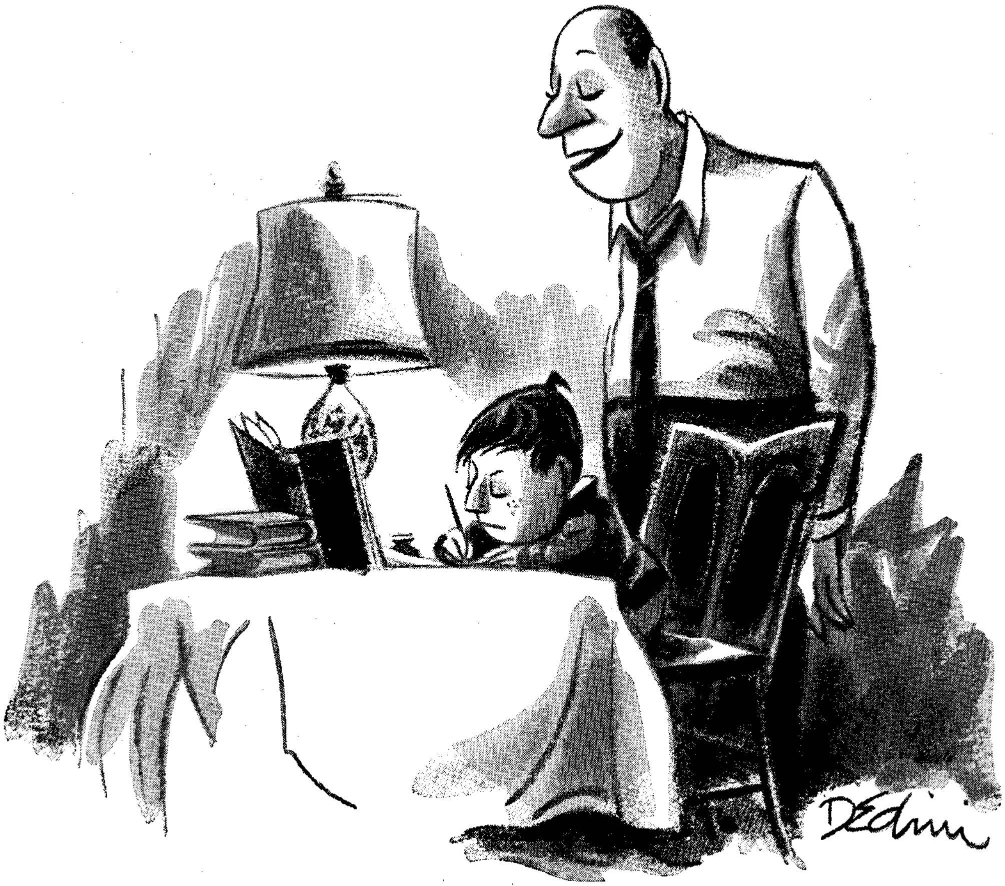
LETTER FROM WASHINGTON

MARCH 16

THE administration is nicely settled in and is ready to move America forward and reduce a number of world tensions. It confronts not only a mulish America but a world that has grown accustomed to some of its tensions and, in certain ways, is dependent upon them. The Russians and the Chinese appear to want no part of any scheme to negotiate an end of the hostilities in Laos; the Pathet Lao, supplied with arms dropped into the jungle from Soviet aircraft, has set out to subdue the country before the rainy season, which begins next month. The Congolese politicians who are generally thought to be pro-Western and anti-Communist would like to be free to resume hostilities against Patrice Lumumba's political heir, Antoine Gizenga, and the troops he commands; their bitterness toward the United States, which is providing an airlift for Indian combat troops, and toward the United Nations Secretariat is not exceeded by that of the Russians. The Russians have rejected Ambassador Stevenson's appeal for a short, low-tension session of the General Assembly; the session promises to run for six or eight weeks and to feature some ugly wrangles over ancient—that is to say, pre-Kennedy—grievances. The Chinese do not want the American newspapermen the President was willing to send them, or the opportunity he offered their journalists to poke around in this corner of the free world; nor do they seem to want, now, the diplomatic recognition and the United Nations membership that it would be so difficult to deny them if they made any show of civility or displayed any interest in the comity of nations. The Cubans don't want our Salk vaccine. The Brazilians are not so sure they want Food for Peace. The Alliance for Progress, the administration's proposal for a ten-year hemispheric development program, has been received with almost bubbling enthusiasm by the American press and by Congressional leaders of both parties but with all sorts of grumbling and faultfinding in Latin America. The Peace Corps is going over very well at Ohio State and Mount Holyoke, but a distressing number of Asians and Africans are saying that they want no help from it, and some of their leaders have predicted that it will turn out to be nothing but a youth division of the Central Intelligence Agency.

Thus far, the administration has little of substance to show for its diplomatic initiatives. The RB-47 fliers were released, but this was an act of justice or mercy—it changed nothing in East-West relationships. Mr. Stevenson and Andrei Gromyko have had some pleasant chats, but no one claims that anything has been changed by them. Mr. Stevenson and Mr. Kennedy have entertained President Nkrumah of Ghana, and it is said that some misunderstandings were cleared away, but it remains to be seen whether any of these were political, as distinct from social. The general outlook has, if anything, darkened in the past two months. There is steadily mounting anxiety about Laos and a fear that the kingdom may be lost regardless of what course this country and its allies pursue. The willingness of the Russians to go to the brink of war there suggests increased militancy or, what is less likely but just as bad, increased desperation. The Pathet Lao offensive and the unrestrained rancor in the United Nations do not provide very hopeful accompaniments to the negotiations on nuclear-test bans that will reopen in Geneva next week. One gets, however, no feeling of despair here, and not very much feeling of disappointment. Mr. Kennedy did not seek the Presidency with any expectation that his election would promptly reverse the course of history. The weakness of the Laotian government was well known to him when he was beating the bushes for convention delegates. The Soviet assault on the U.N. Secretariat got under way in the early stages of his campaign against Mr. Nixon. And the fact that some of the administration proposals with sloganlike names have had a more agreeable reception at home than abroad is hardly a surprise to their begetters. The Peace Corps, for example, is at least as much an effort to dissolve apathy and boredom in this country as it is a scheme for improving the conditions of life in the underdeveloped nations. It is an attempt to revive and find a fitting use for American idealism—at the same time suggesting to the world that we have not given up the quest for a moral alternative to war—and it would have been far worse to have it fall flat here than to have it subjected to mockery abroad. As an aspect of foreign policy, it is, like Food for Peace—which at its most successful could make very little headway against hunger in the world—a *beau geste*, and if in time it can boast of even the most modest accomplishments it will have been worth the effort.

Nor was there any great confidence here that the overtures to the Russians and the Chinese made by Mr. Kennedy



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and some of his representatives would perceptibly brighten the atmosphere; the chance that they might was simply one that had to be explored. The hope had to be tested, the record had to be made. At the moment, hope is deferred in most quarters here, but no one is willing to say that it is dead. There have as yet been no authoritative reports on the meeting in Novosibirsk between Ambassador Thompson and Mr. Khrushchev. It is known that the President's message to the Premier included an appeal to Mr. Khrushchev to encourage and support a negotiated settlement in Laos, and events of the past few days seem to argue that Mr. Khrushchev rejected it. The message contained a good deal more than that, however; it has been described here as a detailed American blueprint for coexistence. It was never within the realm of possibility that Mr. Khrushchev would accept a document of this sort as a policy directive. It was scarcely within the realm of possibility that he would take what it said at face value—that he would accept the President's warnings and injunctions or his statements of American hopes, intentions, and designs without subjecting them to some sort of test of their seriousness. Presumably he is doing that at this moment, and the hope is very much alive here that it will be proved to his satisfaction that the American position is exactly as the President described it. If Mr. Khrushchev gains an appreciation of what Mr. Kennedy regards as negotiable and of what he does not regard as negotiable, then the atmosphere will have been, if not brightened, cleared.

There is a sense, administration people maintain, in which a hardening of the Communist position may be a register of the effectiveness of American policy. As far as the Russians and the Chinese are concerned, the main thrust of American policy has not changed, and it will not change as long as the Russians and the Chinese feel called upon to expand their power. Since the late forties, this government has had two principal aims—the containment of Communist power by means short of general war, and the deterrence of general war by maintaining a capacity for retaliation. Strategy has undergone some notable alterations as various influences have been brought to bear on the execution of policy and—equally important—as there have been new developments in Communist strategy. Some striking changes in American strategy are under way at present. The new administration will rely less on military ali-

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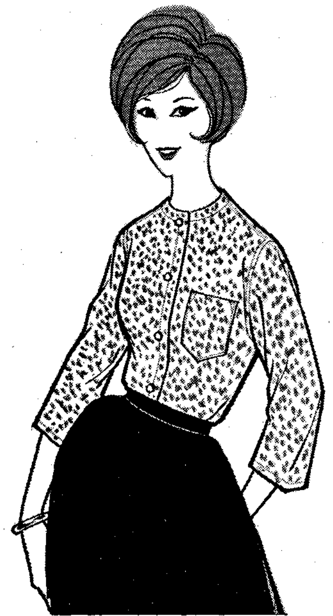

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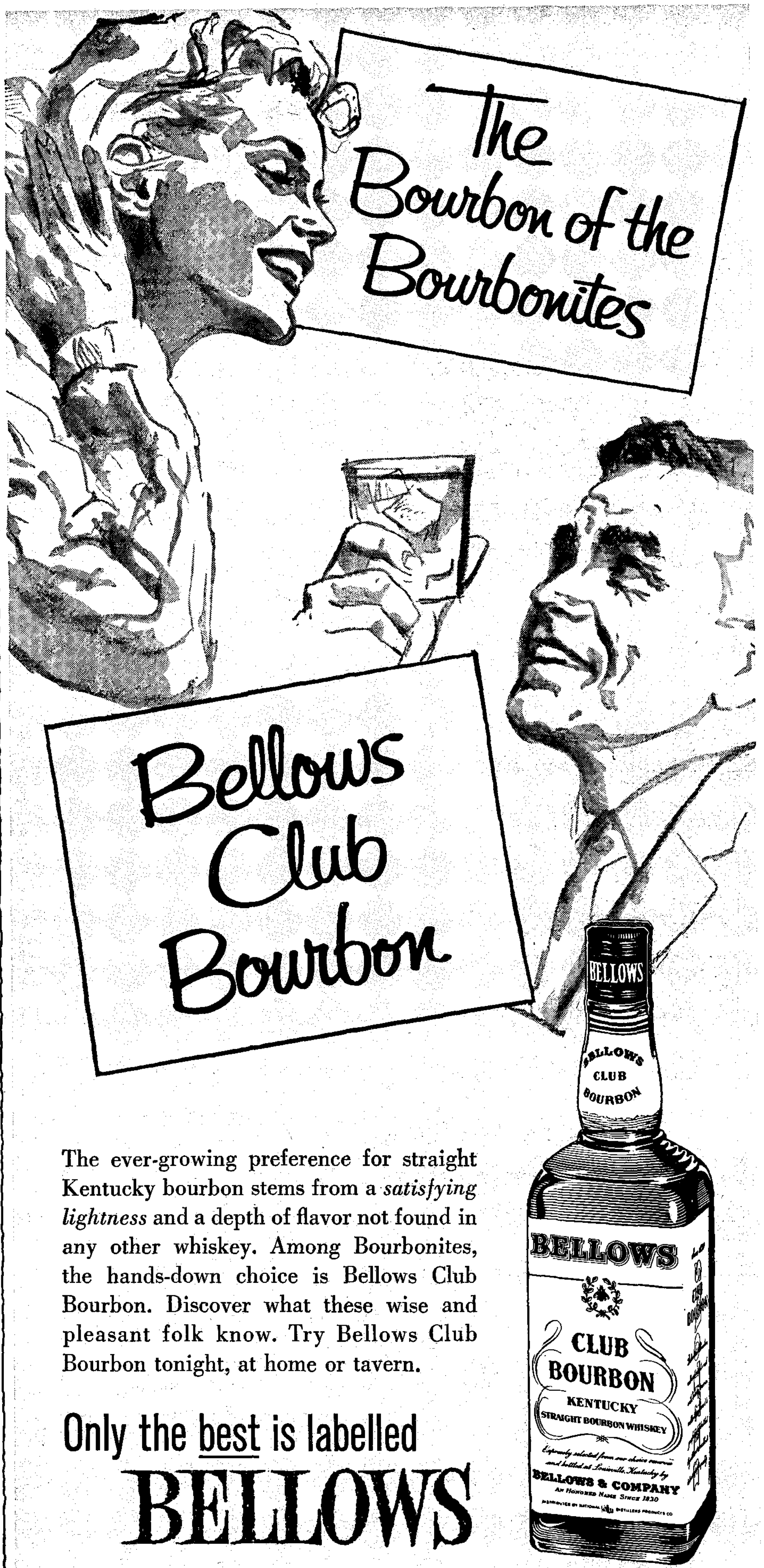
ances than its predecessor did. Lacking a Calvinist ideologue like John Foster Dulles, it will be more tolerant of those nations that wish to sit out the Cold War. Indeed, it will encourage neutralism—at least among the lesser powers—and it will reaffirm American anti-colonialism even at the risk of giving offense to allies. (The most dramatic instance of this so far was the decision to have the United States join the Soviet Union in the Security Council vote on a resolution calling for an inquiry into last month's racial disturbances in Portuguese Angola.) Still, from the Communists' point of view the objective is unchanged, and if American strategy and tactics improve, that improvement simply requires a greater effort from them. It could well be, for example, that the Russian decision to strengthen the Pathet Lao and encourage it to try for early destruction of the Royal Laotian Army and government resulted from fear that the United States is, on the one hand, seeking to get its own forces ready for limited war and, on the other, winning support among the uncommitted powers for a negotiated settlement. The Soviet Union's insistence on a prolonged session of the General Assembly may be read as evidence that it considers its own power and prestige to be as high as they will ever be and is determined to put them to maximum use before they decline. At any rate, that is a way of reading it that appeals to administration people at the moment, and it is too early for anyone here to say that they are mistaken.

WHILE it continues to be true that the principal political aim of American policy is the containment of Communist power, and that only the means have undergone much change over the years, one gets the feeling here that the day may not be far off when no such simple statement of the case will be accurate. The administration has undertaken a review of American foreign policy that will include a reappraisal of ends as well as of means. The review is not a committee or a commission project; it will have no coördinator or supervisor other than the President himself, and it is unlikely, when and if it ever reaches a conclusion, to appear in the form of a public document. It is, nevertheless, a systematic attempt to take a fresh and thorough look at the world, and it will engage the time and talents of some of the most gifted men the administration has recruited. Several of these men have played a large role in



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defining the policy they will now reexamine. For example, George Kennan, the original author of the containment doctrine, will go to Yugoslavia as ambassador not primarily because he is well equipped to handle our affairs in Belgrade but because a tour of duty there will give him an opportunity to check his early and exceedingly influential appraisals of the dynamics of Communist society against the present reality. While Thomas Finletter is serving as United States Ambassador to the North Atlantic Treaty Organization, one of the principal founders of NATO, Dean Acheson, will be reëxamining the strength and purpose of the alliance. Mr. Kennedy has specifically assigned Paul Nitze, Assistant Secretary of Defense for International Affairs, to study the whole range of problems of armament and disarmament; Adolph Berle, a former Assistant Secretary of State, to review Latin-American policy; and the economist W. W. Rostow to reappraise everything we have been doing and thinking of doing in the field of foreign aid. And there are others—none of them mere technicians.

It is conceivable, of course, that a thoroughgoing review of the ends and means of policy could produce the conclusion that the basic assumptions of the last fifteen years will do for the next fifteen, and there is every reason to believe that some of the assumptions of the late forties will be found valid in the early sixties. Communist power today seeks to advance itself less by military than by political and economic moves, but its principal centers continue to be sheltered by armaments, and it is emboldened to undertake political and economic offensives by the knowledge that it has in reserve the most awesome powers of destruction in the world. As long as it has the military power, and as long as it identifies us and our present allies as its chief adversaries, we have no escape from maintaining a matching power. There are people here, though, who think it possible that within the next few years the requirements of national survival will appear both to the Russians and to us to depend far more on disarmament than on armament. The terrors of the missile gap are bad enough, but the terrors of parity are also great, and a continuing arms race—particularly with the new entrants that are expected in this decade—is probably the ultimate in terror, and in futility as well. A good many Washington experts on Russia believe that the Soviet Union does not lag far behind us in an awareness of this, and they also believe that this awareness in-

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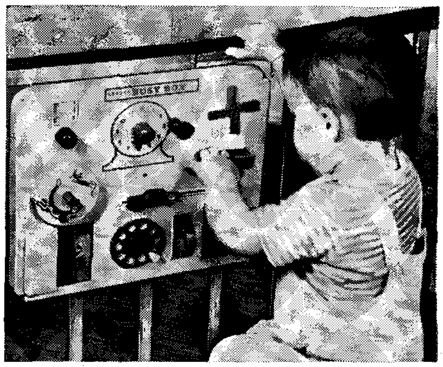

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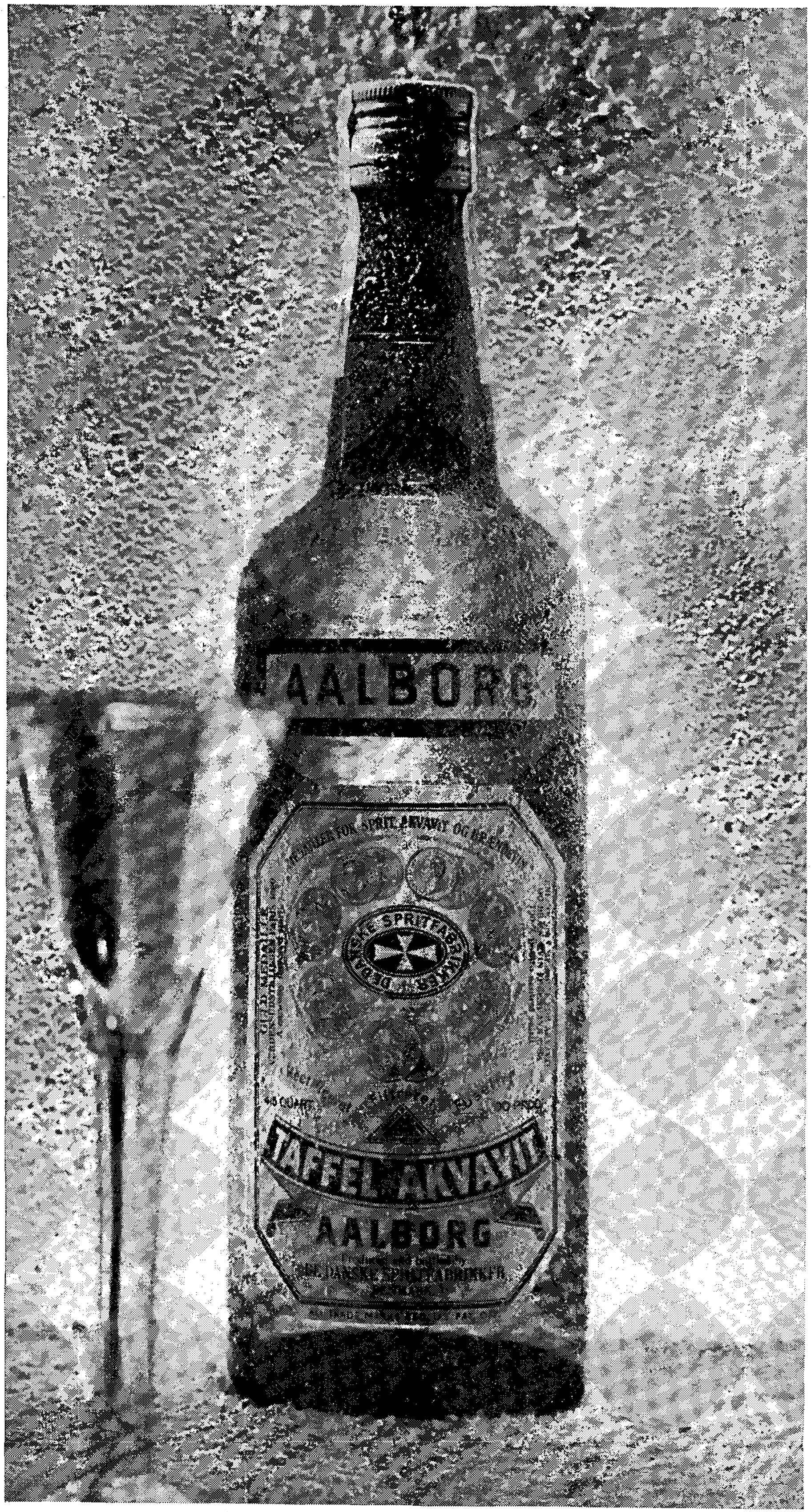
creases as Soviet power in the world becomes more secure. The day has long since passed, they think, when Soviet policy could be attributed to an anxiety neurosis. Soviet influence now vaults encircling buffer states and American bases so easily that even the word "containment," which was apt at first because it implied sealing off or bottling up, has to be expanded in meaning so that it can be applied to an effort to limit a power that is no longer in a single container. They think, too, that Soviet policy today is almost as often a response to Chinese power as it is to that of the West.

Both we and the Russians have found our worlds changed by the emergence of the Chinese. The Cold War can still be described as essentially a conflict between the West and "Communism," but there are areas of conflict in which the two Communist powers do not act as one, and times when clarity calls for an identification of Communists by nationality. Before long, it may be necessary for us to think of ourselves as being engaged in two cold wars, and perhaps to think of the Russians and the Chinese as being engaged in a lesser one of their own. And in time, it is widely believed here, the Cold War or cold wars may, without coming to any sort of climax, cease to be the principal concern of American, Soviet, and Chinese policy. There are other emerging and reëmerging nations, some of them big enough to have an impact on this decade and the next approximately as great as the impact that China had on the last. Those who have American policy under review cannot ignore the possibility that India or Brazil may gain a large influence in world affairs, and that certain other countries—such as Japan, Indonesia, and the United Arab Republic—may achieve a status in the world of power politics at least comparable to that of the leading nations of Western Europe. It did not, to be sure, require a change in administrations here to make such possibilities apparent. What the change in administrations has brought about is a realization that it may be necessary to consider outside the context of the Cold War the problems that the possibilities will create. In the diplomacy of the late forties, the assumption was that every power of any importance in the world was a potential satellite of the Soviet Union or a potential ally of the United States. The current and future roles of all such powers were most meaningfully described in terms of their current and future alignments. In the late Eisenhower years, there began to develop an appreciation of the



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fact that some nations were quite determinedly neutral and that they were not altogether to be despised on this account. Walter Lippmann and others kept hammering home the point that commitment follows development and responsibility, and that in our own great period of growth we established ourselves as a perfect model of neutralism. Tolerance grew, but the general view taken of the problem posed by neutral and developing countries was a Cold War view—they were simply counted out, like abstainers in an election. What is up for examination now is the possible role of the emergent nations not as satellites, allies, or abstainers but as powers that are almost certain to create roles of their own in a world where the Cold War might even be reduced to a side issue. It is by now fairly plain that most of these nations do not wish engagement in the two- or three-way disputes involving NATO, the Soviet Union, and China; beyond that, it is plain that neutralism is anything but an unworkable policy. A number of countries that endured heavy pressure from the great power blocs for a decade or so have so successfully resisted it that they are no longer under siege.

There is no reason, it is felt here, to assume that the neutrality of the emergent nations will be a benevolent one. They are more likely than not to come upon the scene with considerable hostility toward all the powers whose quarrels have dominated the world and threatened the world's existence throughout the postwar period. Neutrality does not preclude animosity, and abstention from the Cold War does not preclude participation in cold wars of the abstainers' making. Nations like Brazil and India could be saved from the menace of Communism only to fall prey to indigenous tyrannies that would destroy freedom quite as effectively as Communism would. But if benevolence is not an inevitable accompaniment of neutrality, neither is malevolence. The United States may find it possible to take out some insurance against malevolence by an effort to stimulate and guide the development of the emergent powers, and by doing what it can about disarmament, which would relieve them of the dread of being extinguished by a conflict they despise and regard as irrelevant. Up to now, the Kennedy administration—in some of the innovations that have thus far been poorly received—has been groping toward this end; the reviewers and planners of its policies are currently seeking ways to do more than grope.

—RICHARD H. ROVERE

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THE CURRENT CINEMA

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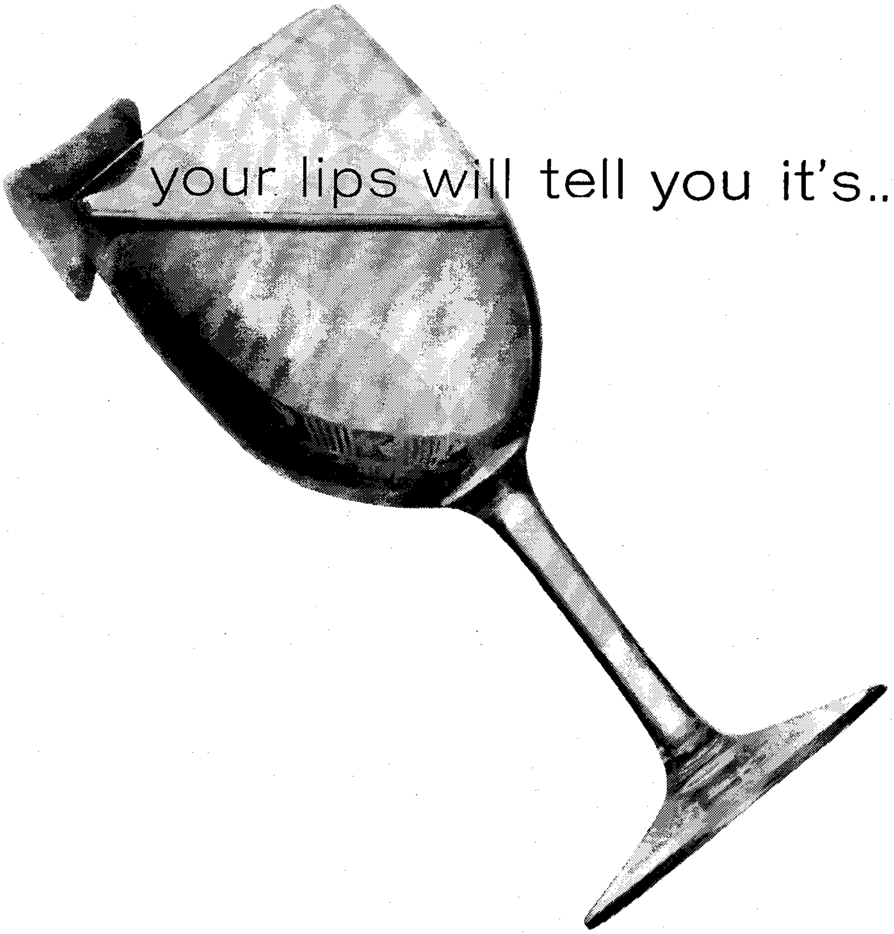
Ernest Borgnine does quite well as the father, occasionally even fooling us into believing that his part is not just an amalgam of clichés, but Anthony Franciosa's long-faced performance as the son only adds to our troubles, and Gina Lollobrigida seems somewhat confused (and who can blame her?) as the prostitute. All in all, a dull, tawdry mess, but essentially a harmless mess. At



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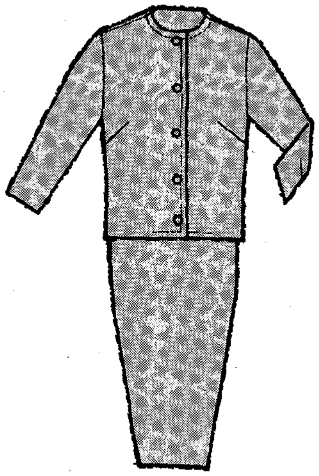

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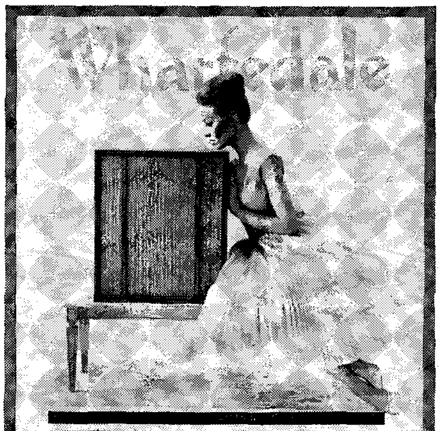

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least, if it cheapens anything that wasn't cheap to begin with, I didn't notice it.

A CALLOUS farce called "All in a Night's Work" blights everything it touches as it deals with the attempts of a rake who has inherited a string of magazines at his rich uncle's death to ward off blackmail—by a girl in his own research department—with mechanical pranks and mechanical lechery. Among the things it touches are humor, sex, veterinary surgery, innocence, and, come to think of it, magazines. The potential blackmailer, unaware that she is one, or that there is any reason she might be thought one (the movie could be considered a study in unawareness by everyone concerned), responds to all the horseplay with frantic hard-eyed ingenuousness. (The reason for the assumption that she *is* a blackmailer, in case you care, is some flapdoodle about one of her earrings' having been found by a hotel detective in the dead uncle's room; the reason it was found there is that she lost it as she skittered through the room wrapped in a bath towel; and the reason she was wrapped in a bath towel is too boring to go into.) The only other characters who have anything to do with anything are the veterinary surgeon, who is the girl's fiancé, and who is easily shrugged off at the end; his dim, proper mother; and his professorial father, who gets drunk and who is played, by the way, with real innocence and charm by Charles Ruggles. It is customary, or perhaps it is just polite, to treat the actors in an enterprise as tacky as this one purely as victims. Bad manners or not, I must point out that the actors, Mr. Ruggles aside, don't lift many fingers to help. Dean Martin plays—well, he doesn't exactly play it; it's more a matter of sheepishly allowing himself, for one scene at a time, to be mistaken for—the playboy heir. Shirley MacLaine is the "g"-dropping urchin in the research department.

—EDITH OLIVER

•

Magistrate Weinfeld noted that the four-story apartment building is classified as professional. He dismissed the charges and gave Mrs. Loning-Loja, a 50-year-old handicraft worker, a bit of advice from the bench:

"There is just too much talent in this house—I advise place to lifofwofwofwofwofw Mrs. Loja to find another place to live."—*The World-Telegram & Sun.*

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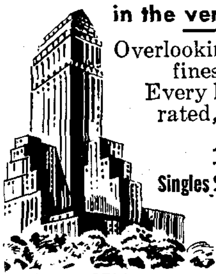

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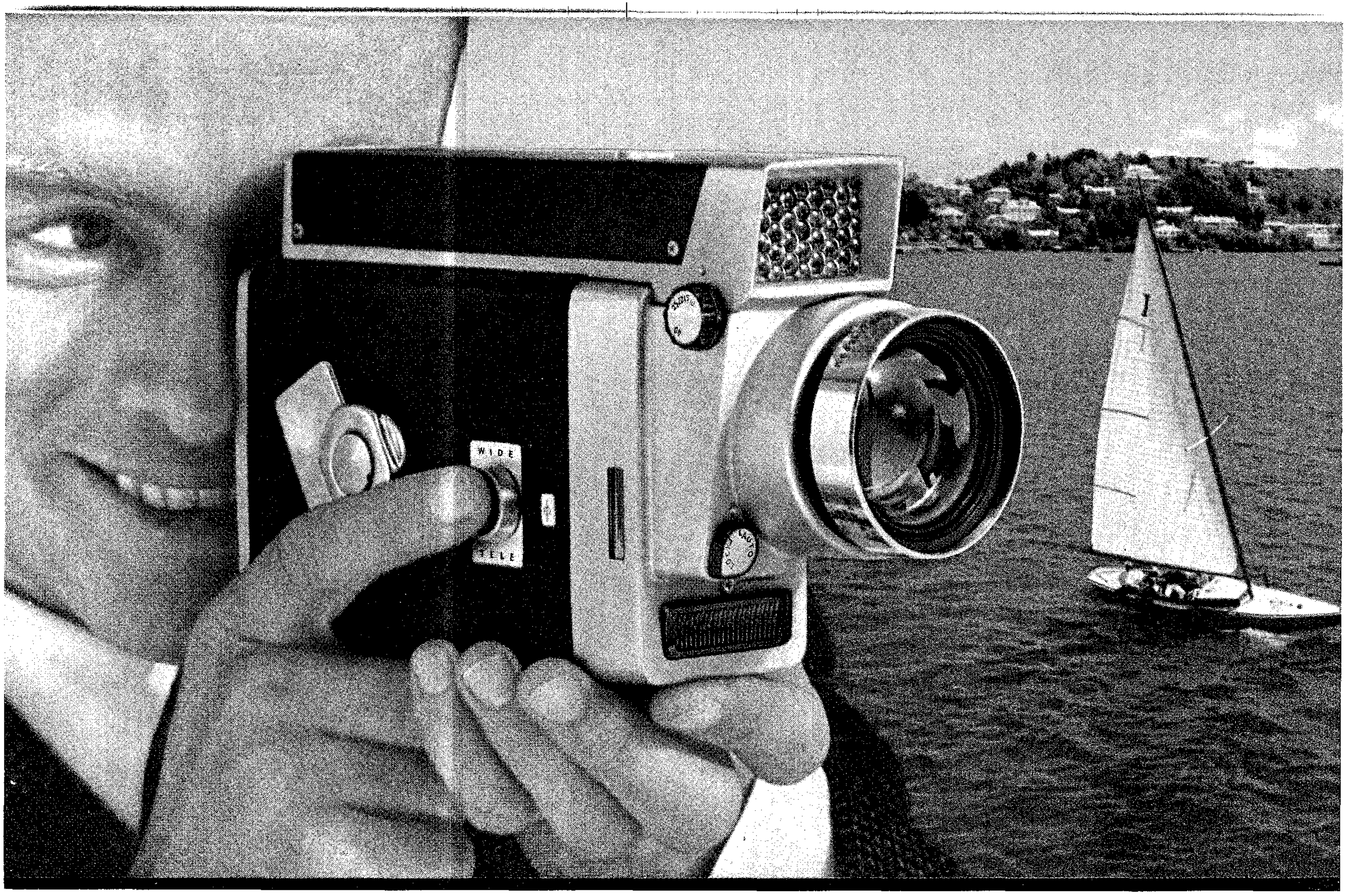

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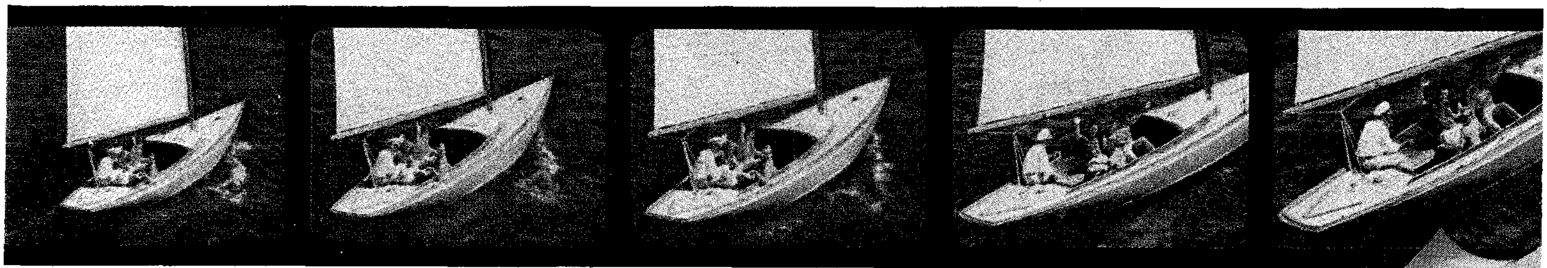

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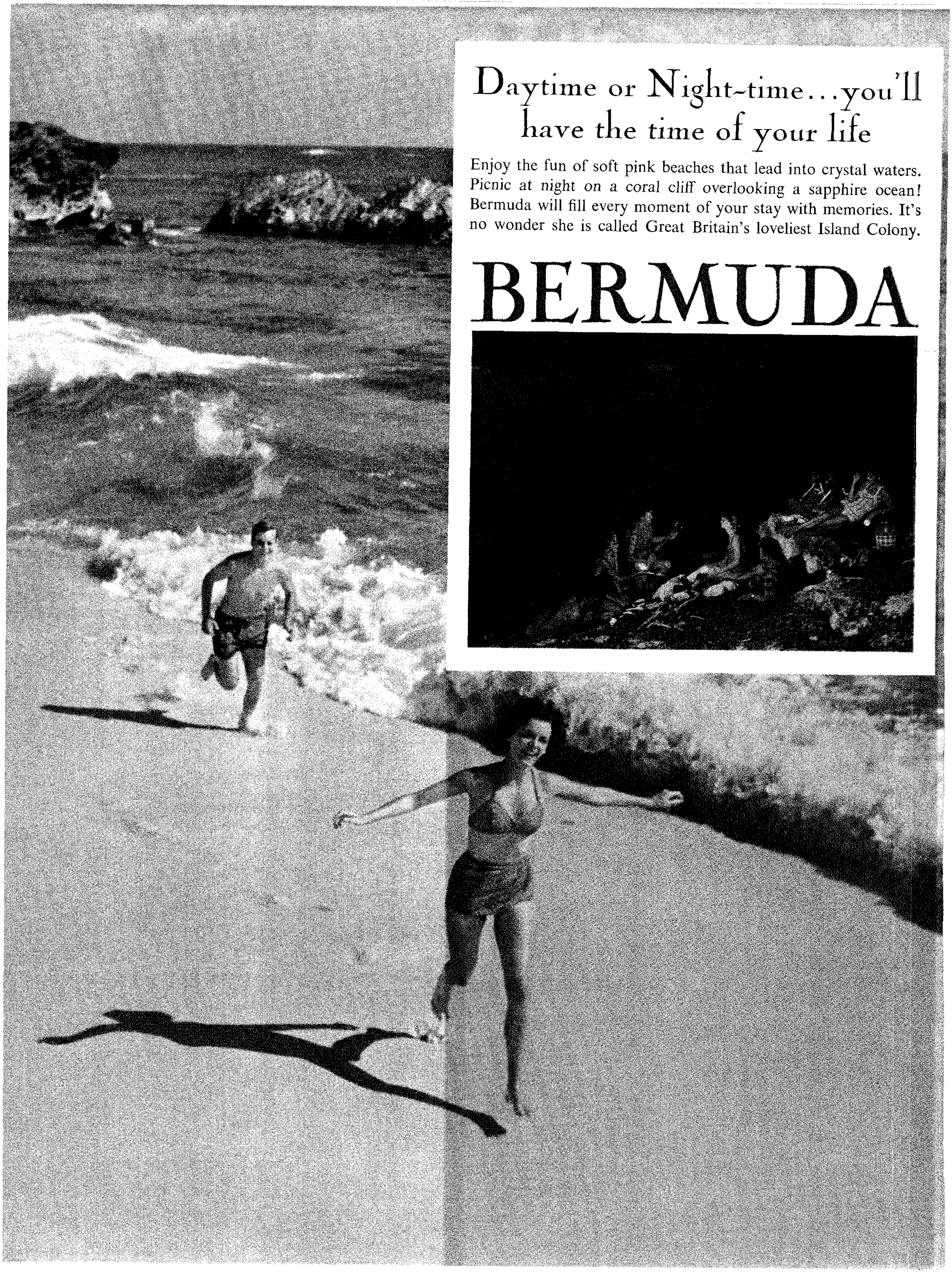
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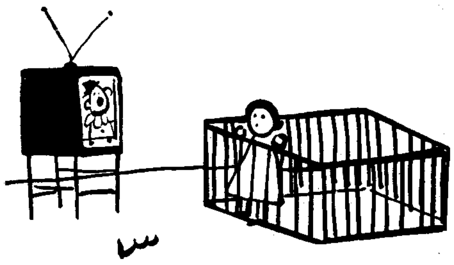
MR. ROUNDY

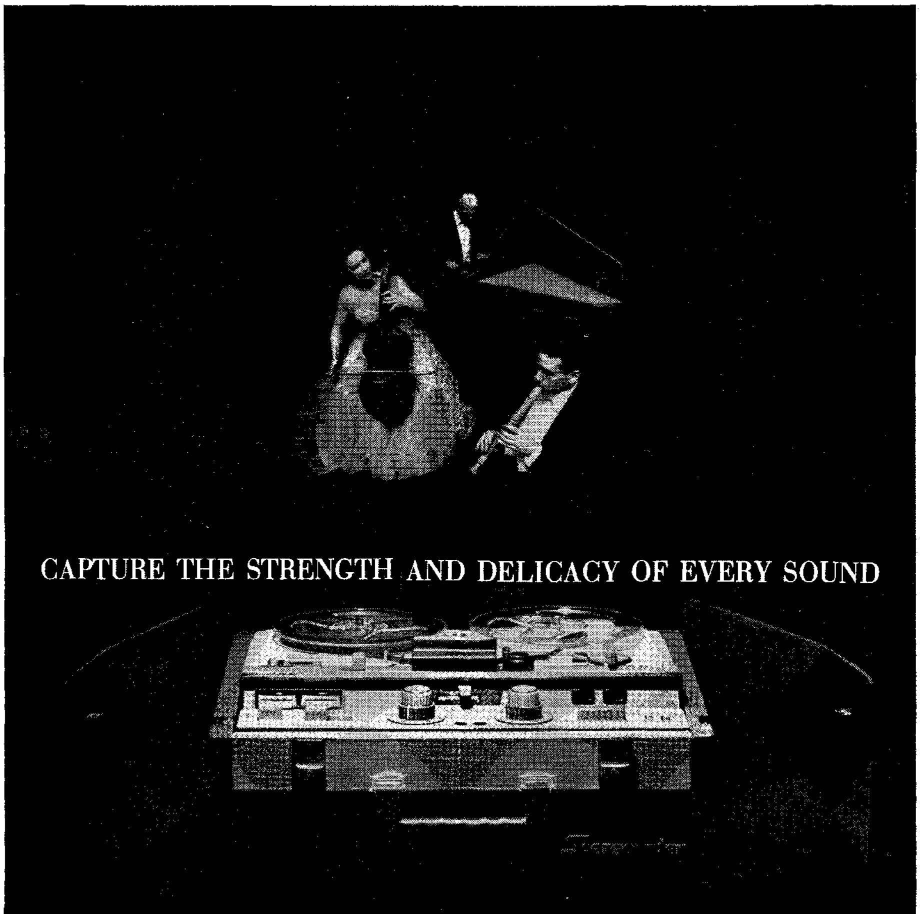
I WAS a little girl of about nine or ten when I first became aware of Mr. Roundy, our next-door neighbor in Wichita, Kansas. My mother used to send me over to Mr. Roundy's house every day to take our copy of the Wichita *Eagle* to him. He subscribed to the Wichita *Beacon*, the rival paper, but he liked to read both, for the sake of comparison. I thought for a long time that Mr. Roundy was after the news. But eventually I discovered it was the obituary page he wanted. The *Beacon* was published by the Levand brothers and gave more space to Jewish obituaries. The *Eagle* was a Republican organ and gave more space to political obituaries.

Over a period of years, Mr. Roundy kept a record of the Sedgwick County deaths. He was not particularly interested in *who* died. It was *how* they died that fascinated him—and also at what age they died. Occasionally, he would let me record the day's statistics for him in his record book.

This book was a big, ruled ledger, like a bookkeeper's. Half of it was devoted to Causes of Death. Most of the other half, the back half, was a Census of Ages. When I handed Mr. Roundy our *Eagle*, he would unlock the big ledger and spread it open on my knees. Then he would read out loud the pertinent information from the paper, which I duly recorded. For the age tabulations, he had numbered the pages from twenty to a hundred. He would call out, "Died at sixty-five!" and I would turn to page 65 and make a score mark. Then he would call out, "Heart attack!" and I would turn to the page labelled "Heart Disease" and make another mark.

Keeping the record of the ages was easy, but keeping track of the causes of death was not. Mr. Roundy used to get exasperated at euphemisms like "after a long illness." "That's cancer," he would say irritably. "Why do they pussyfoot around? Nothing to be ashamed of!" Also, he would have liked more specific information on heart deaths. "Must have been thrombosis," he would say to me after reading off a case of heart at-





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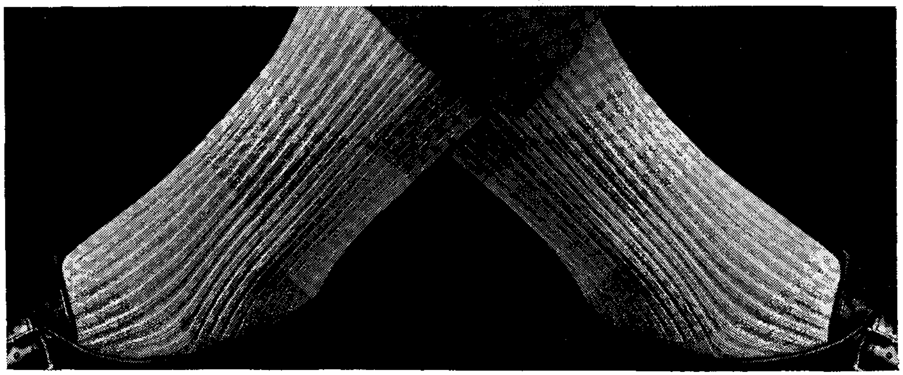

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tack. "The old boy drank like a fish." Then, shrugging, he would add, "But we can't be sure. Just mark it under 'Heart.' "

Mr. Roundy's commentary was usually supplemented by comparative asides, such as, "Died at fifty-six. Liver. Hmm . . . Three years older than I am. Never played golf, though." There was still another section of the ledger, twenty pages at the back, reserved for Mr. Roundy's age in minutes, with 1,440 added at the end of each day.

This occupation never struck me as morbid, though some instinct kept me from telling my mother about it. I had the feeling that she might be unreasonable about my participation. I never once thought of myself in connection with Mr. Roundy's statistics. He had no pages for anyone under twenty. "Those deaths are accidental," he said. "Mismanagement on the parents' part. Ball up the record." Since I was far under twenty, I considered myself immune—merely a curious spectator.

Mr. Roundy himself was sick only once, as far as I know. He diagnosed his trouble—stomach, I think it was—as "jumpy nerves." But he went so far as to consult the medical profession, even though he had nothing but contempt for it. He called in five doctors and had each of them examine him separately. Then he sat all of them down around his living-room table and said, "I want each of you birds to write down what you think is the matter with me in clear, two-syllable English. None of your Latin obscurities, please. I will read all the papers aloud. Then we'll discuss them, and then *I'll* decide what to do."

After Mr. Roundy retired from the hardware business, he set to work doing research for his magnum opus, which he is still working on. The idea for this book arose from his annoyance at biographers, who almost never explained to his satisfaction what great historical personages died of. Mr. Roundy often expounded his idea to me: "Caesar, now—that's easy, murder. Napoleon, cancer. Louis Fifteenth, smallpox." Then he would frown and go on, "But look at the hundreds of famous people who 'went into a decline.' Look at Bloody Mary. She's supposed to have died of melancholy. The deuce she did! And what about all those people who died of 'excess'? It isn't so. Tiberius lived to be seventy-eight. Nero was as healthy as a horse."

Mr. Roundy was thorough in his research. His method was to read as many biographies of one person as he could find, noting down all symptoms and

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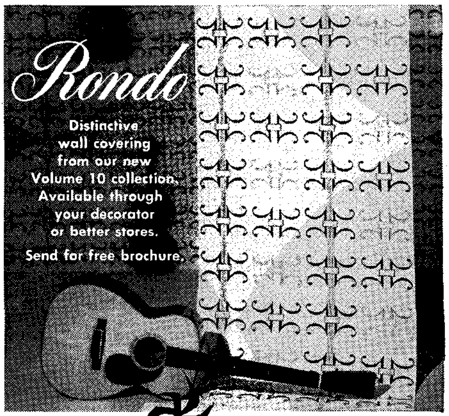

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illnesses during the subject's lifetime as well as at the end. Then, placing them together, he made his own common-sense diagnosis of the cause of death. He was working on the Medici family when I went away to college.

MY family moved away from Wichita soon afterward, and I never went back. But occasionally I receive a Christmas card from Mr. Roundy, who is seventy-nine years old now. He never fails to inform me of the stages of his research. The last note I got was this: "Getting to Victorian period. Very difficult. Too many wrong diagnoses by doctors to confuse things. Twentieth will be even worse, with vitamins and psychiatry! Best wishes."—ANNE SINCLAIR MEHDEVI

•

MUSEUM TO SELL SURPLUS ARMOR

Neither Christie's nor the Metropolitan Museum is guessing at probable sales receipts. Arms and armor have been relatively rare at auctions in recent years and fine pieces have been hard to come by.

As a result, quality polearms and pikes, basinets and breastplates, to say nothing of full or half suits of armor, are spurring the collecting public to renewed fervor when they appear.—*The Times.*

Say frenzy, rather. Lord, the junk one sees—
  Hauberks all holes, scuffed targes, pitted shards
Said to be corselets. Warwick's blood would freeze
  At what now pass for crinet, chamfron, bards,

Sir Thopas scorn, de Bouillon roundly damn
  The stovepipe heaumes, botched jazerant, scarred wrecks
Of buckler, byrnie, vambrace, brassart, jamb—
  Not worth, in job lots, twenty dollars Mex—

The ill-joined sabbatons, eggshell salades,
  Shoddy niello, tuilles beyond repair,
Forged gorgets, greaves and knee-cops fit for clods,
  Polearms a villein might disdain to bear.

Christie's be thanked if, out of all such truck
  Left from those sturdy times, a man can yet
Trust his discernment, ready cash, and luck
  To bring him home a decent basinet.
—C. M. FAIR

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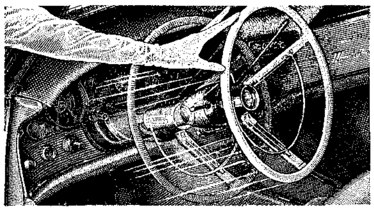

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A REPORTER AT LARGE

A SPACE FILLED IN

WHILE in training for a fight, Mr. Floyd Patterson, the heavyweight champion of the world, spends most of his time sleeping. He sleeps regularly from nine in the evening until six next morning, rises, runs, eats four or five eggs or a few chops, and sleeps from eight to ten. Then he sometimes takes a nap until noon, when he does his gym work and boxes, and after that, if he is not worried, he takes a long walk and, on his return, sleeps until suppertime. If he has anything on his mind, he sleeps instead of taking the walk. "Fighters have different ways of reacting to tension," he has been quoted as saying, although the choice of words is not characteristic. "Some get nervous and jumpy and can't eat. Others eat a lot and do practical jokes. Others just sleep. That's me."

Sleeping has made Patterson's success possible. In the years since he won the Olympic 167-pound boxing title at Helsinki in 1952, he has had to put on more and more solid weight to become an authentic heavyweight. (In 1956, when he fought Archie Moore for the championship that Marciano's retirement left vacant, he weighed about 180; in his 1959 bout with Johansson, which he lost, he weighed 182; in the 1960 Johansson fight, which he won, regaining the championship, he weighed 190.) The only effectual way to "build" a fighter is to feed him quite a lot and make him work hard enough to turn part of the fodder into muscle. There is no way to induce his bones to grow, and simple stuffing will do more harm than good; nothing is worse for a fighter than surplus weight. Patterson picked up eight solid pounds between the 1959 defeat and the 1960 win, but he trained for ten of the twelve months that intervened between the two fights. A fighter who sleeps poorly or who frolics about during his waking hours will either fret or burn away the hard-won gain in fighting weight. Patterson sleeps and holds it. Dan Florio, his trainer, told a London interviewer, "If we put him on a diet, we'd soon have a middleweight on our hands." This confirms my own inexpert opinion completely; I see Patterson not as a light-heavy in a padding of fat but as a tall middleweight in a carapace of smoothly flowing muscle. He has to keep after the muscles to hold his weight and their fluidity. (A muscle-bound boxer is in as bad a state as a fat one.)

Patterson's sleep performs more than a physiological function. He thinks a lot, subliminally, while sleeping. Once he dreamed of a new blow that nobody could block, and, waking, leaped from his bed and ran to a mirror to try it out, like a poet carrying a couplet to the escritoire. "It wasn't any good," he admitted afterward, which put him one up on most poets. Because of the essential part that sleep plays in his career, he has carefully refrained from building up any hobbies that might keep him awake. He shies away from paperbacks, for example, as if they contained gin—he has observed others lying awake nights reading them. His only outside interests—aside from the civic good, which does not interfere with his rest—are his wife and children, whom he can reach by telephone from his bed.

I was therefore not astonished at being told, when I called him at his quarters in Miami Beach the day before his third match with Johansson, "Floyd's upstairs, sleeping." I sent my name up by Buster Watson, the champion's Figaro, handyman, counsellor, and supernumerary second, hoping that Floyd might remember me or, if not, think I was somebody he did remember. I looked around the place while Buster was gone. The house was a large white villa on a good residential road. A big dining room and living room, without a wall between them, occupied all the visible first floor. There was wall-to-wall carpeting; a fireplace; a department-store kind of furniture, neither beautiful nor cheap; and a long sideboard covered with Class C Members' golf cups and Junior Girls' swimming trophies, left by the family from whom Patterson's faction had rented the house. It was more pretentious than the small, crowded dining room of the farmhouse near Summit, New Jersey, where I had visited Patterson before other fights, but the set was essentially the same. There were two weighing scales and a Valpak overflowing with soiled boxing clothes near the front door, and, grouped around a television set, two sparring partners—long, the color of a good Havana wrapper, and sprawled back in lounge chairs at an angle of twenty degrees, with the soles of their gigantic shoes pointed at the machine. They, too, had bouts scheduled for the following evening—"underneath," or on the supporting card of preliminary bouts—but they had little to worry about. Their opponents would also be sparring partners, and sparring partners are the least bellicose of prizefighters.

The noise of the television rose above the hum of the air-conditioner. I said "Beautiful day, isn't it?," and one of the partners, waking politely, said "Yes, sir," and then reclosed the eye with which he had sighted in on me. A third, intermittent hum sounded between the two other noises, like a flight of bumblebees flying under a flock of macaws and above a washing machine.

Patterson, polite beyond the call of courtesy, came down to see me. He was reproachful, just the same. There were only thirty-three hours left before fight time, and, according to his lights, he *needed* his sleep. "The other writers been down here four, five days already, and you just come in at the tail end," he said. "No time for talking now." He was wearing a silk Oriental dressing robe—orange and black, like a butterfly wing—and under it his back made a blocky rectangle, no longer an inverted triangle as in the Helsinki days. There were ropes of muscle at the base of his throat—he was a full-scale heavy-

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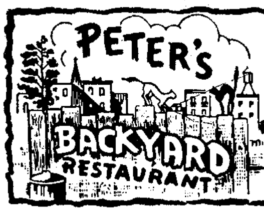
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weight now. He is a dark man, about the color of semi-sweet chocolate, and has a long uptilted nose and little sleepy eyes, which give him the look of having a small joke with himself.

He was a favorite at four or five or six to one to beat Johansson this time, but he was sleeping as conscientiously as ever. Perhaps being so hot a favorite reminded him unpleasantly of the weeks before their first fight, when all the sportswriters had touted him to win easily and he had got knocked out for the only time in his life. He had been surprised on that occasion; the Swede—his claims unbelieved, like those of all boastful foreign athletes who come to America—had landed on him early and never let him recover. Then, in the second fight, Patterson had done what we had all predicted for the first one. But by that time most of the writers had hurt his feelings by questioning his vocation; he would never take an opponent—or a friend—for granted again.

Unexpectedly, he said to me, "It's lucky I'm not superstitious. If I was, I wouldn't go through with this fight."

I said, offhand, "There's nothing the matter with fighting on the thirteenth. The bad luck will split even."

The champion said, "It's worse than that. I had a dream."

I asked, naturally, what it was, and he said, "It was so bad I couldn't tell you."

"Dreams go by opposites," I told him, and added, "I know a lot about dreams. If you told me, maybe I could advise you." (I wondered if they had a copy of Erich Fromm's "Forgotten Language" or of "The Old Gypsy Dream Book and Fortune Teller" in the Miami Beach Public Library.)

The champ wouldn't go for that feint, but he promised, "If things come out right for me, I'll tell you what it was." And then, as if defying dreams in general, he said, "A dream is just an empty space waiting for somewhere to fill in."

I wished him success in his contest, and he left me to puzzle over that one. "I got to catch up on sleep," he said.

I DECIDED that this wound up my own roadwork for a fight that looked so easy to cover. I took the Swede less seriously than Patterson did. (I did not have to fight him, of course.) In the second fight, when Johansson was champion, he had not acted like a champion, and I could not believe that now, after having been knocked out of time for a quarter of an hour in that

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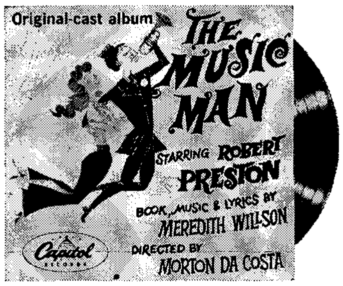
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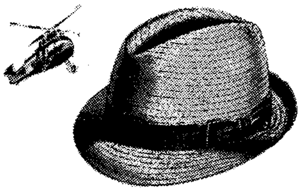
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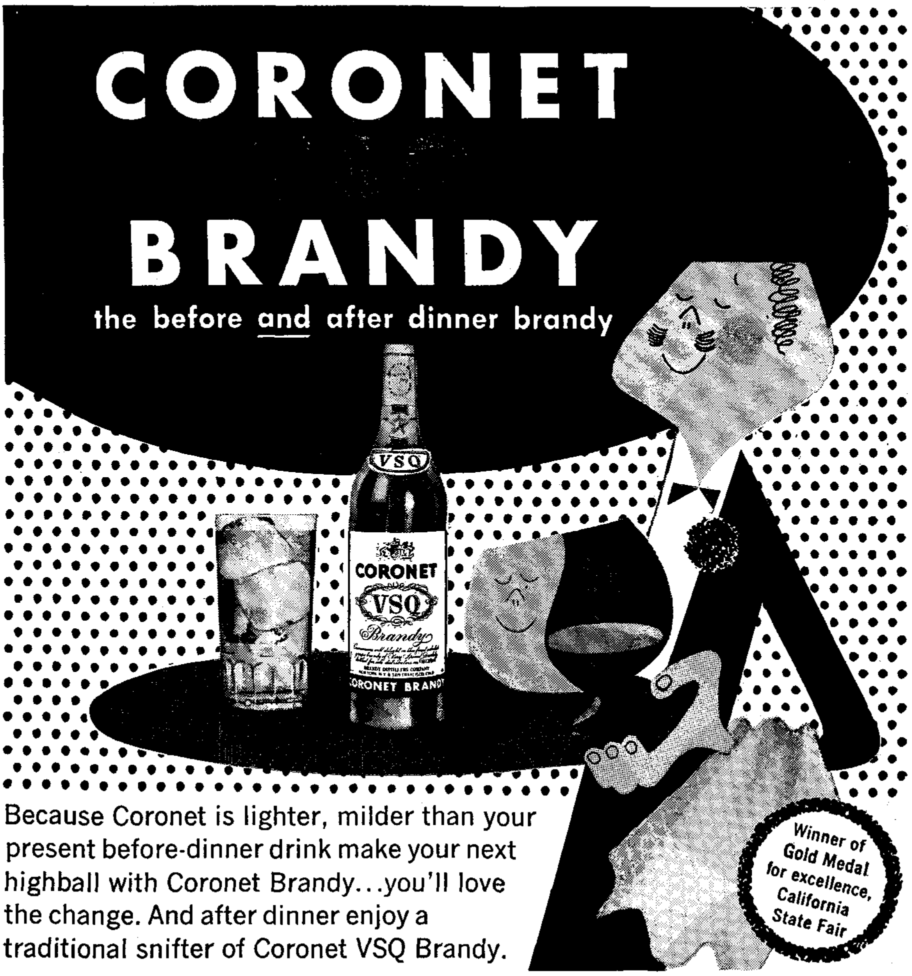
bout, he would have much zest for the fray. The only weapon he had revealed in either fight was a fast, dangerous right hand, and Patterson, warned by his experience in the first bout, had had little trouble keeping away from it in the second. Moreover, Johansson, who had scandalized American trainers by his hedonism before the first two fights, was now, from reports, out-hedonizing himself. He not only had his father, mother, brother, sister-in-law, and secretary-fiancée living near him in his training quarters, a hotel in Palm Beach, but he was, I had heard, on an eating jag—creamed chicken, strawberry shortcake, cherry cheesecake. There was no limit to his reported transgressions. It sounded compulsive to me—the prisoner stuffing before the execution. Whitey Bimstein, Johansson's American trainer, copes with a gluttonous client, if he can get him out on some lonely farm, by eating half the food on the fellow's plate at every meal, as well as a double portion of his own. But Florida, crammed with restaurants, slippery with borsch, soggy with lime pie, offers too many opportunities for evasion. Besides, according to my sources, Johansson had the other Swedes smuggling for him. His reported conduct reminded me of that of the Sultan Muhammad of Khorazm, in the thirteenth century, who was engaged in war with the invincible Genghis Khan. It is related in the famous book of Juvaini, the Persian historian, that the Sultan, when he knew the jig was up, "strayed from the path of seriousness in compliance with his desires, and set foot in the wilderness of merriment, and for some days tasted the pleasures of riotous living."

I accordingly returned to my own training headquarters in a hotel called the Fontainebleau ("Fourteen Acres of Oceanfront Luxury")—a rococo interior of bibelots and buhl encased in a structure like twin United Nations Buildings. The Fontainebleau has six places where you can eat: the Fleur de Lis Room; the Poodle Lounge; the Boom Boom Room; Chez Bon Bon, which is a subterranean blintzerie, open twenty-four hours a day; La Ronde, the supper club (Frankie Sinatra that week); and the Pavillon Dining Room (in the Cabana Club area). There is also room service, but it is slow, since the distances to be traversed are so vast. Among the private dining rooms are the Voltaire Room and the Louis Philippe Room. I meant, before I left, to investigate the hotel's link with the *grandeur* beloved of General



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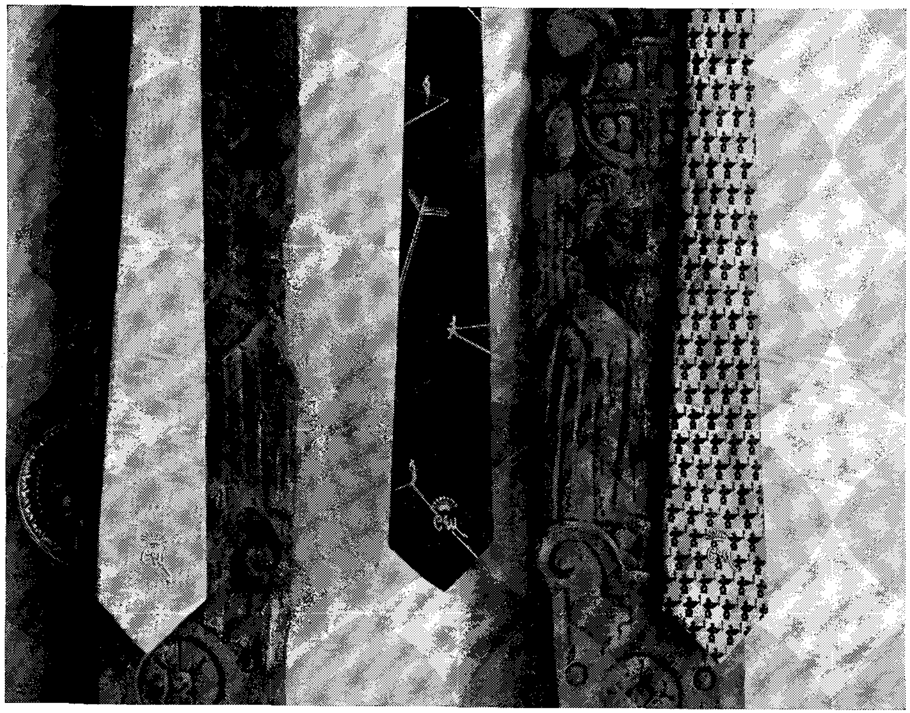

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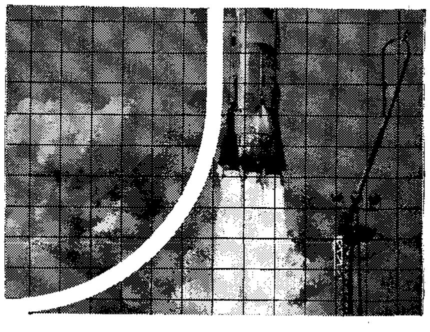
de Gaulle, but I never got around to it. Natives call the hotel the Fountainblue, and it has one thousand rooms. The fellows who hang out in the lobby of the Garden on fight nights were not in evidence at the Fontainebleau. If I had not just seen Patterson, I would have feared that I was in the wrong town. The bellboy who took my bag to my room, however, said that a lot of other guests had come down for the fight. Seats were scaled at twenty, fifty, and a hundred dollars. I had a fifty, since I had not wished to be ostentatious, but I felt that if this became known at the Fontainebleau I would be asked to leave.

When I attended the weighing of the fighters at the Miami Beach Convention Hall, where the fight was to be held, at eleven o'clock the next morning, the fight boys were there. Miami Beach is a bit off their regular beat, but, as Pierce Egan, the Juvaini of the London Prize Ring, has observed, "the pleasures of a mill, to the heroes of the sporting world, rise superior to all difficulties that may present themselves." Since there is no regular rendezvous of the Fancy in the city of burnished torsos, I assumed that the kids had found roosting places, as Egan would put it, here and there among the Deauville, the Dakar, the Eden Roc, the Americana, the Versailles, the Carillon, the Barcelona, the Marseilles, the Algiers, and the hundreds of other soberly named hostelries, each crouching over a subterranean bazaar with an outlet on a narrow strip of beach. In the Convention Hall—a great, clean hangar that Billy Graham, the evangelist, had vacated for the night—the kids rediscovered one another, like castaways from the same wreck reunited on a coral isle. It was reassuring. Mr. Al Weill, manager of Rocky Marciano, the last champion before Patterson, stood just within the turnstile leading to the hall, a monument to glory's evanescence. In other years, he would have been a center of attention, but now the crowd hurried by—a bitter reminder that a Frankenstein, no matter how profound, has got to have a monster or he's dead. I waved to Weill and rushed up to Cus D'Amato, Patterson's manager except in New York State, where he cannot get a license. D'Amato, who looks like a Roman senator with a snow-white crew cut, is said to be having a spot of trouble with his own monster, but he attributes the talk to the wishful thinking of sportswriters who do not like him. I asked him whether Patterson was going to finish Johansson off early—a question



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of the kind intended solely to start a conversation.

D'Amato, who speaks in parables, became indignant. "What we got here is a military situation, which is a puzzle to explain how anybody could get it so wrong," he said. "There are two countries, each represented by an army, say. Each army has the best of equipment, plenty of ammunition, good generals, and high morale. But Country Number One hears persistently the report that the ammunition in the guns of Country Number Two consists exclusively of duds, right?" His eyes grew wide, and he punched me under the heart with his right index finger.

"In other words," I said, to let him know I was on, "they say the Swede is stiff."

"It is the most preposterous thing in the world," D'Amato-Clausewitz said. "They make us an out favorite over a guy that knocked us dead in the first fight. But let us resume our campaign. Is Country Number One going to be conned into an attitude of overconfidence? No. It will follow all the usual procedures in order to win. They know that."

"Who know it?" I asked.

"Patterson's critics," Cus said. "The newspaper guys. Now, if we knock him out good," he went on, leaping lightly into the ring to help his man, "they will say he was out of condition and incompetent, so Patterson's due is withheld. But if he knocks Patterson out"—I noticed that Cus leaped out of the ring before the blow landed—"then Patterson is a bum because he got knocked out by a bum that wasn't even in condition."

D'Amato has had a conviction since he first tied boxing gloves on Patterson, then fourteen years old, that all the world is in a devious conspiracy to bring about the ruin of both of them. It is indeed true that few small managers—like D'Amato, who runs a one-room gymnasium over a dance hall near Lüchow's—find a prospective champion as young as that and hold on to him. Pierce Egan's "pugilistic hemisphere" is still liberally populated with wolves. D'Amato tries conscientiously to conspire more deviously than the putative conspirators, who include a lot of fellows who aren't conspiring at all. "Take the atom bomb," he went on unexpectedly. "In order to get it across, a country must not only possess the bomb but the means of delivering it. Now, this fellow we are fighting not only *has* what you might call an atom bomb but he has *proved* he can deliver it, by some mysterious, unpredictable method im-

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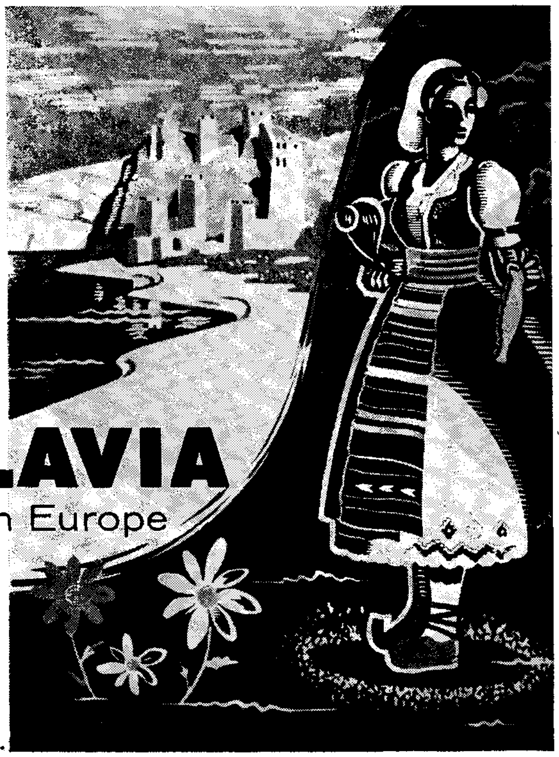

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possible to figure out. They say he is scary, but what difference does that make? What is more dangerous than a scary guy who has a weapon?"

This convinced me that D'Amato expected Floyd to win easily, and that he wanted the newspapermen to write about it as if he had knocked out Sam Langford on a good day.

On the scales, Patterson, without a surplus ounce on him, weighed 194¾—the heaviest fighting weight of his life. The four and three-quarters additional pounds of muscle were a tribute to sleep, hard work, lamb chops, and Dan Florio's magic vitamins. Johansson looked lardy, as well as anxious. His weight—206½ pounds—was also the highest in *his* life, but it had an ill-earned look, rolling around his waist like recently converted cherry cheesecake. He had gained twelve and a half pounds between fights. Mr. Al Weill remarked of the challenger's facial expression that he "looked like he was going to be electrocuted." Mr. Whitey Bimstein, my friend in the Swede's entourage, appeared to be as unhappy as his principal, and since I do not like to intrude on a chum's sorrow, I made no attempt to interrogate him. I just waved, as to a friend seen across a wide expanse of graves at a funeral. Whitey looked ashamed, as if I had caught him in a hock shop with his wife's wedding ring.

The fight was set for ten-thirty that evening, to suit the closed-television people, whose showing of the fight in theatres the country over was expected to bring in five times as much money as the flesh-and-blood conflict. (When Marciano and Walcott fought eight years ago in Chicago, the open-television people made us all show up to watch them at eight o'clock. Men are becoming the slaves of their shadows.) It was an open secret that the fight had not sold out. Anticipation was low, and the long evening to kill before the men got into the ring seemed an added insult. The early-hour fight in Chicago had ended in the first round, when Marciano knocked Walcott down and the latter—an ex-champion, like Johansson—rose one second after the referee counted ten. This had at least allowed the spectators to go home early. It seemed hard that we would have to wait so long if Johansson felt in a Walcott mood.

I must confess that I have always resented Johansson's attitude to an art that engrossed Lord Byron and me. He is like that Dutch master, whose name I am glad I have forgotten, who had a knack of painting cows, so cows were

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all he put in his pictures. He had no ambition to enlarge his repertory. Cows sold like hot cakes, or hot hamburgers. He sold them to everybody in Holland who had the price and a wall to hang them on. "What's the good of learning any more?" he must have said to himself. That is the way Johansson is with his right hand—"a man with one punch in his head," as the immortal Professor Mike Donovan once said of John L. Sullivan. He is not artless; he is a commercial artist. Patterson, by contrast, is always trying to improve. He is his own severest critic. Training for this fight, for example, he had tried to develop a left jab—a punch not previously included in his armory for reasons connected with the style that was first taught him by D'Amato. He was a hooking, uppercutting, overhanding kind of fighter, with the kind of style that looks improvised. Having beaten Johansson decisively without a left jab, he had no need of one now, but he likes to expand his scope.

WHEN I went back to the Convention Hall that evening, having had a swim and a Pattersonian snooze, the crowd was already surging around the doors. Feature Sports, Inc., the New York firm promoting the match, had, I heard, cut the prices of all unsold hundred-dollar tickets to twenty dollars. In consequence, business had picked up. I went in with my fifty-dollar ticket, which I had secured via the United States mails, regretting that I hadn't waited and bought a hundred-dollar ticket for thirty dollars less. Feature Sports, which is principally owned by Roy Cohn (late with Schine) and Bill Fugazy, a travel agent, had promoted the second Patterson-Johansson fight in New York with such dazzling ineptitude that I was agreeably surprised by the cheery courtesy of the Miami Beach ushers. Instead of wandering in to find my own seat, as in the previous Cohn-Fugazy promotion, I followed a swift and efficient young man who made for the right spot like a homing pigeon. It was behind a wide steel post. The usher saluted and left me wondering whether Cohn had found my name on some F.B.I. blacklist. If I could have had my spot wired for closed television, I would have been all right, but it was too late, so I steamed out to the lobby, where I saw a line already looped on itself like a rattlesnake's tail—and rattling with fury, at that—in front of a single ticket window marked "Exchange." I was relieved to discover that

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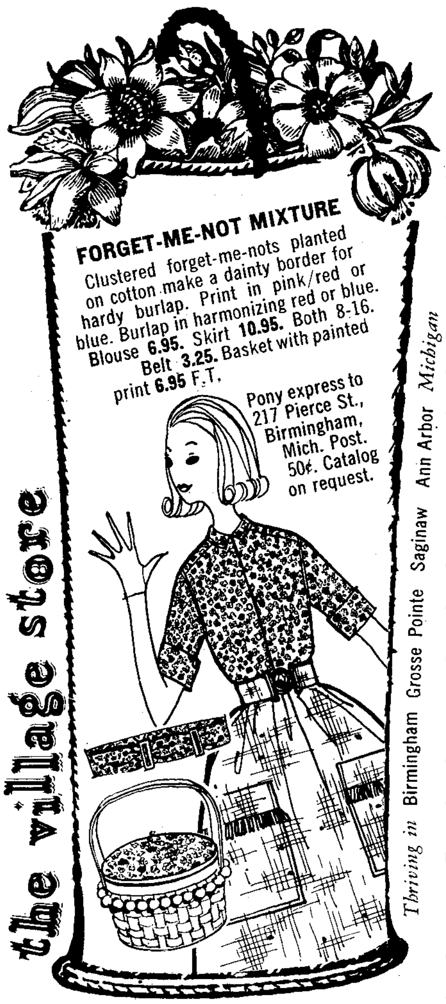
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the insult was not personal; the management had sold seats behind every post in the house. Feature Sports had doubtless indulged in the innocent hope of a clean sellout, in which case we would have been stuck. The line looked hopeless, but a riot-averting gentleman in a slouch hat took peremptory charge and led the steel-posted patrons back into the hall and put us, by platoons, under the leadership of head ushers, who found vacant unposted seats for us.

Mine was far away, but visibility was good. The chase had helped kill the evening. Nothing else happened of the slightest interest until just before the fighters entered the ring, when a young friend of Patterson's and D'Amato's named Mickey Alan sang "The Star-Spangled Banner." It was the high point of his public career, and he socked it out, awakening the squirming crowd that had sat with mounting boredom through the introductions of local notables and old fighters. At about ten-thirty-five, the Johansson faction appeared in one corner of the stadium floor. From my position far above, I could watch its progress toward the ring—dismounted motorcycle cops in white helmets running interference, then foot cops, and then Whitey and his two Swedish corner colleagues, whom I cannot tell apart, though I was seeing them for the third time. The organist played a rollicking version of the Swedish anthem. Johansson, in a white terrycloth robe, followed in the wake of his attendants, like a sacrificial ox on the way up the Acropolis. When he reached the ring, he climbed in and began to shadowbox, as if trying to awaken the immanent demon who had not manifested himself since the first fight, when he had stretched Patterson on the floor. A couple of minutes later, the Patterson faction came in, with Floyd, in a black robe, walking like a toreador amid his attendant pin-stickers. He would have four in his corner this time, I noted: Dan Florio, small and merry; Dan's big brother Nick, who is an equally experienced trainer; Buster Watson; and D'Amato. D'Amato, Floyd's chief second in every bout before 1960, had not been permitted in the ring in the second New York fight, when Floyd regained his title. Mean tongues hinted that his absence contributed to Floyd's victory. My own feeling is that D'Amato makes Patterson nervous; it must be like having your old man in your corner.

I have never viewed the beginning of a fight with more apathy. Last year, at the Polo Grounds, the Swede had looked heavy with danger. In 1959, I

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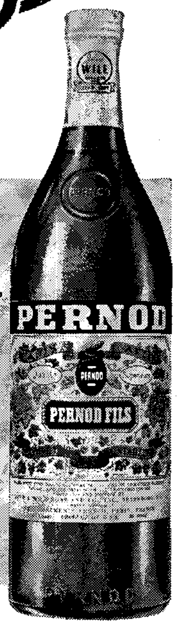

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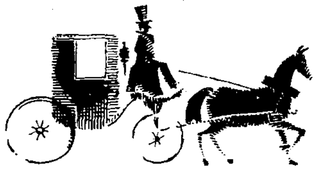

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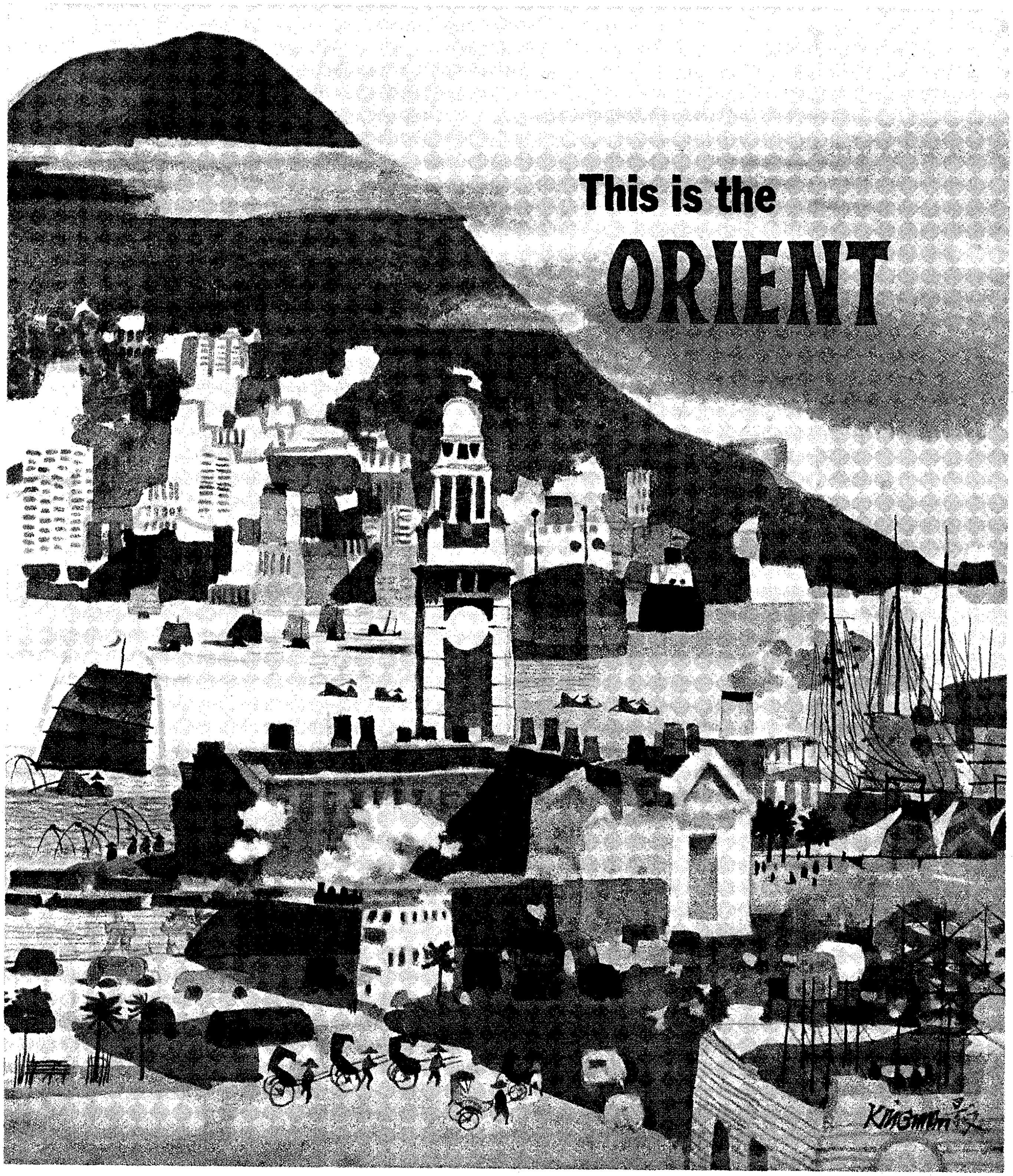

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had seen how hard he could hit with his right, but his other abilities, if any, had gone untested. In the second fight, it developed that the other abilities were slight, and that Patterson, leery of the right hand, could avoid it comfortably. All he had to do now was to keep Johansson off balance, work in close—but to Johansson's left—and bang him a bit about the body. In the third or fourth round, Johansson, in no condition to go the route, would come apart again. His arms would go limp, and Floyd would knock him cold.

It might have gone that way if Patterson, ever the would-be virtuoso, had not begun the bout by trying out the new jab. He landed it, got away, and landed it again—and about that time Johansson, the opportunist, must have had an idea. The jab and the right cross form the kindergarten curriculum of conventional boxing; they are as sound as can be, like the four-times table, but through familiarity they have lost the power to startle. Patterson is a highly conscious boxer, but he had an unorthodox teacher. He is therefore like a boy who skipped arithmetic and began schooling with algebra. The Swede never got as far as algebra, but he has a solid first-grade education. Again Patterson jabbed, like a kid with a new toy, and this time he failed to step away. Johansson, still fresh and strong, crossed his right over Patterson's left, and down the champion went. At that moment I remembered the dream, too bad to tell, and so, maybe, did Patterson. He looked disgusted but not stunned, and he got up at the count of two. The referee then restrained him until the knockdown timekeeper counted eight. This is not the rule in championship fights in most states, but it is in Florida, where they have very few of them. It is designed to save a fighter who bounces up, from pride or reflex, before he is in shape to defend himself. This, however, is part of a fighter's trade, and a champion should be capable of using his own judgment. By "eight," Patterson was fresh, but I wondered how many times he would make the same mistake. A few seconds later, Johansson hit him again and he was down again.

Whatever the challenger's mood had been on entering the ring, he was merry enough now. He is a gambler, like all right-handed hitters, and, like all gamblers, believes in luck; there is certainly truth in his tale that his right hand "sees" the opening and throws itself. It is his fetish. The second time Patterson went down, I thought of a senior I heard of at Harvard last year who had

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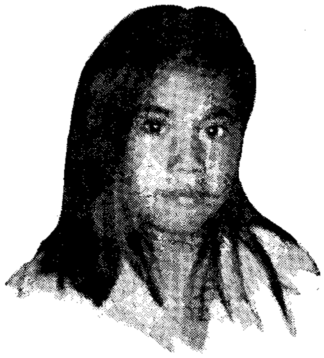

Leota Sundust is one of our forgotten American Indians. She is of the Apache Tribe. Her father died last year of TB. Leota's mother, who does not speak English, works as a cleaning woman. Her meager earnings provide for little more than food and a squalid room for Leota and her two brothers. The children's clothing is worn and patched. Leota's mother yearns for her children to get an education that will prepare them to earn a decent living. She wants them to enjoy a richer, happier life than her own.

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A's in all the courses in his specialty and was a cinch for a good fellowship if he continued on his scholarly way. But, like Patterson, he was a victim of intellectual curiosity. He took elementary Latin (like Patterson's left jab), flunked it, and went out unlauded. (Naturally, I can think a thought like that very fast.) But now Patterson got up and hit the challenger a good left hook after a right to the head, and Johansson, in turn, went down, reflecting, possibly, that arithmetic is not enough. He got up, too, rather to my disappointment. But some of the steam had gone out of him. All Patterson had to do was to keep on hitting him in the body, I thought hopefully.

In the second round, though, they fought like kids on a schoolground, Johansson banging away with his right toward the head, which was sensible, because he had little else and had to win before he ran out of puff. What troubled me was that Floyd, too, as if ashamed of himself, was throwing rights at Johansson's head—an unnecessary risk. He hit him a few painful right-hand shots in the ribs, under the left arm, and a couple of good belts to the body, which were all to the good and would tire Johansson faster than missing his chin. In the third, Johansson still had more steam than I would have expected, but he was now beginning to bring the right a long way around. Part of the snap was gone.

Negro and white groups were interspersed throughout the audience, and there was no overt ugliness, but behind me I had a Snopes, who now began to ride Patterson. The odd part of it was that he wore a Patterson badge with toy boxing gloves on it and, before the fight, had generously offered to bet me even money that Floyd would win. I was happy when somebody farther back began to yell to Patterson, "He's tahd! He's tahd! You can tell from his ahms he's tahd!"

"Who's tahd?" shrieked Snopes.

"Johansson, you fool," the other fellow yelled. I don't suppose that Snopes had ever seen a fight before.

In the fourth and fifth rounds, they scuffled away, and Patterson, although ahead on points, couldn't steady down to anything coherent. But merely keeping Johansson moving was enough, if sufficiently protracted. There were bellows to mend in his corner after each round, as Egan would have put it. When they came out for the sixth, Johansson made his last charge, and Patterson backed away, as if to gauge the force left in the harpooned, dying porpoise.

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Next, Patterson went on the bicycle, skipping back and then circling around Johansson in a comic imitation of fear. His idea was to draw Johansson on, but the Swede hardly had strength enough to respond, even if he had wanted to. Then the conscientious sleeper stepped in and hit him a left hook to the body, followed by a chopping right to the jaw and, as Johansson fell, a downward-arching right that hit the side of his head before the head hit the mat. The challenger landed on his forehead and face. The first right was not the sort of punch that would have downed a fresh or well-conditioned fighter, and the second couldn't have happened without the first. Johansson squirmed about, and at "seven" made a good effort to get up. It seemed to me that he got both knees and both hands off the floor, but he fell down again. Should the referee then have started a new count? Or wasn't he all the way up? A few seconds later, he heaved himself upright, but, like Walcott at Chicago, he was a second late. The referee, a local fireman named Regan, stepped in front of him—and he was right, because Johansson was through.

Half the crowd booed as if Patterson had been kicking a baby, and most of the sportswriters said the next day that he had fought like an amateur, although there has never been an amateur who could whip one side of a big, experienced professional heavyweight with a right hand like Johansson's. It is improbable that Patterson will ever be remembered with Jack Johnson and Joe Louis, who were truly big heavyweights as well as great talents, or with Marciano, who was a crude phenomenon, or with Sam Langford, who should have been Chairman of the Joint Chiefs of Staff, because he was a tactical genius. "Whatever that other fellow want to do, don't let him do it," Sam used to say, and he would never have stood there trading rights with a one-punch fighter. But Patterson is a conscientious, hard-striving artist—the kind who, if he were a writer, would win the National Book Award and the Pulitzer Prize and get an obituary in the *Times* three-quarters of a column long. He gets up when he is knocked down, and keeps on knocking the other fellow down until he doesn't get up. This is the pugilistic equivalent of one little word after another, and bears out the apothegm of Jack McAuliffe's mother, in Cork. McAuliffe was an old bare-knuckle lightweight champion, and his mother's words, which he passed along to all the friends of his old age, were "Once down is no battle." To a

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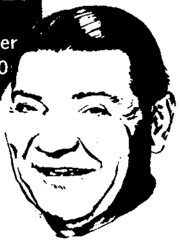

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world that demands nothing less than genius, the only answer is "Why don't you go and be one?"

NEXT morning, I slept late and then took a taxi over to the Deauville, a hotel only a half-size smaller and one width narrower than the Fontainebleau, to attend a Patterson press conference and victory lunch. Patterson, a patch crisscrossed with sticking plaster on his left temple, stood under the converging beams of mysterious lights—television, photographic, and X-ray, I suppose—and shook hands with his well-wishers.

I approached him and, having engaged his attention, said, "Floyd, now that everything has turned out all right, will you tell me your dream?"

He smiled happily and said, "Oh, sure. I dreamed he put me down."

"Did you get up, in your dream?" I asked, and he shook his head.

"What hand did he hit you with, Floyd?" I asked.

"The right hand, of course," Patterson answered. "If he'd a hit me with the hook, I would have got up."

—A. J. Liebling

•

The Rodale Press has just signed a contract for the purchase of the building containing the Royal Playhouse, a small off-Broadway theatre located at 62 East 4th Street, between Second and Third Avenues, New York City, where we hope to produce plays with themes about health and a good way of life—plays with good theatre values that are essentially entertainment, not lectures, plays that will maintain the interest while the message brushes off....

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That's good enough for us.

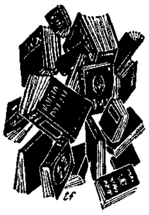
•

Mary and Jack Benny gave a lulu of a party for Isaac Stern. Terrace was under canvas and smothered in peach blossoms and oversexed tulips.... Ninety-five sat down to dinner.—*Hedda Hopper in the Los Angeles Times.*

And stared straight down at their soup?

BOOKS

Brief Encounter

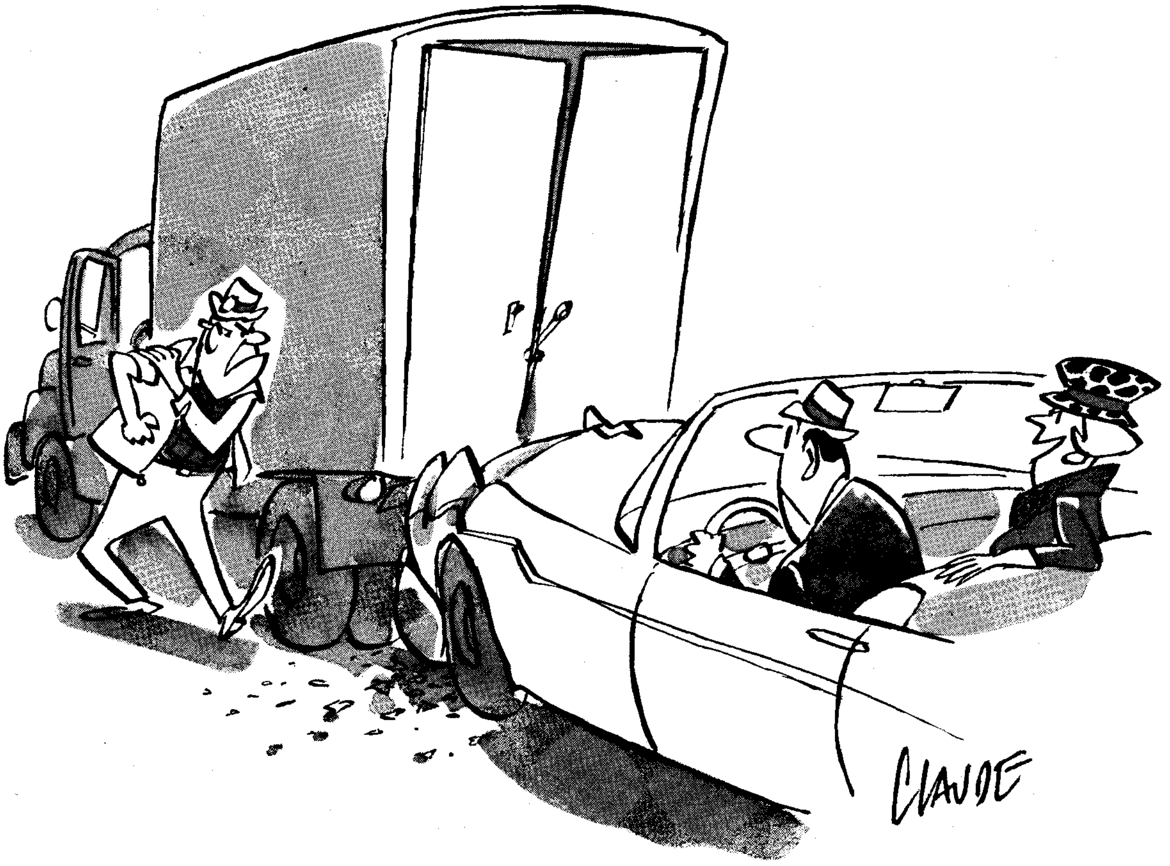


MANY Americans visiting Europe nowadays feel, as did many late-nineteenth-century Americans, that their innocence cannot match European experience and that Europe is a mazy storehouse full of strange valuables which they may ignorantly not appreciate. Perhaps the view common among American soldiers during the last war—that the Continent was a shabby mess, quite literally the Old World, dying and dreary, with nothing to teach them—was a more accurate appraisal of twentieth-century reality. But most of us cannot think so. We are more likely to share the feelings of Harold and Barbara Rhodes, the American tourists who are the leading characters in William Maxwell's "The Château" (Knopf) and who, seeing the ruined buildings and pale children of France in 1948, fear for Western Europe's survival without doubting her worth.

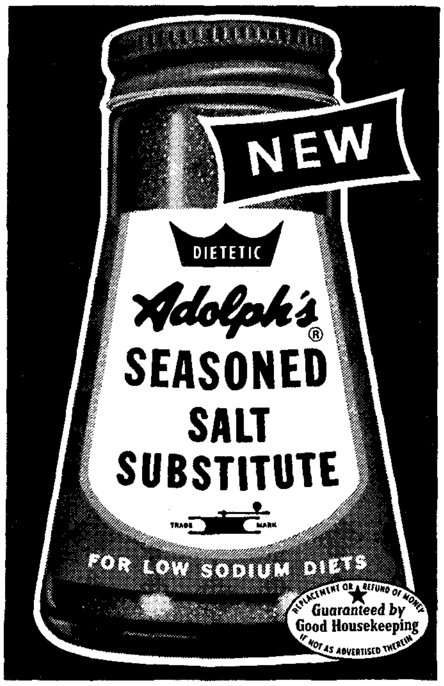
The Rhodeses are fascinated, as soon as they disembark, by the foreignness of France: the towns, landscapes, and faces are not American, and if the train schedules are odd and public toilets few, the meals are wonderful and strangers obliging. Mr. Maxwell allows the Rhodeses a few days on their own and then quickly takes them, as paying guests, to a small château in the Touraine. Their stay there, and the relations they develop with the French people they meet through its chatelaine, Mme. Viénot, are the substance of the novel. The Rhodeses, conscientious sightseers, dutifully visit and admire Salzburg, Switzerland, and Italy during their four months abroad, but their response to France and the French transcends admiration. It is love at practically first sight, and, like all lovers, the Rhodeses long to have their love returned. But they do not find it easy to understand the French they encounter, or to guess whether these French like them, or to decide what part of their friends' behavior is French and what part of it is personal. And it is no easier for the book's French characters, or the reader, or the Rhodeses themselves, to say how much of the Rhodeses is Harold or Barbara and how much is American. Mr. Maxwell has made them individuals, not a couple of undifferentiated "nice" Americans, although they are indubitably nice. Harold, in general, is more open with people, while Barbara commands a noncommittal, ladylike manner when caution seems required. They are a close couple, confiding and united as well as sexually attracted to each other. They also share a frustration—no matter how enchanted they are at any moment by a monument or an acquaintance, they suffer privately and pervasively because they have not, in the three years of their marriage, had a child.

At first, they are anything but enchanted by Mme. Viénot's château. They are embarrassed to have to complain to their aristocratic hostess about such inadequacies as the absence of hot running water, but they can't make do with cold water. The other guests are distant; even those who can speak English rarely do, and as the Rhodeses stumble along in French they are troubled by doubts: Should they have studied before they left America? Is France ready for tourists? Are they as welcome as their money? Harold asks his wife, "Do I imagine it . . . or is it true that when they speak of the Nazis . . . the very next sentence is invariably some quite disconnected remark about Americans?"

And then it all changes. Young relatives and friends of Mme. Viénot—her daughter Sabine, her niece Alix, Eugène, who is Alix's husband, and a youthful landowner—appear, chat, warm to the Rhodeses, and seem to form a bridge between them and the older people at the château. So much friendship appears so firmly established that the Rhodeses, who had planned to stay at a hotel in Paris after leaving the château, agree instead to stay with Eugène in his and Alix's Paris flat while Alix summers with her aunt. But in Paris their new friends apparently cool or turn unpredictable. Eugène ignores them, then fobs off some free-floating Germans on them, but finally fusses



"This is one time you're no mere observer of the passing scene."



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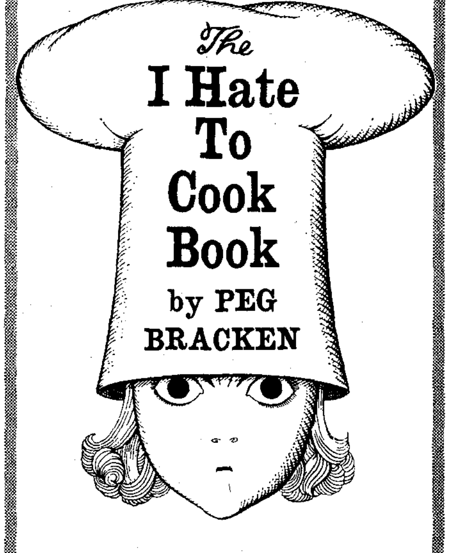

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over them. Harold and Barbara feel awkward, misunderstanding, and misunderstood. Eugène and Sabine arrange little dinners for them at which the Rhodeses fumble, or think they fumble, the opportunity of knowing the natives. When they leave for America, they are sure they have won the affection of just one French character—an elderly, effusive widow—but they suspect she is slightly off her rocker.

Mr. Maxwell, at this point, provides us with a last section called "Some Explanations." Several of the explanations are brought to the Rhodeses in New York by visitors or letters from France; several they discover for themselves on a second trip abroad, in 1953; and several are made by the author, talking over the heads of his characters. This section rapidly and brilliantly clarifies so much that has perplexed us. It makes evident what we should have guessed: that the Rhodeses' intensities were not—and could not have been—matched by the French characters, who were going about their own business at home. The American couple were not catalysts but simply an incident in the lives of these French people, whose private difficulties we have not suspected and whose relations to each other are often complicated and unsatisfactory. For instance, Eugène's compatriots find him as moody as the Rhodeses did, and he is often a trial to his likable wife. For another instance, we learn that Mme. Viénot, who mysteriously blends the grand manner and petty avarice, is poor because her husband put all her money into a worthless mining stock—a commonplace, unmysterious misfortune as likely to befall a woman in Ohio as in the Touraine. We also learn how desperately, that summer of 1948, she was hanging onto the château, the last piece of property in the family, and how bravely, resourcefully, and energetically. Mr. Maxwell says of her, "Defeated, flat on her back, she waved her arms and legs like a beetle, and in a little while she was walking around again." She is, he tells us, his novel's heroine, and "a wonderful woman." He does a magnificent job of conveying her gallantry, but I am not sure I agree with his assessment; I cannot forgive her for having, earlier in the book, padded the Rhodeses' bill.

When a reader starts arguing with a writer about the writer's view of his own characters, it's usually a sign that the work—whether a novel, a story, or a play—has come off, as "The Château" has. To create the web of interrelationships in Mr. Maxwell's book and then to explain it without unravelling it is

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literary prestidigitation. But the author uses gifts, not tricks. Sensitivity is the first of them—an imagination alert to the possibilities of where and how people impinge or press upon each other. And patience, an ability to take care, to do what Mr. Maxwell, in an essay on fiction, has called "watch-mender's work." "The Château," though, is not a miniature in any sense of the word; it is a large-scale work whose smallest details are beautifully made. The author has labored for the reader's ease. His style is a joy—exact, moderate, from time to time amused or amusing, always compassionate, sometimes as startling as lightning. And it is accurate about the flight of birds, a travelling carnival, a ghost story, the sea, a river, a forehead, a room, a zigzag conversation. This novel is fiction with the authenticity of a verified document, a history of what some citizens of the splintered Western World might say or mean to each other in our period. Artur Schnabel talked of "music that is better than it can be played." Some novels are better than they can be described. "The Château" is one.

—Naomi Bliven

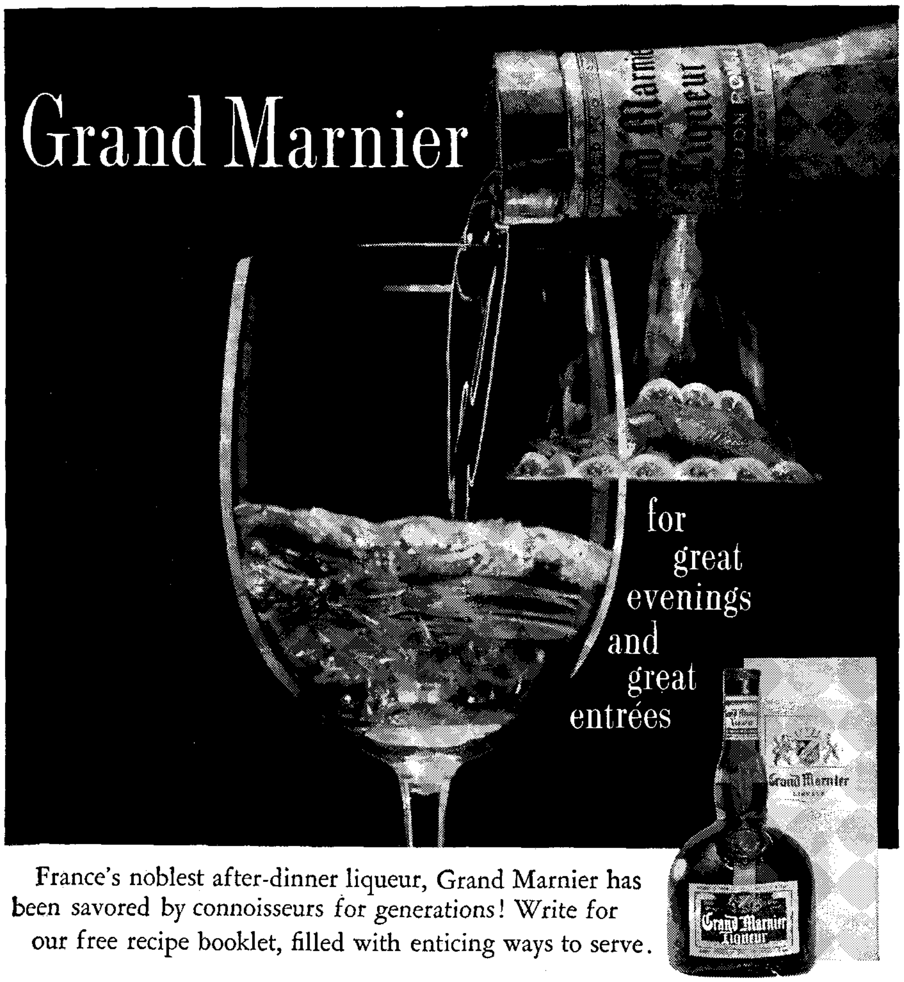
BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

Villa Mimosa, by Jerrard Tickell (Doubleday). This story of the Second World War moves rapidly back and forth between England and Nazi-occupied France. The action is mainly in the hands of British Intelligence, and it centers, in France, on the Villa Mimosa, a high-class brothel housing six more or less beautiful girls who have been organized by a mysterious French gentlewoman for the amusement of a small group of German officers, none of whom, it turns out, are sympathetic to Hitler. On a tip from one of their agents, the British decide to whisk Madame and her girls and any German visitors they happen to be entertaining to England for questioning. Mr. Tickell tries, not successfully, to create a varied canvas in which moments of physical torture, and even of tragedy, are contrasted with episodes that border on the farcical, but for the most part his book steps quickly along—the author's sleight of hand concealing its lack of character—and its general effect is amusing.

GENERAL

The Infernal World of Branwell Brontë, by Daphne Du Maurier (Doubleday). A portrait of a "poor, brilliant, gay, moody, mop-



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CONSUMMATION

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ing, wildly excitable, miserable" young man whose remarkable adolescent talent as both a writer and an artist vanished in his twenties through a complex of afflictions (epilepsy, schizophrenia, alcoholism, opium addiction, and inertia) and whose death at thirty-one was not early enough to spare him the further misery of seeing his three sisters (whom he had once so cheerfully patronized) become the talk of the London literary world. Miss Du Maurier makes no excessive claims for Branwell Brontë's gifts. She does, however, recognize that he began life with sufficient promise to render his failure tragic. The result is a truly poignant study.

A HISTORY OF THE COLD WAR, by John Lukacs (Doubleday). The author, a historian, describes himself as "Catholic, a Westerner, European by birth, now a citizen of the United States," and further deposes that his loyalties are undividedly on the side of freedom as opposed to Communism. Having got these credentials out of the way, he writes a history that puts most of the blame for how things are on the United States and its rigid, unperceptive foreign policy. He feels that we do not appreciate the historic Russianness of the Soviet annexation of Eastern Europe, but *he* does not appreciate the fact that even if Americans' sense of the Slavic past is defective, our dislike of the Communist present may still be justified. Then Mr. Lukacs, who wants to find them, studies the similarities between Russia and the United States. Some of his notions—for instance, his likening of American ambivalence toward Europe to Russia's two camps of "Slavophiles" and "Westernizers"—are stimulating. Others are wrong. No matter; Mr. Lukacs writes with originality, and talking back to his book is an engrossing intellectual entertainment.

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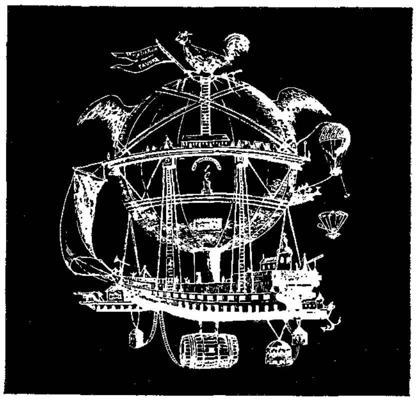
SOCIAL NOTES FROM ALL OVER

[*From the Monterey (Calif.) Peninsula Herald*]

But Tonia, still sporting a leg cast as a result of a ski accident, will depart from tradition tonight by circling the ballroom with her grandfather, Roger Lapham Sr., in a golf cart that will never live to see a more glamorous moment. The cart, canopied and festooned within an inch of its mechanical life, will waft grandfather and granddaughter around the room to display Tonia's leg cast which will be bedizened with blue and green electric lights. All this is a surprise to be revealed to the guests during tonight's party.



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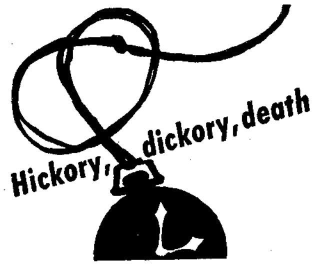

Multiple murder strikes a quiet, upstate N.Y. town during a play for political power. A private eye tries to stop the swinging pendulum, but finds that time stands still only for corpses.

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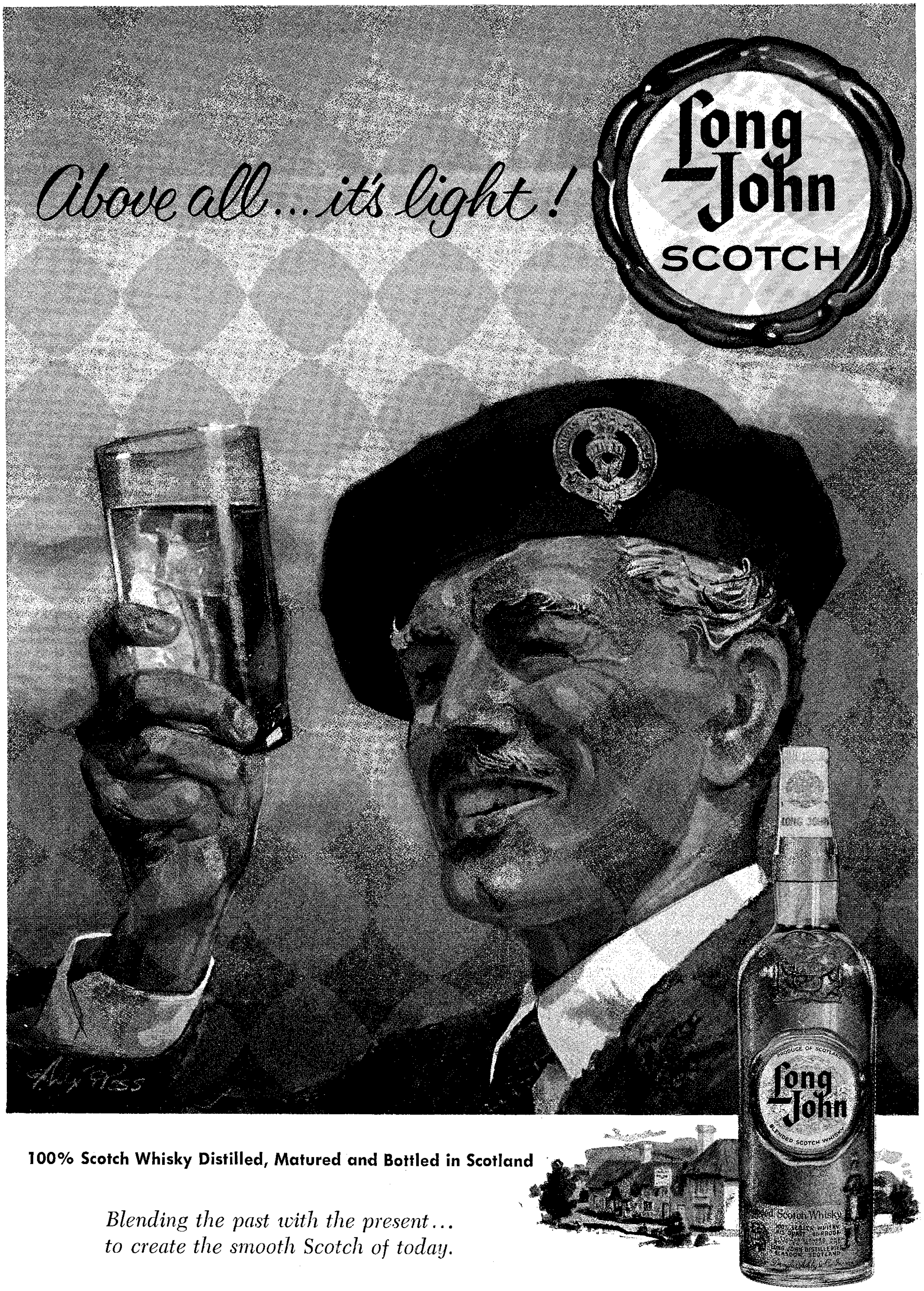
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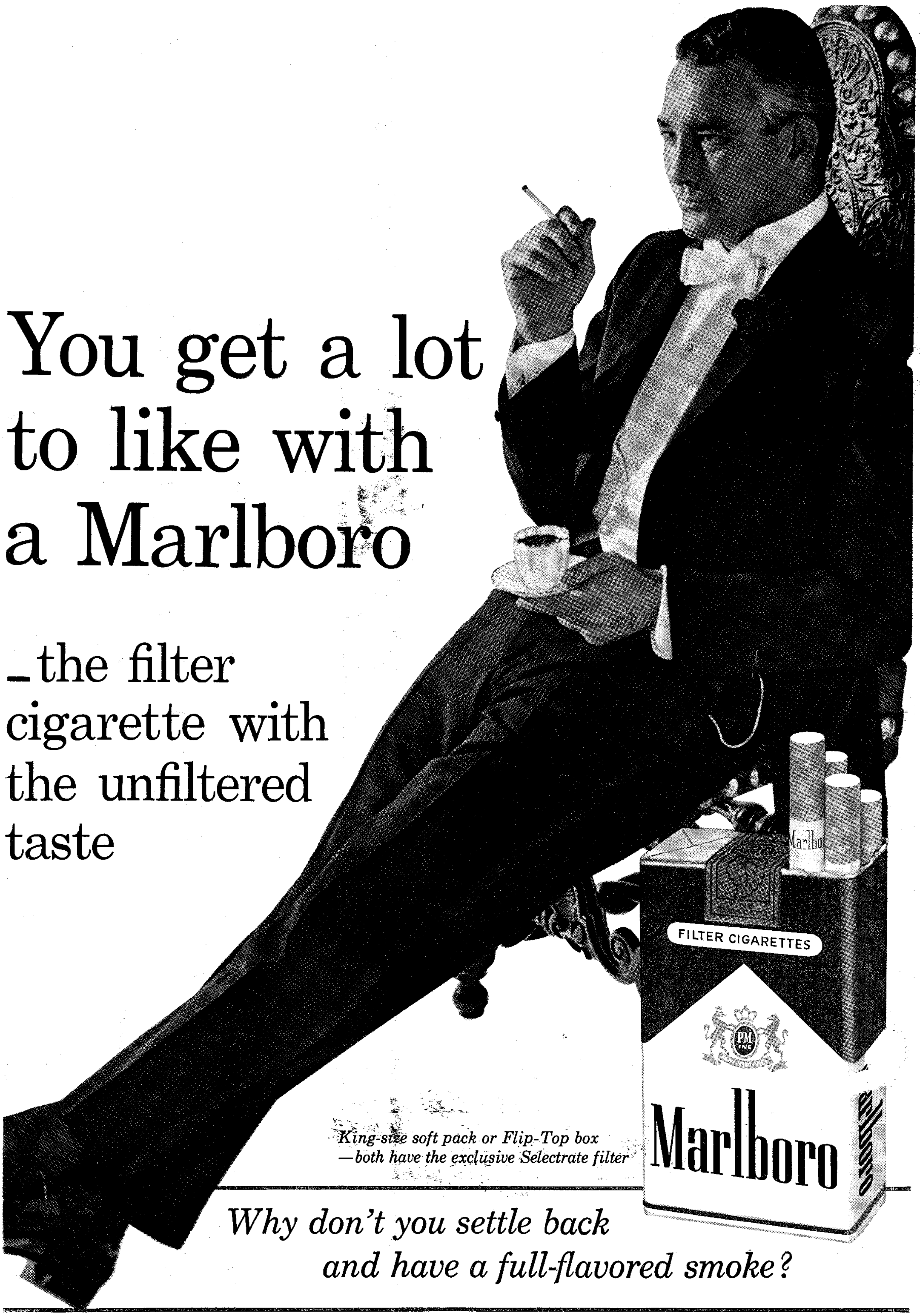
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